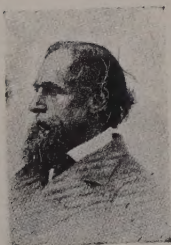


THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers

EDITED BY

WALTER DEXTER



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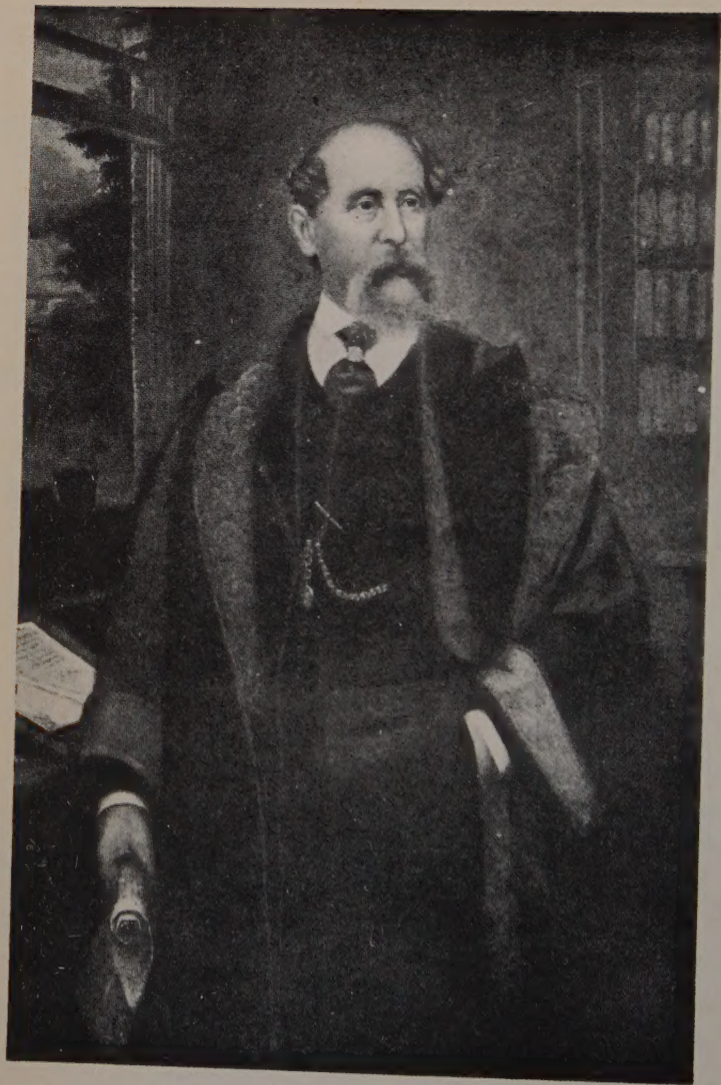
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An American Portrait of Charles Dickens
Painted from life in 1869

By William Berksdale Myers

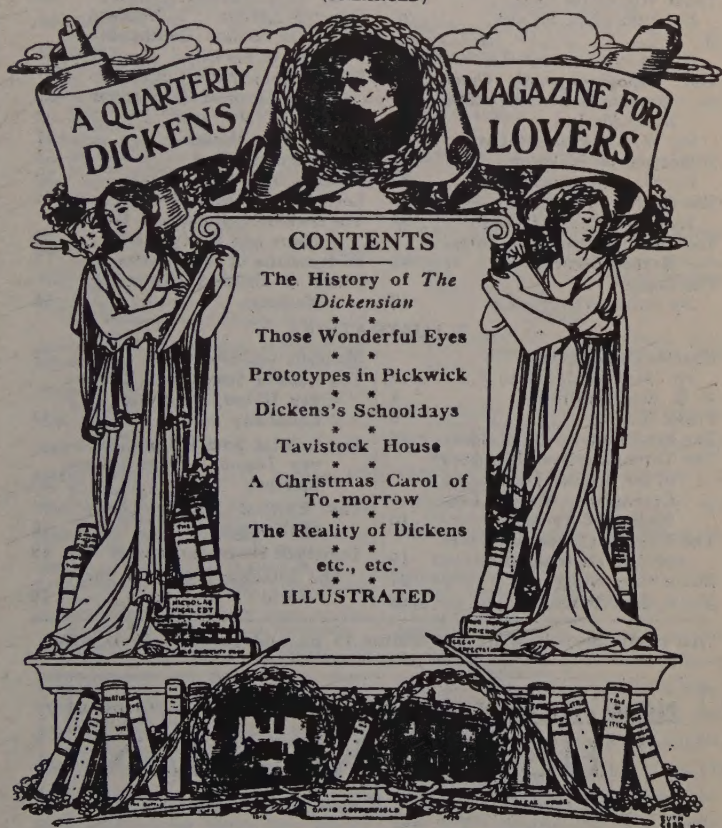
VOL. XXII.

JANUARY, 1926

No. I

THE DICKENSIAN

COMING OF AGE NUMBER
(ENLARGED)



EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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THE DICKENSIAN

JANUARY 1926

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CHARLES DICKENS, 1839

By Daniel Maclise, R.A.

(See "Those Wonderful Eyes," page 25)

THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XXII.

JANUARY, 1926

No. 1

WHEN FOUND—

THE Dickensian bows in acknowledgment of the congratulations it has received on the completion of twenty-one years.

* * * * *

Of Age. I count myself fortunate in being able to join in these congratulations without any compunction, a pleasure that would have been denied my lamented predecessor; for this magazine which he so ably conducted for twenty and three-quarter years was so much himself that his known modesty would have prevented him from making the least suggestion of self-praise. I do not know what would have happened at this time. I have a suspicion that the successful ruse of 1913 may have been repeated. Then the Council of the Dickens Fellowship, in virtue of the powers vested in them (as it is said), deposed the Editor for one number only, in order that nice things might be said about him, and the familiar name on the front cover disappeared in favour of A. E. Brookes Cross. But that is mere idle dreaming; there is an empty chair at our board to-day, and sad hearts join in these rejoicings.

* * * * *

Flowing on. But though men may come and men may go, may *The Dickensian* go on for ever! That is our sincere hope to-day; and by the faith that is in us, there is no reason why the hope should not be realised.

* * * * *

A Unique Publication. It is only natural that a sense of pride should permeate us to-day, for we do not believe there is another magazine in the whole world solely devoted to a writer of fiction which has appeared continuously for a period of twenty-one years. Matz has told us, and Mr. Ley confirms it in the excellent history of *The Dickensian*, which he has written for this issue, that there were croakers in the early days who predicted a lack of material and speedy death to this magazine!

* * * * *

Through the Fire. But here we are of full age; we have passed through the fire unscathed. From the first number we have paid our way; never have we been produced at a loss; even the Great War failed to kill us or to reduce the modicum of profit which we annually hand over to the funds of the Dickens Fellowship. Never once have we failed to appear on the appointed day of publication: paper shortages did not dismay us, and looking over the volume

for 1917 to 1919, and comparing the quality of its paper with other publications of the same time, we find the comparison most favourable. Those were hard times for the maker of magazines and books, but we possessed good friends in Messrs. A. Brown and Sons, Ltd., of Hull (was not the late Alderman J. Brown Mayor of Hull when we held Conference there in 1913, and was not Mr. F. Bacon, now a director of the firm, a leading light of the Hull Branch in those days?) who have printed our little magazine for fourteen years, and we were never let down.

* * * * *



MR. A. E. BROOKES CROSS

Thank you every one. To Mr. David Drysdale, the present head of the Printing Department, I owe a debt of gratitude for the kindly way in which he initiated me into the mysteries of "make-up," and helped me in a dozen other ways when I accepted control in August last.

The late Editor continually referred in these notes to the unstinted help given him by Mr. Ley, Mr. Tyrrell and Mr. Miller. Their part in the history of the magazine is related by Mr. Ley, and although the two former are now far removed from London, their interest never flags, and their help is never sought in vain. Mr. Miller is a mine of information on matters bibliographical, and has solved many a knotty point, and so kept the Editor on the path of correctness—so

necessary a precaution in a specialist publication. The valuable help of Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross in reading the proofs and in a dozen other ways, calls for special mention. And, in addition, there is the host of willing contributors, whose very eagerness makes an Editor's heart heavy at times and causes him to wish for a subsidy from some wealthy lover of Dickens, to enable him to double the size of the magazine. And then there are the readers, whose always increasing number is their silent acknowledgment. It would be impossible to mention the names of all these friends, without whom the magazine could never exist, but our grateful thanks go out to them all.

* * * * *

The Dickens Home for the Blind.

My first act as a trustee of the house at St. Leonards, which the Dickens Fellowship purchased in 1918 as a Home for Soldiers and Sailors blinded in the War, and

which, in accordance with the trust deed, has now reverted to the National Institute for the Blind, was to pay a visit to the house, to see how it was working as a Convalescent and Holiday Home for Blind Men and Women. I was much impressed, not only with the solid beauty of the mansion, but with the equipment of the house in such perfect harmony with the interior. It had only been opened a couple of months in its new sphere, yet everything appeared to be running smoothly, and the visitors cheerful and delighted with their bright and cosy surroundings. "Buckingham Palace could not be better," one of them remarked! The management of the house is in the hands of the National Institute for the Blind, and I congratulate them on carrying out in so excellent a manner a scheme which would have had the wholehearted support and sympathy of Dickens.

* * * * *

The David Copperfield Library. Mrs. Alec Waley, perhaps better known to us as Miss Elaine Dickens, daughter of our Life President, and herself a Vice-President of the Fellowship, asks me to remind Dickens lovers that the little house in Johnson Street, Camden Town, where Dickens lived as a boy of thirteen, and now so admirably equipped as a children's library, is open for inspection daily between the hours of ten and five. Admirable work is being done here by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, Mrs. Waley and the other members of the Committee.

* * * * *

Great Expectations. This is the book that all good Dickensians are expected to re-read and digest during the present session; but although all Branch Secretaries were advised in good time, I regret to notice from programmes of meetings that have reached me, that in some cases other books have been chosen. I hope this will be remedied next year, for the value of the whole of the Fellowship reading and discussing the same book at the same time is incalculable.

* * * * *

Its Topography. I am pleased I am able to resume in this number the articles on the Topography of *Great Expectations*, by Mr. W. Laurence Gadd. His first article dealing with the original of Pip's village and Church appeared in July, 1924, and was the cause of much discussion. To my knowledge, during the past fifteen years, Mr. Gadd has made an exceptionally close study of the book and of the scenes of the story, and his researches have proved to him that Lower Higham Church and the village of Gore Green fit the actual description of Dickens much more closely than Cooling. Whether Dickens had Lower Higham in his mind more than any other place when writing the story cannot be said, but we *do* know that Cooling was a favourite place with him; and Foster, Dolby and Sir Henry F. Dickens have left on record that it was to Cooling that Dickens used to take his friends to show them the scene of the opening of the story, and the thirteen little grave stones to the memory of the infant children of the Comport family.

Mr. Frank Staff.

In preparing this number I have naturally turned to the special number published in October, 1923, to celebrate the coming of age of the Fellowship, and I am reminded that in the excellent survey written by Mr. Ley the name of my old friend, Frank Staff, has been entirely omitted. He and I are the only two now left out of the original band of four who constituted the Committee of Management to carry on the Secretarial work of the Fellowship after Mr. Ley resigned to take up a post in Bristol. In those days the finances of the Fellowship were at a low ebb, and it was largely owing to the care and skill of Mr. Staff (an accountant

by profession) that the craft was steered into fair waters. How pleasant it is to recall those Friday nights of hard work and fun in plenty, first at Henrietta Street, then at Craven Street, and later at Cockspur Street, with the Dodger at the accounts, and the jokes he played on "Father" (Sidney Marriott), and of our call to refreshment after labour at the "Beetle Tavern" close by the site of Hungerford Market.

* * * * *

The Artful Dodger. It is curious that so able an accountant as Mr. Staff should be dubbed The Artful Dodger; but that arose from his excellent portrayal of the part in the Fellowship's company of players that existed at the time. His Artful Dodger to Mr. Bransby Williams's Fagin is a joyous



MR. FRANK STAFF

memory. For many years now Mr. Frank Staff has prepared the Balance Sheet and audited the accounts of this magazine, and for that reason—if no other—his portrait must be recorded here.

* * * * *

A Welsh Wig.

Old Sol Gills wore a Welsh wig, "as plain and stubborn a Welsh wig as ever was worn." What exactly was a Welsh wig a reader was recently prompted to enquire of "The Sunday Times," and William Farren, a scion of a noble line of actors, gave the answer that a Welsh wig is not really a wig at all, but "a brown knitted woollen cap fitting tightly to the head and covering the ears." Phiz followed this description fairly closely, but the difference between the wig that Sol wore, and one of the ordinary variety, is not immediately apparent by a reference to the illustrations.

C. B. Cochran on Dickens. I have just been reading Cochran's "Secrets of a Showman." It was not sent me for review, but there are books I like to read that do not outwardly appear to have any connection with Dickens; and when, as in this case, I find the author is a real Dickens lover, an extra interest is immediately added to the book. Like many another business man, C. B. Cochran finds solace in Dickens. As a youth he went to America, but returned in a few years with hardly more money than he had started out with. On the voyage home, he tells us, "the skipper of the ship was a Scotch Presbyterian. On the first Sunday I was reading *Martin Chuzzlewit*; he came behind me and, in a voice charged with pious wrath, snatched the book from my hands. 'Wud ye bring down the wrath of God on the vessel?' . . . and he flung the book overboard." Arriving in London he went to the Tavistock Hotel, which brought before him most vividly the England of which he had dreamed, and "the waiters were of the type Dickens had made dear to us, but which now have disappeared except at a few old hostelries." After returning from a second visit to America, Mr. Cochran tells us that a friend and he "went to Greenwich to eat white-bait at the Old Ship. We explored the London of Dickens . . . about this time I got to know more about London than at any other time. . . . The country hotels were known to me . . . principally through the pages of Dickens. To dine in one of these hotels seemed to me something to look forward to."

* * * * *

The Children of Dickens. It is difficult to say which is the better part of this volume, which Scribners have just issued; the letter-press of Mr. Crothers, or the pictures of Miss Jessie Willcox Smith; some of the latter have already been made familiar to readers in this country. Together they make a handsome gift book that will surely cause the youthful recipient to become a member of the Dickens Fellowship in years to come, as Mr. Crothers has endeavoured to show his young readers something of Dickens as a boy himself, and how his experiences led him to create his immortal child characters.

* * * * *

The Pleasure Haunts of London. No lover of Dickens can afford to be without Mr. Beresford Chancellor's latest London book, "The Pleasure Haunts of London," which Messrs. Constable have just published. It is a complete guide to the Theatres, Gaming Halls, Music Halls, Tea Gardens, etc., that existed in Dickens's time, and to which frequent reference is made in the stories and miscellaneous writings of Dickens. Mr. Chancellor has freely drawn on Dickens for some of his descriptive pieces. Very interesting is the full account of Mrs. Cornely's Assemblies at Carlisle House, about which there was some correspondence in our last volume.

* * * * *

Fools and Philosophers. Mr. J. B. Priestley has rendered another service to Dickensians and to English literature in his anthology

bearing this title, and revealing the great Comic Figures of English Literature. Naturally Dickens looms very large in it; in fact it is nearly all Dickens, with just a little Shakespeare, Fielding, Scott and Jane Austen thrown in. It's a book chock full of chuckles, and we defy anybody to find fault with the 31 selections from Dickens which Mr. Priestley has made. The Bodley Head publish it, and six shillings will fill your pocket with the best of Micawber, Crummles, Mantalini, Bob Sawyer, Mr. Pumblechook, and others of the host of those who are fools only, or mere philosophers, and more often both; and these Mr. Priestley has caught with rare discrimination when they are most foolish and most philosophical.

* * * * *

Gissing Again.

Gissing died all too early (he was only 46); else he might have cut even a greater figure than he did in the Dickens world. Yet he helped to fan the flame that burst out into the Dickens Fellowship a year before his lamented death, and here, close on a quarter of a century later, we have a further book bearing his name. The late Editor of this magazine rendered another of those services he was always giving to the innumerable lovers of Dickens when he rescued from oblivion these critical essays of Gissing and made them into a book with the alluring title of "The Immortal Dickens." It is bound to have a vast sale, for the genius of Gissing is something to conjure with. The introductory chapter entitled "Dickens in Memory" appears less convincing to-day that it did upon its first publication in "Literature" a quarter of a century ago. Perhaps this is because so many of us in the meantime have similar memory of the early effect of Dickens upon us, that the idea has become somewhat commonplace. I already possessed the six volumes of the Rochester Edition, in which some of these essays first appeared, and had always remarked on the simple beauty of the criticism which Gissing applied to the author about whom he had no doubts whatsoever. The three additional criticisms, now for the first time published, appeal to me even more than the others, particularly the one devoted to *Sketches by Boz*. Gissing remarks that this volume "no longer make much appeal to the ordinary reader," which, alas, is still true; but he rightly adds that it has considerable value historically as leaving a picture of life "of the folk who constitute the mass of the population, yet leave no record of themselves in formal chronicle . . . the world to which Dickens belonged by birth and breeding." I have made a note that I must re-read Dickens's first book.

* * * * *

Questions to Characters.

"The British Weekly" recently offered prizes for the best papers on "The character in fiction I should most like to meet, and the question I should like to ask him or her." In commenting on the entries, the Editor stated that "Well at the head of the replies stands Dickens, whose principal characters are questioned more than once." A selection is here given:—Of Madame Defarge—Why did you, at the end, venture alone to the house of Evrémonde's family? Of Mr. Pickwick—How did your

nightcap get into Miss Witherfield's room? Of Dick Swiveller—Did you really love the Marchioness, or did you marry her from gratitude? Of Mr. Micawber—Did you ever try to get on to a newspaper staff in England? Of Sam Weller—Do you prefer the suburbs to Borough High Street? The subject is as amusing and interesting as it is endless.

* * * * *

Three- Sir Bradford Leslie, still active at 94 years of age, has quarters of a been telling a representative of the "Evening Stan- Century Ago. dard" his recollections of Dickens. "He gave wonderful parties at his house in Devonshire Place, at the corner of Marylebone Road, a flat roof proving an admirable assembly point, with a marquee erected on it. I used to go to these parties, and danced regularly with Miss Hogarth, the younger sister of Dickens's wife." He is the son of Charles R. Leslie, R.A., one of Dickens's artist friends, best remembered for his painting of Dickens as Captain Bobadil.

* * * * *

A Memorial The Corporation of Brighton has decided to erect tablets at Brighton. on places in their town associated with the illustrious great; and, as might be expected, among the first four tablets is one to Dickens. The place chosen for its erection is the Bedford Hotel, and the inscription reads:

CHARLES DICKENS

1812-1870

Was a frequent guest
at this Hotel.

The ceremony of unveiling on October 10th last was appropriately followed by a dinner at the Hotel, at which a frequent guest was not only Dickens, but also Mr. Dombey and Mr. Toots. A full account of Dickens and Brighton appeared in *The Dickensian* for 1910, page 257, and an interesting article on Blimber's will be found in the 1924 volume, page 90.

* * * * *

Dickens as Mr. Gilbert Frankau, in his introduction to Mr. Patrick he is known. Braybrooke's "Considerations on Edmund Gosse"

(London: Drane's, Ltd., 7/6 net), tells the story of the

American cinema star who was feted in this country by various Lord Mayors, and who referred to "your great writer, Charles Dickinson."

We are reminded by this that it was an American film producer who telegraphed to Dickens for the rights of *A Christmas Carol*; and, a little higher up the scale, we have heard the story of the American editor who nearly sacked a reporter for giving free publicity to a firm that didn't advertise—Dombey and Son, to wit. Now comes a Chelsea paper—English, we are ashamed to confess—which, in a paragraph of a dozen lines about Doughty Street, and Dickens's marriage at Chelsea, mentions the name of the novelist four times, and each time as Dickens!

* * * * *

The Trial It is calculated that an audience of over 23 millions
Broadcast. listened in to the Broadcast of the famous Trial Scene from *Pickwick* from 2 LO. on November 10th, when

Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., read the part of Serjeant Buzfuz. Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., was the junior counsel. Mr. W. Pett Ridge, Sam Weller; Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P., Mrs. Cluppins; Captain Philipson, the foreman of the jury, and certain members of the Fellowship assisted as the Jury. Only one real complaint could be made, that the version was too short. It was a good fault, and easy of remedy on a future occasion. Incidentally (I use the word advisedly, as otherwise the Fellowship had no part in the arrangements) the Charitable funds of the Fellowship and the funds of the Dickens House benefited to the extent of a hundred guineas, due to the generosity of the above-named lady and gentlemen and the B.B.C., and to them we wish to express our hearty thanks.

* * * * *

Queen Alexandra. The passing of Queen Alexandra has again brought into prominence the fact that Dickens was her favourite author. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that other members of the Royal Family, particularly the Queen of Norway, should also be devoted to Dickens, and we know that King George V. was graciously pleased to accept from the late B. W. Matz a copy of the specially illustrated Life of Dickens that he prepared for the Centenary. Queen Alexandra's interest in the Dickens Fellowship will always be remembered, for she gave her gracious patronage to the fund that was raised to provide books in braille type for the blind.

* * * * *

Literary Diversions. Mr. Beresford Chancellor is usually associated with books on London, but now comes a fascinating volume on his "Literary Diversions" (Dulau and Co., 7 6), and a very companionable book it is too. With it one may browse, now on the question of books, other than *Edwin Drood*, that were left unfinished, then turn to the subject of book-shops and book-sellers, of boy's books, book bargains, and the rural rides of Cobbett through Kent before Dickens opened up the prospect of that county to us. There is an excellent chapter on "Some Dickens Originals," and another on "First Editions of Dickens," which reveals Mr. Chancellor as a discriminating collector, and a real lover of Dickens, as all lovers of London must of necessity be.

* * * * *

More Empty Chairs. Percy Fitzgerald, the first President of the Fellowship, has passed away at the ripe age of 96. He was a great figure, a symbol of Gad's Hill days, and further reference is made to him on page 23 of this number.

It comes as a great shock to hear of the death of Judge John M. Patterson, a notable figure in the New York Dickens world, at an age very little more than one half of that of Fitzgerald. I have the liveliest recollection of his last visit to London in the early days of the War, when he gave an eloquent and inspired speech at a dinner at the George and Vulture given by the Council to a party of returning American and Colonial members. He will be sorely missed by a host of friends.

WALTER DEXTER.

THE HISTORY OF "THE DICKENSIAN"

By J. W. T. LEY

I.

LOOKING back over the twenty-one volumes of *The Dickensian*, as I have been doing for the purposes of this article, I have been, if not surprised, at any rate intrigued, to note that not more than half a dozen numbers have appeared without some sort of contribution from my pen. If I am rather proud of that record, I think I may be excused. But the realisation of it only adds to the melancholy with which I now set out to fulfil a promise made two years ago to him whose hand was upon every number—a promise that when the time should come I would tell the story of *The Dickensian* as I had just told the story of the Fellowship itself. How happily he looked forward to this time! "Two years hence," he wrote to me in September, 1923, "it will be my twenty-first birthday—I mean, the coming of age of *The Dickensian*. You will have to write that story, too. We shall have to celebrate it, and that will be my 'do.' A little dinner—you and Miller and Dexter, and Tyrrell, and Cuming Walters, and three or four more." Alas!—As the principal feature of the first number was an In Memoriam of F. G. Kitton, who was to have edited this magazine, so the principal feature of the number which saw the completion of twenty-one years was an In Memoriam of B. W. Matz, who stepped into the place left vacant by Kitton's death. And to Mr. Arthur Waugh there must be sadness in the thought that his was the pen that wrote the words of affectionate remembrance in both cases.

Yet, with Matz's still the controlling hand, my present task would have been a very difficult one, for how could the story of *The Dickensian* be written apart from him? What has *The Dickensian* been all these years but Matz? To say which is to pay him the best of all possible tributes as Editor. After all, the true test of a man's editorship is to inquire how far he stamps his personality upon his magazine or paper—to what extent the imprint of his hand is upon every page. So I make no excuse if I speak of Matz more freely than would have been possible if his had been the blue pencil, whose remorselessness would have been a restraint upon me in this task. For inevitably the history of this magazine is in a very real sense the story of Matz's development as the greatest Dickensian authority we have had—the story of the most vital part of his life. He founded the Fellowship, and was active in his work for it until the end, but *The Dickensian* was his great love, which became part of his very self.

II.

When the present Editor was preparing the issue which was to complete the twenty-first volume, he invited me to pay my tribute to him who was so much more than a fellow Dickensian, but I felt, and he agreed with me, that it were better delayed until now, because the history of this magazine could be little else, in effect, than a tribute to its first Editor. I have some claims to write of Matz. There remains

only one on the Council of the Fellowship who knew him longer than I did, and the difference is one of only four months. And, if epistolary friendship may be allowed to count, Mr. Miller's advantage is really nil. When I saw in "Household Words" the announcement of the Fellowship inaugural meeting, I wrote to the chairman a letter expressing good wishes on behalf of the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society, which I had founded less than six months before. Three days later I had a reply from Matz, not a mere formal acknowledgment, but a letter typical of the man. From that dated a friendship the thousandth



THE FIRST EDITOR

B. W. MATZ

1905-1925

proof of which was contained in the last letter he wrote me three weeks before his death. Four months later I met him and E. P. Haslam and Snowden Ward and F. G. Kitton at Bath, and on the doorstep of Landor's house, where Little Nell was born, we were introduced. Thanks to him and Haslam I moved to London eighteen months later, and then developed an intimacy which lasted throughout the five years I remained in the metropolis. Sixteen years have passed since I returned to the provinces, but our intimacy was never interrupted.

In a hundred ways we were thrown closely together. To begin with, he was keenly interested in the establishment of the paper which took me to London, and did much work for it. Within two months of my arrival in town he nominated me for election to the Council of the Fellowship. I was elected, and

at the first meeting, at his instigation, I was appointed to succeed him as Hon. General Secretary. Then came the establishment of *The Dickensian*, in which he turned to me constantly. I suppose my practical journalistic experience, combined with my enthusiasm for Dickens, was of service to him. In many other matters we worked together for weeks and months at a stretch. There was the purchase of the Kitton collection, for instance, as a result of which he and I were paid the unique compliment of election as Hon. Members of the Boz Club. There was the abortive effort to establish a Dickens Home for Children. When the *Pickwick Exhibition* was organised in 1907, we worked together days and nights too, and collaborated in the editing of the catalogue. And when he was preparing *The Mis-*

cellaneous Papers, I spent many an hour with him tracing articles that there was reason to believe Dickens had written, but which had been lost for three quarters of a century. There was one article that bothered us much—a review of Tom Hood's "Up the Rhine." Matz persisted in the search for weeks, and we had two days together with the Forster collection at South Kensington, examining every book and document as though with a magnifying glass. Only when there was positively no room left for doubt did he give it up, and decide that the review never could have been published.

When, just after the start of "The Easy Chair," we were flooded with short stories, and sat contemplating a stack comprising hundreds, which at the rate of ten a day would have taken longer to read than the paper was destined to live, E. P. Haslam exclaimed "I'll get Matz to take some home." And he added: "He is so sound; the most reliable man I know." That was the keynote to Matz's character—soundness, reliability. The most stupid thing written of him after his death was that there was something about him suggestive of a Dickens character. That conveys a totally wrong conception of the man. There was not even a superficial oddity about him. He had personality, of course—quiet, forceful; there was a certain quiet distinction in his appearance; he had a true sense of humour; he was extraordinarily difficult to ruffle, but those who knew him best knew that he had an enormously strong will. He was rich in sympathy, but he was curiously unlike his hero in that his emotions, so far as outward manifestation was concerned, were always sternly under control. Like Dickens, on the other hand, he especially abhorred slackness. How often have I heard him say to one or other of his children, "Do it now." And when he said that there was finality. He observed that rule more religiously than any other man I have known. He would contemplate a pile of things on his desk. "Do it now," he would say. Then he would take the first thing, and having done it, would exclaim "That's that"—and so it was. Though there were fifty jobs to be done, and half a dozen people waiting to see him, he was incapable of being flustered. He persistently followed that rule, and got through his work earlier than nine men out of any ten would have done. Of oddity there was none about him.

Sound, reliable. Mr. Arthur Waugh recalls the cricket matches of twenty years ago. I recall them too. I umpired in some! I do not recall Matz as a bowler, but I remember him as a wicket-keeper and batsman. He was not a Strudwick or a Hobbs, but in cricket this same characteristic was always evident. Behind or before the wickets he was sound and reliable. If a rot had set in, Matz could not be flustered, and his bat came down with the quiet sureness and straightness that were symbolical of the man. So, as Miller will confirm, at a game of cards. If Matz called "misery" (his favourite call!), we knew we had to "sit up and take notice." At home it was just the same. A round game with his children, or an odd job about the house—and he was "a wonderful man in the home"—thoroughness was his watchword.

The reference to cricket and to cards remind me to say that those who imagine that Matz was something of a monomaniac on Dickens did not know the man. He was almost invariably before the public as a Dickensian, and that may have led to this wrong conception of him. Of course, Dickens was his primary interest, the interest which made him so well-known and brought him so many friends, but he was not circumscribed in his hobbies. For instance, he was a keen lover of music (had been a teacher in his early manhood), and could have been, if he had cared, a very considerable performer on the banjo and mandoline. He was keenly fond of cards. Not a gambler in any sense—I do not believe he ever made a bet in his life—but what he called “a little flutter at solo” was always an enjoyment to him. He was as happy at a game of cribbage or a round game in his family circle, and like Dickens himself he was ever the life and soul of those Christmas and birthday parties to which the present Editor referred in the last number. To cricket he was devoted, and a day at the Oval was always a happy day for him. As to books, his tastes were much more catholic than many thought. Carlyle and Meredith he knew when I first met him as well as he knew Dickens. And his knowledge of Samuel Richardson was as thorough. That may surprise some, but it is true. His shelves were evidence that Matz was a lover of books quite apart from Dickens. He gathered together a unique Dickens collection, but in addition to that he had a very considerable library with which he was on terms of intimacy.

Of the incalculable services he rendered the Fellowship the few can speak. When I became secretary twenty-one years ago, the Fellowship was hardly established, and there were many difficulties and problems. Always it was to Matz that we turned. Somebody had to be appeased—our troubles were internal as well as external—Matz would undertake to see that somebody, and that was that. The trouble was at an end. A difficult fence had to be negotiated. Matz would tackle it, and it was no longer there. Many a time, when the Council had spent a couple of hours discussing some problem, and feeling perhaps threatened to run rather high, Matz would interject a characteristically quaint expression, and offer to see So-and-So. The offer would be accepted, and we knew he would settle the difficulty. I never knew him fail. He would report results, facetiously suggest a vote of thanks (which he hated), and propose “a little flutter at solo.” Whatever it was, that same sound commonsense, allied with character, made Matz an asset to any cause. People trusted him; they knew instinctively that he meant what he said: they knew he was innocent of any ulterior motive. We leaned on him always, and he never failed us.

This same quality was manifest in his home life and in his friendships. Into every home interest he entered earnestly; his children's interests were his. How absolutely he could absorb himself in the simple pleasures of a summer holiday with his family! Memories of a week at Lowestoft arise, coloured by two splendid days—one on Oulton Broad, the other at Blundeston. Of his friendship to me I can say but little. From the day I first knew him until the very end, it

THE
THREE
SURVIVING
MEMBERS
OF



MR. J. W. T. LEY

THE
ORIGINAL
DICKENSIAN
COMMITTEE



MR. W. MILLER



MR. T. W. TYRRELL

lasted untinged. During my years in London, when I sorely needed friendship, he gave it to me generously. He never spoke a word of sympathy, but his very silence was worth more than words could have been. His home was ever open to me, and the kindness I received there from him and his can never be forgotten. After I left London, the writing of my book on Dickens's friendships was due wholly to him. But for him I should never have started it; but for him I could not have completed it. He spent whole afternoons verifying references for me; he loaned to me and borrowed from others scores of books; and in the end it was on his recommendation that the book was accepted by the publishers. But it was ever the same. He would sacrifice days in the cause of friendship that might have been personally profitable to him. There are many who know that, and they know it was done in that self expunging way that shrank from protestations of gratitude.

III.

Now to the facts in the history of *The Dickensian*. The Fellowship was started, in conjunction with "Household Words," in October, 1902, but the association was soon dropped. There is no need to rake up the story. From the very start the Fellowship grew at an amazing rate; within a few months it had members in all parts of the world, and branches were rapidly forming. The thing had become something very much bigger than an "Auntie Mabel's" or "Uncle Bill's" "Corner" in a magazine. An organisation with a membership running into the second and third thousand already must be managed on very different lines from those originally in mind. The members, hundreds of whom never saw "Household Words," must have control over their own organisation. This was the view taken by the Council, and consequently an office was rented in Whitcomb Street, Pall Mall East. As a result of that, "Household Words" ceased in 1903 to be the organ of the Fellowship. It was then that F. G. Kitton suggested the establishment of a Fellowship magazine. The Council's minute book, which the present Editor has explored for my assistance, contains this entry for June 4th, 1903: "The question of an independent publication was referred to in Mr. Snowden Ward's letter, but nothing could be done until we saw how much money we have to work with in the coming year." I was not in London at that time, and I can speak only from information obtained from Matz himself and one or two others. But Mr. Miller, I know, will confirm my assertion that the idea was wholly Kitton's. This was by no means the first time the matter had been mooted. Now, the position with regard to the official organ was very unsatisfactory and demanding serious consideration, and Snowden Ward's letter simply contained a reminder of Kitton's proposal. The credit for the conception must be given to Kitton absolutely. He had no doubts about the feasibility of such a venture, but with the Fellowship only a few months old, hardly conscious of its potentialities, there is no cause for wonder in the fact that the Council just recognised the attractiveness of the idea and laid it aside. It

would undoubtedly have been a very daring venture at that time—indeed, so it was when actually entered upon nearly two years later. Meanwhile there was certainly need for some organ through which the scattered members might be kept in touch with the Fellowship's activities, and the Council held the opinion—continued to hold it for long after *The Dickensian* was established—that a weekly organ was necessary. So arrangements were made with the proprietors of "The Golden Penny," which became the official medium for communicating with members. In a short time, by some scheme of reorganisation, amalgamation, absorption—what it was exactly I forget now, and no matter—"The Golden Penny" became "The Hour Glass," which retained the association with the Fellowship. But soon this magazine ceased to exist, and the Council had to look around again. By this time "Household Words" had changed hands, and become the property of Messrs. Lloyd, the owners of "The Daily Chronicle." They were delighted, through the Fellowship, to associate the famous periodical closely once again with its founder's name, and so, early in 1904, the original association was re-established.

But the unsatisfactory experiences which had preceded the reunion had given Kitton heart of grace to press his idea. The difficulty of securing a satisfactory weekly organ had become obvious. It was really impossible, as it would be to-day, to obtain adequate space in a periodical which people would buy for its own sake. A thriving popular periodical could not afford anything but a small space, which would be useless: and the paper that could give a page was not bought merely for the sake of the page. The Editor of "Household Words" was very generous, and he plentifully besprinkled his ordinary pages with articles of Dickensian interest, but the paper had lost its vitality.

And so the Council began to pay more and more attention to Kitton's insistence. He had secured Matz's interest and sympathy now, and Matz, with his intimate knowledge of publishing, would not lend himself to such a project unless there really was feasibility in it. That consideration was a great factor in inducing the Council to give serious consideration to the proposal early in 1904. Besides, the Fellowship had now something like 4000 members. If one half of them would promise to take such a magazine, a guaranteed circulation of 2000, with the publishing resources of a firm like Messrs. Chapman and Hall behind it, would be something really substantial to work upon.

In a very interesting article on page 210 of the 1923 *Dickensian*, Mr. Albert A. Hopkins dealt with the origin of the magazine. That article was accurate—or it would not have been passed by the Editor!—but it could not be complete, because all the writer had to go upon was Matz's copy of the first volume, bound up with the "dummies." Thus Mr. Hopkins wrote, "The original idea seems to date from 1904." That was wrong, though his assumption is to be excused by the fact that that was the date of the first "dummy." It would not be an exaggeration to say that the idea was born in Kitton's mind simultaneously with the establishment of the Fellowship. But it was not

until the early part of 1904 that the scheme was seriously "nibbled at" by the Council, and that accounts for the fact that the first "dummy" is dated March, 1904. It seemed then to be rapidly coming within the range of practical politics, and Kitton, with his enthusiasm, promptly put his idea into concrete form. It was a very rough "dummy" entirely in manuscript. Kitton had never dropped his idea; the experience with official organs had been disheartening; the Fellowship had established itself firmly beyond possibility of doubt. And so Kitton put the proposal into practical form, and at the March meeting of the Council a rough "dummy" was produced. It was entirely in manuscript, and it is of special interest to note that the handwriting was Matz's. That is just one more illustration of the fact that Matz was the real driving force in the Fellowship. Others might have ideas; it was he who carried them out. Kitton had been hammering at these particular ideas, but it was Matz who, when it came within the range of practical politics, gave it form. This "dummy" was drawn up in consultation with Kitton, but it was Matz who actually "got something on to paper." The proposed title was "Our Mutual Friend"—not at all a happy idea, in my opinion (it was Kitton's idea). The scheme was quite modest, for the letterpress was to commence double column on the front page of the wrapper—"Notes" by "Captain Cuttle." There were to be features by "Mrs. Jellyby" or "Mrs. Mantalini" (as these were to deal with the work of the Needlework Guild, surely "Jenny Wren" would have been more appropriate?), "Mr. Pott," "Sam Weller," "Vincent Crummles," and so on. These notions were very alluring, but they would have been found practically impossible to carry out satisfactorily.

IV.

Owing, primarily, to Matz's confidence, and to the assurance that the firm with which he was associated, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, would act as publishers, the Council passed the following resolution at the March meeting: "Resolved that a journal be started of 16 pages, to be published on the first of every month." But that resolution was not acted upon promptly. Indeed, there was no idea of starting the magazine before January, and the matter drifted through the summer. My intimate association with it commenced in the third week of August. I had gone to live in London in the second week, at the end of which Matz returned from his holidays, and almost the first thing he did was to show me this "dummy," and inform me of the Council's resolution. He and E. P. Haslam discussed it with me, and it was arranged that we should meet Kitton (and, I believe, Snowden Ward) at dinner one night and hammer the whole thing out. I pointed to the difficulty that would be experienced if the idea was adhered to of having the various contributions ostensibly from the pens of Dickens characters. Matz and Haslam recognised this, and within a week the second "dummy" was shown to me. That, it will be observed, was in Kitton's handwriting. It was a great improvement on the first "dummy." Kitton's name still appeared as

Editor, but as an afterthought, as a reference to the accompanying illustration will reveal, it was proposed that he and Matz should be joint Editors. I use the word "afterthought" advisedly. The Editor's name is centred thus:

Edited by

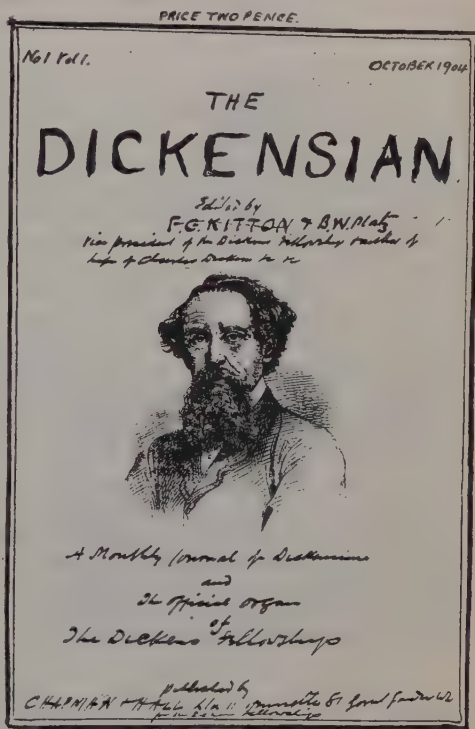
F. G. KITTON,

Vice-President of the Dickens Fellowship and author of "Life of Charles Dickens," etc., etc.

Later was added, in the same line, "and B. W. Matz." But then we note that the first name has been deleted. Kitton died in September, just as the Council had passed the following resolution: "The Committee recommends that a Fellowship Magazine be started, but before any steps be taken in the matter notice should be inserted in the annual report or a canvass taken of the members." Clearly there had been a Committee in being, but the minute book contains no reference to it.

In pursuance of this resolution, a leaflet had been prepared for insertion in the annual report. The Council were wise in their decision. After all, there was not a penny of capital, and Haslam, Matz and I were at

that very moment experiencing the worries which are almost bound to ensue upon the launching of a magazine without adequate capital. Without adequate capital! Why, the Fellowship had not a penny available for such a purpose! In those days there was no annual conference. An annual meeting was held in London, to which all members were individually summoned—even those in America and Australia! With the summons went a copy of the exhaustive annual report—posted separately to every member. This leaflet setting forth



THE ADOPTED TITLE AND SUGGESTIONS
FOR THE COVER

the idea of a Fellowship magazine and containing a form which the recipient was asked to fill up and return pledging him to subscribe to the magazine for one year was enclosed with the report. Members were asked to pledge themselves to 26 for one year's subscription.

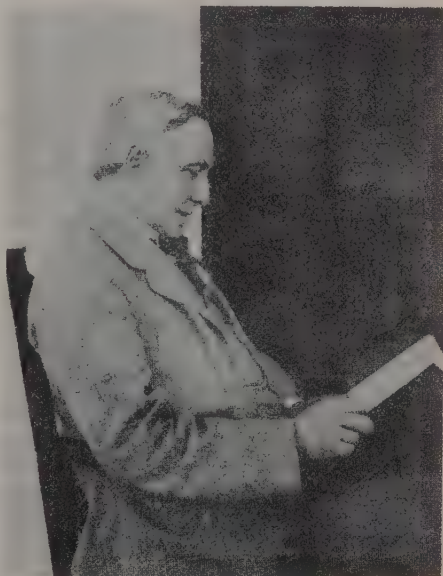
V.

I was elected to the Council at the annual meeting: and at my first Council meeting on October 26th, Matz insisted upon his resignation of the secretaryship, which had been notified sometime previously, being definitely accepted. That was done, and I was elected his successor. The September resolution quoted a moment ago suggests that a magazine committee had existed for some time, but no other reference can be found to it in the minutes. I had no knowledge of its existence. All I know is that at the October Council meeting Matz reported upon the replies to the circular, and that the Council was not greatly heartened by the report. No wonder! But Matz had taken the thing to his heart, and Haslam was always an optimist, and at that time these two were the most influential members of the Council. It must have been at that meeting that a Committee was appointed to consider the matter in the light of the requirements to the circular, or it may have been at the November meeting. I am not sure, writing from memory of twenty-one years ago, and it does not matter. But I am sure that a committee was appointed at that time, and that it was comprised as follows: J. E. Palmer (Chairman of Council), B. W. Matz, W. Miller, T. W. Tyrrell, S. Marriott (Hon. Financial Secretary and Treasurer), and J. W. T. Ley (Hon. General Secretary). We met in November on a Saturday afternoon, and an anxious two or three hours we gave to the whole question. It *was* an anxious question. I confess that I had serious doubts. More than one consideration weighed with me. We had 250 promises to take the magazine for a year; we had not a penny of capital: we had a promise of a page advertisement per month for a year from Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and we had nothing else! It was slender enough justification for launching a magazine which at very best must be in the nature of an experiment. It was the problem of advertisements that bothered me. Obviously advertisements were necessary, but whence were they to come? We had a guaranteed circulation of 250: if we allowed for the fact that a number of people would certainly buy once the magazine were issued, even then the most optimistic among us did not calculate on a thousand copies a month. That is, generally speaking, not a business proposition for an advertiser.

But Matz was confident, and even then none of us fully realised his qualities, or understood the extent of his friendships. This was the problem that made us anxious. There were a lot of know-alls who, keen on Dickens as they were, yet were quite sure we should never be able to find enough "copy" to fill a dozen numbers. We knew they were talking without their book, because Matz at that time had enough "copy" in hand and enough promises of further contributions to ensure filling the magazine for two years. Well, we

decided to take the plunge, and then we spent an hour deciding upon the "make up" of the magazine. First we discussed the title. Definitely it had been already decided that it should be *The Dickensian*. On the second dummy there had been a sub-explanatory title—"A Monthly Journal for Dickensians, and the Official Organ of the Dickens Fellowship." We varied that for the sake of euphony to "A Magazine for Dickens Lovers and monthly record of the Dickens Fellowship." Further variations became necessary when quarterly instead of monthly publication was decided upon years after. Matz had already written a "Foreword," and Mr. Waugh had written his "In Memoriam" of Kitton. We recognised the unwisdom of attempting to sustain features nominally by Dickens characters. It was an attractive idea, but within three months it would have proved quite impossible of sustaining. So, for "Notes, by Cap'en Cuttle," we agreed to substitute "When Found—" which suggested the character without binding the Editor to sustain it. The other features: "Dickensiana Month by Month," "Diary of Dickens Meetings," etc., which are still retained, were all agreed on that Saturday afternoon. By the way, it is curious to note that the very methodical Matz should have retained the former, right until the end. I confess I had never noticed

its later inappropriateness until I saw the new Editor had altered in the last issue to "Dickensiana of the Quarter." With the Foreword, and Editorial Notes, articles by Mr. Waugh and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald actually in hand and a contemporary review, the first number was practically full, because, of course, there were the two features just mentioned, and also the reports from the Branches, and it should be borne in mind that the first reason for establishing the magazine was that it should supply the need for a Fellowship Official Organ. I promised a "Dickens Calendar of Quotations" for each month, and that duly appeared, and I wrote also two book reviews for the first number. With reference to the reprint of the review of Dickens's first three works from the "National Magazine and Monthly Critic" of December, 1837, this was in pursuance of an idea in mind from the



MR. ARTHUR WAUGH

very inception of the scheme. Matz meant to reprint an old magazine article every month, and I believe that if he could have carried out that purpose it would have been a most valuable feature.

But directly the magazine was launched articles poured in to the Editor from England and America, and I remember Matz's worry in those early days of his editorship over the fact that everybody who had read a paper at a Branch meeting thought it good enough for publication in *The Dickensian*. But apart from that, the supply of "copy" was steady, the issue of books that demanded prompt review was steady, and the result was that this series of reprints was continued

for a very short time. Its revival would, I feel sure, be appreciated by all our readers.

At the December Council meeting Matz reported all that the Committee had done and, just as a matter of record, a Magazine Committee was appointed as follows: B. W. Matz (Editor), T. W. Tyrrell (Hon. Treasurer), W. Miller and J. W. T. Ley. For a time the Committee met fairly often, though generally informally, but within a few months it was obvious that the magazine was firmly established, and Matz had "felt his feet," and there really ceased to be any need for committee meetings. As Editor, Matz was trusted absolutely; the publishing was in the hands of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and the only problem we had was that of advertisements.

For a long time it was a bother-

some problem, as I had foreseen. There was "notenough in it" to make it a worth-while proposition to a good advertisement agent, and a good deal of the work had to be done by ourselves. I remember well in the spring of 1905 spending wearisome days seeking for adverts, and Matz did the same. Of course, he got most of those which appeared, and really, in this matter, we were tremendously indebted to his capacity for friendship.

Mr. A. E. Dunnett followed Mr. Tyrrell as Hon. Treasurer in October, 1908, but long before this he was helping Matz, for I well remember how regularly I put aside *Dickensian* matters and took them personally to Mr. Dunnett. He was a colleague of Matz's at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, and undertook this work by way of obliging Matz personally at a time when we had cause for anxiety over the difficulty of finding a successor to Mr. Tyrrell, and this is the time to acknowledge the tremendous value of the work he has done.

(To be concluded in the April number)



MR. A. E. DUNNETT

In Memoriam

PERCY FITZGERALD

THE LAST OF DICKENS'S YOUNG MEN AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

WITHIN four months of each other, the two men who first held important office in the Dickens Fellowship have left us. In July we lost our first Secretary; in November our first President crossed over to join him. I suppose to the present generation of Dickensians Percy Fitzgerald was little more than a name. He had outlived his time. When the Fellowship was founded twenty-three years ago he was 73 years old; it is thirteen years since he last published any writing on Dickens; some sixteen years have passed since he took part in any Dickensian gathering. I believe he had been bedridden for a decade, and so absolutely had he dropped out of the world that his name had been deleted from some books of reference. It recalls the story he himself used to tell about Harrison Ainsworth, of how when Browning announced to a little dinner party that he had seen the author of "Old St. Paul's," John Forster exclaimed "Good God! Is he still alive!"

Percy Fitzgerald was one of that famous band of "Dickens's young men" who, seventy years ago, helped to make *Household Words* a success. He was a co-worker with G. A. Sala, W. H. Wills, Henry Morley, J. C. Parkinson, John Hollingshead, Charles Kent, James Payn, Edmund Yates, and the rest; he was intimate with Dickens, Forster, Thackeray, Browning, John Toole, Sir Henry Irving; he was dramatic critic to "The Observer" more than half a century ago; he was the author of thirty novels, biographies of Dickens, Sterne, Garrick, the Sheridans, and Boswell, editor of Boswell and many others: his name, in short, appeared on the title pages of some three hundred books. There was indeed pathos in those last years of his long, active life.

II.

Fitzgerald served well and truly in the vineyard of English literature, and for all his faults (he was, above all, careless to a degree), he was, forty years ago, by no means one of the least considerable figures and influences in the literary life of England.

And I make bold to say that much of the criticism to which he was subjected was simply unkind. When he published his "Life of Charles Dickens as revealed in his writings," in 1905, the storm burst in full fury, and I remember how hurt he was. "I don't mind 'Punch,'" he wrote, "that is legitimate and very clever fooling ('Punch' had parodied him), but most of the criticisms are very unkind. I suppose I have laid myself open to it all, but I did know Dickens and I did love him, and an old man garrulous about old happy days and old happy loves ought not to be a subject of ridicule." And I confess that little *cri de cœur* found an echo in me. Mr. Arthur Waugh's comment in *The Dickensian* at the time was surely the proper

one—"The material is heaped together, with too little method and some occasional incongruity, but it is 'good measure, shaken down, and running over,' and the more one knows of Dickens the more one appreciates its value as an aid to the general impressions of a singularly delightful personality."

Nevertheless, it has to be confessed that carelessness was upon all his work. Dickens told him of it in the early days—"For my sake—if not for Heaven's—do, I ENTREAT YOU, look over your manuscript before sending it to the printer. Its condition involves us all in hopeless confusion, and really occasions great unnecessary cost." On another occasion Dickens had to protest against the fact that "Just as you are coming on with us you have another serial in progress in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and another announced in 'Once a Week.'" And Dickens added, "So far as I know the art we both profess, it cannot be reasonably pursued in this way." A penitent letter was sent, and Dickens's reply was, "Your explanation is (as it naturally would be, being yours) manly and honest, and I am both satisfied and hopeful."

There you are. Manly and honest. Percy Fitzgerald was always a man. In his old age one could not be in his presence five minutes without feeling that one was in the company of a man with a mind and heart of fine texture. It must have been so. The careless, slipshod man had a poor chance of winning Dickens's regard as a general proposition, yet Percy Fitzgerald most certainly won it.

There is no need to record here how he wrote for *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*: how he first met Dickens. He has told it all himself. But it is proper here to recall that he was the first President of the Fellowship—was in the chair at the inaugural meeting, and that for years the Fellowship never appealed to him in vain. If money was wanted, his was the first cheque to come: if his presence was wanted anywhere we had only to ask and it was given. He came to our first Conference at Manchester in 1906; he attended the Birmingham Conference in 1909; he visited Broadstairs with the Fellowship in the same year. When the first Dickens Exhibition was held in 1902 he was the most generous exhibitor. When we were organising the *Pickwick* Exhibition in 1907, his reply to my request for exhibits was, "Come down and select what you want. Bring a cab." Matz and I went to his house one morning, and he took us round his rooms, simply saying, "Take what you want." We did: we filled the cab. He did not ask for any receipt; he told us not to bother about insurance, and when the cab was loaded, he said, "Now we'll break a bottle of champagne and drink success to the Exhibition." There may seem little point in recalling all this now, but I do so because I think it illustrates what manner of man he was—sweet, refined, ready to serve and asking nothing. I could write much about Percy Fitzgerald, but I would only say that the Dickens Fellowship has never had a truer friend than Percy Fitzgerald; has never numbered among its friends a truer gentleman. R.I.P.

J. W. T. LEY.

THOSE WONDERFUL EYES

By ARTHUR S. HEARN

I.

IF we compare the numerous portraits of Charles Dickens made during his lifetime, one is struck by the remarkable changes in appearance, so much so that it is often difficult to believe they can be of one and the same person. Whether it be the miniatures of Janet Borrow, or Margaret Gillies, the paintings of Laurence, Maclise, Ary Scheffer, or Frith, the daguerreotype of Mayall, or the later photographs by Watkins, Armytage, and Mason, each one shows Dickens from an entirely different aspect.

To consider the type of man he was from the point of view of physiognomy, particularly when young, one must refer to the recorded opinions of those who knew him. Strange to say, among the many contemporary descriptions of Dickens there is as much divergence as in the above named portraits, particularly on the question of the colour of his eyes, yet all agree that they were wonderful eyes.

Although Mrs. Carlyle said of his face that "it was as if made of steel," Leigh Hunt held an entirely contrary opinion, for we find him writing the morning after Dickens and he were made known to each other, "What a face is his to meet in a drawing-room! It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings." This is confirmed by the many who saw Dickens giving one of his famous readings: an early description comes from a spectator at the Peterborough reading in aid of charity, in 1853, who says:—

Mr. Dickens's *eyes are light blue*, and his mouth and jaw, without having any claim to beauty, possess a strength that is not concealed by the veil of iron-grey moustache and generous imperial. He has action of considerable ease and felicity, *a remarkably expressive eye*, and a mobility of the facial muscles which belongs to actors of the highest grade.

Another writes at about the same time, and also referring to the readings, says: "His eyes are his most remarkable feature, dark brown in colour, and flashing when he is animated with extraordinary brilliancy."

"What a fine characteristic face. What marvellous eyes. And what a horrid taste in dress" is the diary record of a young lady who visited Dickens in 1842, as published in "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine": and ten years later, an American lady in "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe" is again struck by the power of his eyes:—

He is rather slight, with a symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and *eyes beaming alike with genius and humour*. Yet for all the *power and beauty of these eyes*, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light.

Another lady, Eleanor E. Christian, in "Recollections of Charles Dickens, his family and friends" ("Temple Bar," April, 1888), says:—

On introduction—the first thing that rivetted me was the *marvellous power of his eyes*. *Nondescript in colour, though inclining to warm gray in repose*, but lighting up suddenly into a luminous depth of hue, they instantly arrested me: and I could see nothing else for the moment.

One who was present at a meeting of the London Association of Correctors of the Press (September 17th, 1867), according to Theodore Taylor, says: "His florid complexion, *dark glittering eye*, and grizzled beard, were very striking:" while a "personal friend," in his reminiscences (1870) says: "Unquestionably he had very much aged in appearance during the two previous years. But he maintained the bluff, frank, hearty presence, and the deep cheery voice: his hand, given to his friend, had all its affectionate grip, and *the splendid beauty of the dark eyes remained undimmed to the last*."

II.

The earliest description Forster gives of Dickens is at the close of 1836, when he says:—

Very different was his face in those days from that which photography has made familiar to the present generation. A look of youthfulness first attracted you, and then a candour and openness of expression which made you sure of the qualities within. The features were very good. He had a capital forehead, a firm nose with full wide nostril, *eyes wonderfully beaming with intellect and running over with humour and cheerfulness*, and a rather prominent mouth, strongly marked with sensibility. The head was altogether well formed and symmetrical, and the air and carriage of it were extremely spirited. The hair, so scant and grizzled in later days, was then of a rich brown and most luxuriant abundance, and the bearded face of his last two decades had hardly a vestige of hair or whisker: but there was that in the face as I first recollect it which no time could change, and which remained implanted on it unalterably to the last. This was the quickness, keenness and practical power, the eager, restless, energetic outlook on each several feature, that seemed to tell so little of a student or writer of books, and so much of a man of action and business in the world. Light and motion flashed from every part of it.

Here is Carlyle's description of his appearance at their first meeting in 1840; with a first account of the colour of the eyes:—

He is a fine little fellow—Boz—I think—*clear, blue, intelligent eyes*, eyebrows that he arches amazingly; large, protrusive, rather loose mouth: a face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner when speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common coloured hair, and set it on a small compact figure, very small, and dressed a la D'Orsay rather than well. This is "Pickwick."

In commenting on this, Thomas Adolphus Trollope remarks:—

There are two errors to be noted in this sketch, graphic as it is. Firstly, *Dickens's eyes were not blue, but of a very distinct and brilliant*

hazel—the colour traditionally assigned to Shakespeare's eyes. Secondly, Dickens, although truly of a slight compact figure, was not a very small man. I do not think he was below the average middle height.

Carlyle's description refers to Dickens soon after he had published *The Pickwick Papers*. No doubt at this period he had a look of delicacy, almost of effeminacy, if one may accept Maclise's portrait as a truthful record, which might give those who saw him the impression of his being smaller and more fragile in build than was the fact. In later life he lost this D'Orsay look completely, and was, according to T. A. Trollope, "bronzed and reddened by wind and weather like a seaman." Trollope continues:—

Dickens was only thirty-three when I first saw him, being just two years my junior. I have said what he appeared to me then. As I knew him afterwards, and to the end of his days, he was a strikingly manly man, not only in appearance, but bearing. *The lustrous brilliancy of his eyes was very striking.* And I do not think that I have ever seen it noticed that *those wonderful eyes*, which saw so much and so keenly, were appreciably, though to a very slight degree, *near sighted eyes*.

We cannot find that any other contemporary shared this opinion as to near-sightedness.

Percy Fitzgerald, a friend of later years, refers to his "*keen bright searching eyes*," and an American visitor to Gad's Hill in "Visits to the Homes of Authors" tells of "looking into the depths of *his black eyes* emitting a steady light or flashing a sudden glow over the face."

III.

It was apparently the painting by Maclise, in 1839, that best pictured Dickens to his contemporaries. It appeared as the frontispiece to the first edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and first made Dickens familiar to his countless admirers; regarding it, Thackeray wrote:—

What cheerful intellectuality is about the man's eyes, and a large forehead! If Monsieur de Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could examine this head he would no doubt interpret every line and wrinkle in it, the nose firm and well placed, the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is de Balzac's maxim).

Theodore Taylor, in 1870, drew this comparison:—

It is hard to believe that those *large effeminate eyes, sparkling from beneath flowing locks*, that ample black satin scarf, with a diamond union-pin, and that wide velvet collar, can have anything to do with the hearty, keen-eyed, sailor-like man whose last photographs now look at us from every shop window. But it is so, they are the portraits of the same great man. Time alone has worked the change.

And Sala—in the memoir in the "Daily Telegraph" the day following Dickens's death—wrote:—

Those who could look far back remembered when Charles Dickens was in countenance, like Milton in his youth—"eminently beautiful." For grace, and refinement, and intellectual force, we must go to Maclise's canvas, and ponder over the exquisite delineation of the young man with the long silky hair, the fascinating smile, and the *marvellous clear and inquiring eyes*, which, even from the copper-plate, seem to follow the beholder everywhere, as the eyes of Guido's Beatrice do in that gallery at Rome.

Marcus Stone, although he did not know Dickens in these early days, always considered the Maclise portrait to be the best: speaking at the Boz Club Dinner, in 1910, he said:—

There is no good portrait of Dickens. The best is that which represents him as a young man, many years before I first saw him, the portrait by Maclise. That has really more in it than any of the others. But, like all faces, Dickens's had a wonderful variety of expressions. Let me describe him to you. He was about the middle height, 5 feet 9 inches. He was a lean man, with beautiful limbs and well developed arms, and an erect carriage made for activity. His face was singularly handsome. He had a nose of almost perfect beauty, with a nostril of exquisite curvature and sensitiveness which is impossible to describe. *His eyes also were the most impressive and wonderful eyes I ever saw. They were green-grey in colour—an unusual eye.* He had fine hands, with that peculiar flexibility which is found very largely among painters and sculptors.

Of his elegant appearance when young, Arthur Locker gives a reminiscence:—

The first time I saw the idolized Boz in the flesh was at a Fancy Fair in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. . . . He was then a handsome young man with *piercing bright eyes* and carefully arranged hair, much in fact as he is represented in Maclise's picture. . . . I was especially struck by the *brilliancy and vivacity of his eyes. There seemed as much life and animation in them as in twenty ordinary pairs of eyes.*

The changes that came later are referred to by W. P. Frith, who painted Dickens's portrait in 1859, in his book of reminiscences:—

The change in Dickens's appearance that had taken place during the twenty-five years that had elapsed since Maclise had painted him so admirably, was very striking. The sallow skin had become florid, the long hair of 1835 had become shorter and darker, and the expression settled into that of one who had reached the top-most rung of a very high ladder, and was perfectly aware of his position.

Edmund Yates confirms this to even a greater degree in his "Recollections and Experiences" (1884), where he says he first made acquaintance of Dickens in 1854. "There were no photographs of celebrities to be purchased in those days," he writes, "and I had

formed my idea of his personal appearance from the portrait of him by Maclise."

He was nothing like that. Indeed, my mother, who saw him shortly after this, and had not met him for fifteen years, declared she would not have recognised him, for, *save his eyes, there was no trace of the original Dickens about him.* His hair, though worn still somewhat long, was beginning to be sparse; his cheeks were shaved; he had a moustache and a "door-knocker" beard encircling his mouth and chin. *His eyes were wonderfully bright and piercing,* with a keen, eager outlook; his bearing hearty and somewhat aggressive.

The reader will thus see that although there is considerable divergence of opinion over the appearance of Dickens, and of the colour of his eyes, all are agreed that those eyes were wonderful.

"IF"

By FRANK STAFF

THE alternative title is "Magic"; both are good, but the latter has been in use already. True, it was part of a longer title:—"The Magic of Christmas," or was it "The Magic of Charles Dickens?" The times are too hustling to turn to books of reference, so let it go: when once one gets into the swing of an article a very little will upset the train of thought! "If" Charles Dickens had not been a successful author, he would,—that too, is familiar! Horrible thought; has everything possible been written on every phase of the novelist's life?

"If" is an excellent word to commence with, however, so here goes. "If" Charles Dickens had not been a successful author, would his name now be the household word it undoubtedly is? His faithful followers, and I include myself, will answer "certainly." Well, go on. As what? An actor maybe: but is it not more probable that he would have developed what was undoubtedly an attractive hobby—Magic? In Forster's "Life," reference is made to an elaborate conjuring entertainment given to the children of Bonchurch in 1849. It is worth while turning to that particular chapter, in order to read the delightfully humorous detailed programme drawn up by Dickens. And it must be remembered that at that period, the secrets of conjurors were jealously guarded, and the most trifling trick would cost the curious amateur at least a guinea; so to perform the programme described Dickens must have been an expert magician, for, remembering his noteworthy motto, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," we may assume that he was an adept at sleight of hand, and misdirection; the latter being a word of great moment to the conjuror: and if any reader is inclined to doubt Dickens's power of misdirection, let me but whisper into his ear the word "Drood." There is misdirection for you. I believe I have read every book and pamphlet written on this mystery story, and each writer convinces me that he and he alone has the

correct solution. One of these days, when I have completely assimilated every argument that has been put forward, I shall publish my own theory, and it will prove a mightily interesting one: and its finality will be unquestionable.

To resume; my desire is to show the adaptability of certain characters for the career of entertainer, conjuror, itinerant showman, or trickster, thus proving indirectly that Dickens had a warm corner in his heart for this type of individual, and his qualifications. "If" the Artful Dodger had not been unfortunate, with regard to the gold snuff-box, and, "if" that part of his career, as shown to us, were extended to a few years, what would have been his means of livelihood at the age of 30. I cannot conceive that he would have made a successful house-breaker: Sikes, Kags, and other burglars of my acquaintance (in fiction, I need hardly add), were morose men, whereas the Artful, though grave for his years, had a sense of impudent fun. "If," therefore, Dickens had elected to show us the Dodger at a later age, I am inclined to think we should have seen him at a street corner in Farringdon Street, a stone's throw from Field Lane, with three cards on an upturned box, inviting all and sundry to "find the lady, with a vun, two, three, and a three, two, vun, sometimes you vin, and sometimes I vin, it's five bob to half a knock me down, you don't find the Queen." Noah Claypole, now grown somewhat stouter, and too short of breath for "the kinchen lay," would prove an admirable confederate.

Then take those delicious creatures in *Martin Chuzzlewit*: Montague Tigg, Chevy Slyme and Tom Pinch. "If" Dickens had so willed it, what a setting for a "confidence" swindle. A little back-street tavern near St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell: Tom Pinch gazing at the ancient gateway with glistening eyes, Chevy Slyme stooping just in front of him to pick up a "gold" ring which was certainly not there a moment before. Tom tempted, at the thought of the delight of Ruth, when it was presented to her. The adjournment to the tavern nearby, the entrance of the gentlemanly stranger (Montague), and perchance, within an hour, Tom would be the proud possessor of a "gold" brick, and minus his spare shillings, and any trinket of small value he may have possessed.

Many additional chapters could have been written around Codlin and Short. Incidents in their career, for example, prior to the meeting with Nell and her grandfather, or for that matter, what they did with themselves after their last interview with the old gentleman. The early days of Mr. Sleary would have proved interesting, and what made him take to the road? The "diary" of Dr. Marigold would have made excellent reading, and the "Life and Adventures of Mr. Vincent Crummles," in two volumes, would surely have sold like hot cakes, "if" Charles Dickens had had the time and opportunity to write them. And, in conclusion, let me add, "if" this did not happen to be an auspicious occasion, and an extraordinary number of *The Dickensian*, would the Editor have permitted the inclusion of so extraordinary an article?

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

By W. LAURENCE GADD

II.—THE RIVER-SIDE INN

I.

THE attempt to smuggle Magwitch out of the country is graphically portrayed in Chapter liv. of *Great Expectations*, which Forster rightly considered to be a masterpiece of descriptive writing.

The object of the boat journey was to get in the track of the Hamburg steamer so that Magwitch could be taken on board. The steamer was to leave London Bridge on the ebb tide, and was calculated to be at the place of interception at or about one o'clock in the afternoon.

Pip and his friends left the Temple Stairs at about half past eight on a March morning, to row down the Thames, and finally put up at a solitary river-side public house which they reached after dark the same night.

This public house has been previously stated to be the "Ship and Lobster," a tavern standing on the river bank about a mile below Gravesend town pier.

It was always Pip's intention to get Magwitch well down the river in the boat, "certainly well beyond Gravesend, which was a critical place for search or enquiry, if suspicion were afoot," and the plan was this: "The tide, beginning to run down at nine, and being with us until three, we intended still to creep on after it had turned and row against it until dark. We should then be well in those long reaches below Gravesend where the river is broad and solitary."

The "Ship and Lobster" is close to Gravesend, the critical place, and is not on the broad and solitary reaches. On the contrary, it is opposite the centre of the official anchorage for shipping, the busiest place on the lower Thames, and is a conspicuous building, facing the river, not to be described as a "light and a roof." Further, there are no shallows or mud banks between this inn and Gravesend, and no light-houses, squat or otherwise, for some miles below it. It is also to be noted that Pip's boat was off Gravesend at three o'clock in the afternoon, but did not reach the "Ship" Inn until long after dark.

For these reasons I consider the "Ship and Lobster" to be effectively ruled out, and the "Ship Inn" of the story must be looked for elsewhere.

II.

In tracing the route of Pip's boat, I take the book description to be that of an actual journey for three main reasons. First, the fact that Dickens took a trip down the Thames in May, 1861, specially to make himself acquainted with the actual course of a boat under the circumstances. Second, his known fidelity to localities when named: in this case he described a journey down the Thames and mentioned actual places passed. Third, although no places are named below Gravesend, the description is so clear, and so accurate a picture

of the lower Thames that no one familiar with the river and its banks can have the least difficulty in recognising each feature mentioned.

It seems to me that Dickens must have possessed more knowledge of the river than could be derived from a single day's trip, keen as his observation was, for in a journey of several miles below Gravesend he made Pip's boat follow the exact course which a rowing boat must necessarily take against the tide, a course by no means obvious to anyone not initiated in the run of the channel and tidal currents.

In Gravesend reach, the proper route is close under the north, or Essex, bank, on the opposite side of the river to the anchorage and the "Ship and Lobster" Inn.

We are told that the tide turned soon after the boat was off Gravesend, and the craft at anchor began to swing. And the boat then crept under the shore, whilst ships, taking advantage of the new tide, crowded upon it in a fleet. As the fairway was on the north side of the river in 1860, as it is to-day, the fleet of ships would be on that side, and Pip's boat must have been there also.

At Coalhouse Jetty, boats of even shallow draught must stand off the mud bank known as the Ovens Spit, and this is obviously the "shallow and mud bank" which the boat avoided, being the first such place below Gravesend.

From this point, a boat seeking slack water must cross over to the south bank, near Cliffe Creek, and continue along that



MUCKING LIGHTHOUSE

Lower Thames

shore nearly as far as Lower Hope Point, when it must again strike across to the north shore, a little to the west of Mucking Lighthouse, which is six or seven miles below Gravesend.

Pip says "we got ashore among some slippery stones—it was like my own marsh country, flat and monotonous, with a dim horizon." If the landing place were anywhere on the Kent shore, Pip would have been actually in his own marsh country: but he said it was like, or similar to, his own country, and the reference to a dim horizon is especially applicable to the Essex marshes. The landing place was close to "a little squat shoal lighthouse on open piles," which stood "crippled in the mud on stilts and crutches," where "slimy stakes stuck out of the mud."

Space does not allow me to quote all the references, nor to follow



THE "LOBSTER SMACK" INN
CANVEY ISLAND
(view from the stone causeway)



THE "LOBSTER SMACK" INN
(view from the marshes)

Pip's boat through every part of its journey, but there can be no doubt that the landing place indicated is a stoney spit running out into the mud flats about half a mile west of Mucking Lighthouse, and close to a number of black stakes, sticking out of the mud, locally known as the "farmer's teeth." These stakes have been there as long as old Gravesend watermen can remember, and the stoney spit referred to is the only practicable landing place for some miles above and below the lighthouse.

III.

Thus far Pip's boat undoubtedly followed the correct course down river against the tide, and from this point should continue close to the Essex bank right down to Canvey Island, about five miles further on.

Following the story, they pushed off again, and "rowed, and rowed, and rowed until the sun went down." By that time the rising tide had lifted the boat so that Pip could see over the bank. He says, "There was the red sun on the low level of the shore—and far away the rising grounds." Now, in March, the sun sets between 5-30 and 6-30 p.m., and, from anywhere on the Kent side of the river, would be seen over the *water*; but if the boat were close under the Essex bank, as it should be, the setting sun would be over the Stanford or East Tilbury marshes. The reference to the rising ground being "far away" is again clearly indicative of those marshes.

The night was now fast falling, and a short council was held, at which it was decided that the clear course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern. So Herbert and Startop plied their oars once more for "four or five dull miles," while Pip looked out for anything like a house. By this time it was as "dark as it would be until morning," but at length a light and a roof were descried, and presently the boat ran alongside a little stone causeway, when the light was discovered to be that of a public house.

Now "four or five dull miles" from Mucking Lighthouse would bring the boat to Hole Haven, an inlet at the west end of Canvey Island, in those days a bare and desolate marsh tract, scarcely inhabited. Close by an old and disused seaweed-covered stone causeway at Hole Haven there is a little red-tiled wooden inn, with the sign of the "Lobster Smack." Pip says they descried a "light and a roof," and this is significant, because only the roof and one window can be seen, approaching by water, on account of the high sea-wall.

The "Lobster Smack" is still probably the most isolated inn on the lower Thames, and from its upper windows there is a clear view over the marshes eastwards to the Nore Lightship. Hence Pip, looking out of his bedroom window in the early morning, could see the two strangers "strike across the marshes in the direction of the Nore." These upper windows are those of three or four old-fashioned bedrooms, most of them containing old Dutch four-post bedsteads, and all reached by a narrow, crooked staircase ending in a long passage.

Owing to the wide shoals and mud banks all along the Kent shore,

this side would be quite unsuitable for the purpose, as a boat would have to put off at high water, more than an hour before the steamer left London Bridge, and then hang about in the channel against the strong ebb tide for four or five hours until the steamer arrived. On the other hand, it would not be necessary to put off from Canvey Island until the steamer was actually in sight, her smoke being first seen round the bend of the river over the Cliffe marshes, and there would be no difficulty in getting in her track, as, following the deep water channel, she would pass within a very short distance of the shore.

The "Lobster Smack" Inn, at Hole Haven, is exactly where the book states; it agrees with the written description of its landing place, appearance from the river, and internal arrangements.

The references to the Nore, and the strip of shore over which the steamer's smoke was seen, also agree; and it is on the proper side of the river for the purpose in view.

I think there can be no doubt whatever that this is the "Ship Inn" of *Great Expectations*, where the Jack was so contemptuous of the idea that the police boat could be anything but Custom 'Us.

PROTOTYPES IN PICKWICK

By WALTER GREATOREX

MANY of the features and characters in Shakespeare's more mature plays are foreshadowed in his early comedies. Does the same thing hold good in Dickens? I think it does. Taking *Pickwick* alone, we are at once confronted with many parallels which suggest themes subsequently worked out at greater length, and characters developed into life-size portraits.

A Christmas Carol is clearly adumbrated in the story of Gabriel Grub. Both stories deal with the conversion of a man to a better mode of life by means of supernatural visitation, and Christmas, in both cases, supplies the appropriate time and background.

The first picture shown to Gabriel by the goblins distinctly reminds us of the Cratchit household and the death of Tiny Tim. Nor is Gabriel himself unlike Scrooge. Of the former we read that he was:—

... an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow—a morose and lonely man, who consorted with nobody but himself and an old wicker bottle which fitted into his large deep waistcoat pocket, and who eyed each merry face as it passed him by with such a deep scowl of malice and ill-humour as it was difficult to meet without feeling something the worse for.

Of the latter we are told that:—

... it was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

In the tale about the Queer Client there are points of resemblance with "*Little Dorrit*"—the Marshalsea prison, a prisoner long incarcerated there, the death of the prisoner's wife, and his release after a long time owing to unexpected riches coming to him.

Mr. Dorrit is anticipated in one small point by Mr. Ayresleigh, a prisoner at Namby's :—

"You'd better have the loan of my razor this morning, Mr. Ayresleigh," said the man who was stirring the fire, tipping the wink to his friend the boy.

"Thank you, no, I shan't want it ; I expect I shall be out in the course of an hour or so," replied the other. . . . "You'd hardly think, would you now," said Price, turning towards Mr. Pickwick, "that that chap's been here a week yesterday, and never once shaved himself yet, because he feels so certain he's going out in half an hour's time that he thinks he may as well put it off till he gets home ?"

Compare this with Mr. Dorrit, when he first went to the Marshalsea Prison :—

He was, at that time, a very amiable and very helpless middle-aged gentleman, who was going out again directly. Necessarily, he was going out again directly, because the Marshalsea lock never turned upon a debtor who was not. He brought in a portmanteau with him, which he doubted its being worth while to unpack ; he was so perfectly clear—like all the rest of them, the turnkey on the lock said—that he was going out again directly.

The cobbler in the Fleet, who was ruined by having money left him, reappears in *Bleak House* under the name of the Man from Shropshire. The stories of the two men are, in essentials, identical.

Mrs. Weller, in her zeal for religion, is copied later by Mrs. Snagsby. Referring to the former, Tony Weller says :—

She's been gettin' rayther in the Methodistical order lately, Sammy ; and she is uncommon pious, to be sure. She's too good a creetur for me, Sammy. I feel I don't deserve her.

And then in *Bleak House* :—

"My little woman," says Mr. Snagsby to the sparrows in Staple Inn, "likes to have her religion rather sharp, you see !"

The Shepherd in *Pickwick* is followed by the equal unctuousness of Chadband in *Bleak House*. Old Weller, describing the famous tea-drinking to Sam, says :—

I wish you could ha' seen the shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins. I never see such a chap to eat and drink—never. The red-nosed man warn't by no means the sort of person you'd like to grub by contract, but he was nothin' to the shepherd.

Says Dickens in the later story :—

Chadband is rather a consuming vessel—the persecutors say a gorging vessel ; and can wield such weapons of the flesh as a knife and fork remarkably well.

Again, Jingle, describing Rochester Cathedral, says :—

Popes and Lord Treasurers, and all sorts of old fellows, with great red faces and broken noses turning up every day.

Who discovered them ? Who but Durdles.

"Durdles come upon the old chap," in reference to a buried magnate of ancient time and high degree, "by striking right into coffin with his pick."

(Query—was the sarcophagus, mentioned by Jingle a moment later, the Drood Sarcophagus ?)

Turning to the characters in *Pickwick*, many of them blossom out again on a larger scale in the later works.

Jingle one might almost imagine to be Micawber in his youth. There is the same improvidence, the same jauntiness, and the same shabbiness, although the staccato utterances of the former ill-accord with the sustained grandiloquence of the latter.

In this respect Jingle is followed rather by Dowler in the later pages of *Pickwick* :—

She shall know you—she shall esteem you. I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus I saw her ; I loved her ; I proposed : she refused me. " You love another ? "—" Spare my blushes "—" I know him ? "—" You do "—" Very good ; if he remains here I'll skin him."

Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Stryver are of the same bullying and blustering type, although the originals were certainly different. Mr. Perker and Mr. Fips, of Austin Friars, prove good company at social gatherings.

Little Mr. Perker came out wonderfully, told various comic stories, and sang a serious song, which was almost as funny as the anecdotes.

And he sang songs, did Fips ; and made speeches, did Fips ; and knocked off his wine pretty handsomely, did Fips.

Mr. Smangle, although a minor character, refuses to be consigned to oblivion, and strolls into *Nicholas Nickleby*, having meanwhile changed his name to Mantalini ; likewise the fierceness of Captain Boldwig becomes apoplectic when he reappears as Major Bagstock.

Mrs. Pott and her bodyguard, Goodwin, are worked out more fully in Mrs. Varden and Miggs, and, finally, there is quite a smack of Mrs. Nickleby in the garrulity of Ben Allen's aunt.

" My niece, Mr. Sawyer," said the old lady left my home three days ago, on a pretended visit to my sister, another aunt of hers, who keeps the large boarding school just beyond the third milestone, where there is a very large laburnum tree and an oak gate.

Of course, Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, and old Tony Weller were never improved upon. It was not possible. They take their places at once alongside the great characters of Dickens.

Mark Tapley was, perhaps, the nearest approach to Sam. Mark is very lovable and very entertaining, but he seems to concentrate too much on getting credit for being jolly. Sam Weller never hampers himself in this manner, he is too universal. He remains supreme in his own domain of fun and whimsicality.

THE REALITY OF DICKENS EVEN IN THE TRIVIAL AND GROTESQUE

By E. KENDALL PEARSON

IF all enthusiasts consented to answer the question. "What appeals to you most in the works of Dickens?" there would necessarily be an exceedingly wide range of replies, covering every conceivable aspect from which his writings may be viewed. My own answer is. "First and foremost, because of his reality—even in apparently trivial and seemingly grotesque situations which he has described." Like Mr. Vincent Crummles's celebrated stage accessories, Dickens himself has many a "real pump," to say nothing of "splendid tubs," introduced where a superficial inspection on the part of the reader only discovers pasteboard "props." Johnnie Toole's savoury goose in the "Carol" scene was not more real than many of Dickens's apparent whimsicalities, and, it may be reasoned, if he is so faithful in the small things, *a fortiori*, how true to life is he likely to be, and is, in the bigger affairs of everyday existence.

The fact, of course, is that Dickens deals so faithfully with human nature that his books have their message not only for the period in which they were written, but for all time. "She's a rum 'un is Natur!" as Mr. Squeers philosophically reflected, but so far as human "natur" is concerned I venture to say that inconsistency is not one of its most marked characteristics, and that in its essentials it is now very much what it was in Dickens's day and long before it.

Take *The Pickwick Papers* as an outstanding example. Who would, *prima facie*, as the lawyers say, seek to gratify Mr. Gradgrind's appetite for "fact, fact, fact" amidst all the hilarious happenings in that delightful book? And yet, how true to life so much of it really was, and is! The famous Trial scene we know contains very much more than a substratum of truth.

A straw will sometimes show which way the wind blows, and even that apparently inane lament of Tony Weller at the end of the trial. "I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' bisness. Oh Sammy. Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi!" is not so completely silly as it seems to be when it is remembered that an alibi, properly established, is the most effective defence known to the law, absence of body in such cases being better than any amount of presence of mind.

WIT AND WISDOM.

We laugh at Richard Swiveller's expert opinion, as expressed to the Marchioness, that if she had only sipped beer she had never tasted it, because "It can't be tasted in a sip," but I am credibly informed—I think that is the correct way of putting it—that Dick's dictum is in substance and in fact absolutely unassailable. So, too, with many of Sam Weller's aphorisms, where wit and wisdom go along pleasantly hand in hand. Indeed, a book might be written—and, for aught I know has been, for who can keep pace with all the publications dealing with *Pickwick*?—on the "Wisdom of the Wellers."

Pumblechook might have overdone the "oil-can" business when the purpose suited him (especially in the "poultry" luncheon to Pip), but the worship of the golden calf has ever been a highly popular form of "religion"; and givers of feasts even now do not invariably pay heed to the Biblical injunction to make a feature in their invitation lists of those who have not "great expectations"—or words to that effect. Trabb, the tailor, too, in his changed attitude to Pip when he learned of his good fortune, also gave evidence of being absolutely, commercially human.

Mr. Wopsle is, in my judgment, one of the funniest of all Dickens's characters, and yet how real! The erstwhile parish clerk was by no means the first stage aspirant—nor the last by very, very many, alas!—to be under delusions as to the extent of his histrionic powers. He is as real in some respects as Silas Wegg's "poetry," of which—not to put too fine a point on it—there have been examples inflicted on a long-suffering public even since the days of Dickens. The Vincent Crummles episodes are, of course, redolent of reality, and whether we think of those mysterious press "puffs" (or "write-ups"—1925), the appearance of which in the newspapers the worthy actor-manager never for the life of him could understand; or picture the playing of the whole company to the London manager in the boxes, we cannot fail to be impressed by the novelist's intimate knowledge of human affairs.

DRAWN FROM LIFE.

Stiggins and Chadband are my pet aversions because they are so real—one does not, or should not, get angry about hobgoblins. I do not look upon the first-named merely as a red-nosed caricature of a parson prone to potent beverages. To me Stiggins stands first and foremost for dogmatism of an offensively aggressive type, and for inconsistency—one of those who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

On one occasion a Dickensian friend and I were seated together at a function (not in Gloucester, of course) when, at the conclusion of the remarks of a certain speaker we instinctively turned the one to the other and exclaimed simultaneously, "Chadband!" That one word expressed the position exactly, and as nothing else could have done. In fact, the Chadband style of oratory, lay as well as clerical, is, unhappily, much too well known to need exposition. Chadband must surely have been drawn from life; but if Dickens did imagine him, it is only another instance of his prophetic vision.

When perusing the proceedings of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association I do not see, as some zealots profess to do, so much a satire upon teetotalism, as a strong moral lesson in consistency, and a rebuke to those who would spoil a good cause by ill-directed enthusiasm and illogical advocacy, as is so often done.

"EATANSVILL TO VIT."

The Eatanswill Election incidents are admittedly based on happenings which were characteristic of Parliamentary contests in the "good old days." I sometimes wonder, however, whether the lessons conveyed by Mr. Perker's green parasols and the other tangible inducements to the "free and independent" are taken as seriously as they might be even in these—in many respects—enlightened days. I incline to the belief that there are incidents associated with Eatanswill which, like Mr. Stiggins's moral pocket handkerchiefs, are still calculated to "combine amusement with instruction" for those who possess the hearing ear and the understanding heart. Whilst bribery and corruption must necessarily assume tangible form to bring them within the cognisance of the law, there are electioneering efforts (blandishments and the like) none the less effective in the hands of skilful practitioners which a Court of Morals would (or should) hold to be quite as corrupt in their application as the gratuitous distribution of material assets.

Dickens the reporter must have plied his facile pencil in reporting many a speech quite as full of "sound and fury, signifying nothing," as the election addresses of Horatio Fizkin, Esquire, and the Honourable Samuel Slumkey, as set forth so humorously in *The Pickwick Papers*. Anyhow, reporters who have practised their calling since Dickens's day could produce from their notebooks examples no more edifying and equally ludicrous: whilst I make bold to say—and in penning the declaration, like the valorous Pott of the "Eatanswill Gazette," "I throw myself on the country and its constables for protection"—that the party passions aroused by the epoch-making election for Beadle "in our parish," as described in Boz's inimitable Sketch, were not one whit more intense or ridiculous than those which have been witnessed in elections of the "parish pump" variety in many a locality in this self-governing land of ours.

It has been stated, I believe with truth, that nothing in *Pickwick* is more real than the glimpses given of the lengths to which the Editors of newspapers were wont to go in expressing their candid opinions of their rivals. I have before me a copy of a county newspaper of July 22nd, 1837, the leading article in which includes the following: "We have neither space nor inclination to reply in a fitting manner to the vulgar blackguard abuse which our worthy contemporary, the ——— (there is no reticence as to the name, but for obvious reasons I must suppress it), "thought it right and decent last week to vent," etc. "As to their correspondent from ———, an anonymous, vagabond libeller we have no doubt the result will show that his other statements are equally false:

" 'But let them lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.' "

That the Editor of the paper from which I am quoting was familiar with *The Pickwick Papers*, then appearing in monthly parts, is shown by at least a couple of allusions in his castigation of his newspaper

rival. There is a reference to the risk of "an action at law for the profit of some Dodson and Fogg"; and in a subsequent number of the paper the other local Editor is likened to the redoubtable "Eatan-swill Gazette" luminary: "The first thing that must strike every reader of that paper is the air of dogmatical assumption which its Editor puts on, the unwarrantable personalities in which he indulges, and the great importance which he evidently attaches to his oracular effusions. Indeed, so much is this the case that one would think he had sat to the author of *Pickwick* for the portrait of Pott."

FUNERALS IN FACT AND FICTION.

The elaborate funeral arrangements which Dickens satirised so unmercifully, more particularly in the accounts of the obsequies of Anthony Chuzzlewit and Mrs. Joe Gargery, are by no means the mere figments of the novelist's imagination. Talk about Mr. Mould's "four long-tailed prancers, never harnessed under ten pund ten!" and the "beautiful show" which he stage-managed—or rather, "performed upon the very best scale,"—as balm for the wounded spirit of the bereaved Jonas Chuzzlewit! That prince of undertakers ought to have seen the funeral, a report of which I have before me in the "Gloucester Journal" of January 30th, 1836. The very long procession from Cheltenham of four-horse mourning coaches was headed by two Gloucester mutes on horseback, followed by pages with wands bearing between them what was described as the "state lid of plumes"; then rode two Cheltenham mutes on horseback, with the vault maker from Gloucester Cathedral, the lead coffin maker, the wood coffin maker, and the Gloucester and Cheltenham undertakers, all on horseback, immediately behind. A page with wand was at each front horse's head, and a page behind each mourning coach.

The hearse was drawn, not by "four long-tailed prancers" merely, be it noted, but by six horses, with a postillion on the front horse and a driver on the box, a page with truncheons was at each horse's head, the six bearers were also armed with truncheons, and there were heraldic paintings on each horse, at each side of and behind the hearse.

Amidst all this wealth of undertaking detail there figured one item which is, I think, of historic Dickensian importance as throwing light upon a notable passage in the description of the Chuzzlewit funeral, and, I venture to submit, constitutes yet another link in the chain of evidence which goes to prove the reality of Dickens. At one end of the long and imposing procession in this Gloucester funeral of 1836, came the deceased's own carriage and four, a groom being at each leader's head "*with white handkerchiefs linked in the bridle*" (the italics are mine).

I attach great significance to the presence of the white handkerchiefs in the horses' bridles as part and parcel of the funeral customs of those days, in view of this extract from the account of the Chuzzlewit funeral:

"The four hearse-horses especially, reared and pranced, and showed their highest action, as if they knew a man was dead, and triumphed in it. They break us, drive us, ride us; illtreat, abuse, and maim us for their pleasure—But they die; Hurrah they die!"

One recalls Mr. Trabb's professional command, "Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!" in the case of Mrs. Joe Gargery's obsequies, and I can only account for the linking of the white handkerchiefs in the bridles by the presumption that it was intended to modify or to conceal the hilarity which Dickens plainly shows horses are prone to display when called upon to take part in these otherwise solemn functions.

The space allotted to me is exhausted, and I must say, as Sam Weller did in concluding his valentine, "That's all"—or rather, that's all I have room for. The subject is far too extensive properly to be sampled in a sip, but I hope I have, in the haphazard selections I have made, said enough to induce others to take more copious, satisfying draughts from this incomparable vintage.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INTER-BRANCH CONFERENCE

THE Seventh North American Inter-Branch Conference was held in Montreal on the 8th and 9th June last, and we regret that owing to a series of unfortunate occurrences a report has reached *The Dickensian* only on the eve of our going to press, and that a fuller report is not possible.

The Conference was held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal, and the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto and Montreal Branches were represented; each Branch in turn reported the details of their work during the past twelve months, which, in most cases, have already appeared in this magazine.

Dr. Atherton provided a very interesting paper on Montreal at the time Dickens visited it in 1842, and the Conference for 1926 was fixed to be held in Boston some time in May. The afternoon was occupied by a drive to the top of Mount Royal to enjoy the beautiful view of Montreal and the St. Lawrence River.

Later, interesting papers were read by some of the delegates, and in the evening a banquet was held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, presided over by Professor N. N. Evans, at which the "Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr. R. L. Calder, K.C. Mr. W. Godbee Brown proposed the toast of the Sister Branch Fellowships, which was responded to by Mrs. Lincoln Bowles, of Boston, and Mr. J. Hunt Stanforth, of Toronto.

The following day, June 9th, was devoted to sight-seeing and entertaining the delegates and visitors.

A memoir of the late Judge Patterson, of Philadelphia, by J. K. Thompson, will appear in the April number.

PLAYTHINGS

By RUTH WHITTAKER

I built myself a lordly treasure house.

TRULY, the Dickens House is a wonderful place. I suppose most of us had imagined what it would be like, building it on the lines of our own "lordly treasure house"; for all we Dickensians live in a Dickens House of our imagining most of the time—certainly on these winter evenings when we gather round the fire and read *Pickwick* once again. I spend many an hour in mine, and it is a delightful spot—far superior to the ordinary house, for there are no responsibilities, and if, Micawber-like. I wish to add a wing, in a twinkling it is done. Hence my own Dickens House has several advantages over 48 Doughty Street.

In the first place, it contains what every house in the world ought to have, a large, cheery nursery. Here I bring all Dickens's unhappy children, the baby savage, and a thousand other desolate outcasts, "the growth of man's indifference, and solace them with warmth and love." Caleb Plummer and his daughter are working quietly in one corner of the room, surrounded by doll's houses for dolls of all stations in life. "I don't admire the Houses of Parliament half so much as that stone-fronted mansion with real glass windows and doorsteps and a real green balcony a sitting room and bedroom elegantly furnished, and, best of all, a kitchen with uncommonly soft fireirons and a tin man-cook in profile, who is always going to fry two fish and a set of wooden platters, each with its own peculiar delicacy, as a ham or turkey, glued tight on to it, and garnished with something green, which I recollect as moss!" Bertha, with Jenny Wren, is dressing dolls of all degrees of society, while Caleb puts the finishing touches to the speckled horse for Noah's Ark. You remember the ark? "It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even there—and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch—but what was that against it? Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant. . . . Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers: and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string."

In another room there is a real theatre, with real painted scenery and a real stage. This is "The Smallest Theatre in the World," a printed handbill tells us. And what a happy audience! There are Kit Nubbles and his family, Pip and Herbert Pocket—and who is that young gentleman in the pit, with his hair straight and flat, his shirt collar turned down and a general feebleness about him, gazing with languishing eyes at a young lady in a box? It is the young man of the name of Guppy. And now the green curtain rises, and the play begins. It is "Tom Thumb," and Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon are in the cast. The play is a great success, and Thackeray,

who is in the audience, rolls right off his seat with laughter, to the great pain of Mr. Guppy, who is sitting next to him.

The play is over, and the audience departs. Somebody falls down-stairs. . . . It is Copperfield. . . . Peering through the crowd, watching the grand ladies depart, is an old little girl, leaning on a crutch. It is the Doll's Dressmaker, and she is trying on. Jenny lives with me, and I love her. She has a large sunny room on the ground floor, because of her back and legs, and there are always lots of flowers, and she is quite happy. She caters for the aristocracy, and turns out "dolls dressed for presentation at court, for going to balls, for going out driving, for going out walking, for going to help other dolls to get married, for all the gay events of life." "I work for a doll with three daughters," she tells us. "Bless you, she's enough to ruin her husband."

Now we come to the ballroom, and what a gay company we have ! It is Lady Tippens's birthday (her 21st, I believe), and, she tells us with a shrill little scream, she will really have to think seriously of growing up now ! There is the Honourable Mrs. T., and Lady Belinda Whitrose (not now, as on a former occasion, "hanging up by the waist, much too near the gas for a wax one, with her toes turned in"). Nearly all the ladies are clients of the Doll's Dressmaker ; she is not at the ball herself, having to finish a large mourning order for a doll who has lost a canary bird. And here comes the genial Charles Dickens himself, dancing the polka with his daughter Mamie.

But what is this commotion ? Lady Tippens has fainted. It seems she has just received a message from her lover in chief, an officer in the Guards, that he will be unable to attend the ball.

In another room it is always Christmas. The walls are covered with holly and ivy, the log fire blazes merrily, and the Ghost of Christmas Present smiles benignly from his ambrosial throne, while in the middle of the room a shadowy tree arises, that wonderful Christmas tree of happy, childish memories. "Ah, now all common things become uncommon to me ; all lamps are wonderful ; all rings are talismans."

And when I am tired of all these things, I steal up to a tiny room at the top of the house, where a queer small boy sits at an open window overlooking a churchyard, pouring over a little collection of books in the dusk.

And the Officer in the Guards, where is he ? Johnny Harmon lies dying in a little bed in the Children's Hospital, and on a tiny platform over his breast are the Noah's Ark, the noble steed, and the yellow bird, while in front of them all stands the Officer in the Guards, with his feet firmly set, and his bright sword drawn. For he knows that an enemy is approaching whose name is Death, and in defence of the child on the bed he is prepared to meet Death, and die. But, alas, the enemy is very real, inexorable, and at his lightest breath the Officer in the Guards, the noble steed and the yellow bird, who only live in the land of makebelieve, totter and fall. Yet, living in such a land they live for ever, and when the Enemy has passed, little Johnny shall awaken amongst his playmates, in that land where children never grow up.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

DICKENS'S SCHOOL DAYS IN LONDON

By WALTER DEXTER

THE year 1826 was Dickens's last as a schoolboy. We have already shown how the previous year had seen brighter times in the Dickens household: how, freed from the Marshalsea, they had come to live at No. 29 Johnson Street, Camden Town (now No. 13, and the David Copperfield Library), and young Charles was sent to Wellington House Academy in the Hampstead Road, still to be seen at the corner of Granby Street.

Supplementing an account of Dickens written to Forster by a former school-fellow, given in our number for January, 1925, we now give a selection from Dr. Henry Danson's recollections.

"I do not remember that Dickens distinguished himself in any way, or carried off any prizes. My belief is that he did not learn Greek or Latin there, and you will remember there is no allusion to the classics in any of his writings. He was a handsome, curly-headed lad, full of animation and animal spirits, and probably was connected with every mischievous prank in the school. I do not think he came in for any of Mr. Jones's scourging propensity; in fact, together with myself, he was only a day-pupil, and with these there was a wholesome fear of tales being carried home to the parents. His personal appearance at that time is vividly brought home to me in the portrait of him taken a few years later by Mr. Lawrence.

"Depend on it, he was quite a self-made man, and his wonderful knowledge and command of the English language must have been acquired by long and patient study after leaving his last school.

"At about that time Penny and Saturday Magazines were published weekly, and were greedily read by us. We kept bees, white mice, and other living things clandestinely in our desks, and the mechanical arts were a good deal cultivated, in the shape of coach-buildings and making pumps and boats, the motive power of which was the white mice.

"I think at that time Dickens took to writing small tales, and we had a sort of club for lending and circulating them. Dickens was also very strong in using a sort of lingo, which made us quite unintelligible to bystanders. We were very strong, too, in theatricals. We mounted small theatres, and got up very gorgeous scenery to illustrate the 'Miller and his Men,' and 'Cherry and Fair Star.' I remember the present Mr. Beverley, the scene painter, assisted us in this. Dickens was always a leader at these plays, which were occasionally presented with much solemnity before an audience of boys and in the presence of the ushers. My brother, assisted by Dickens, got up the 'Miller and his Men' in a very gorgeous form. Master Beverley constructed the mill for us in such a way that it could tumble to pieces with the assistances of crackers. At one representation the fireworks in the last scene, ending with the destruction of the mill, were so very real that the police interfered and knocked violently at the doors. Dickens's after taste for theatricals might have had its origin in these small affairs.

"I quite remember Dickens on one occasion heading us in Drummond Street in pretending to be poor boys, and asking the passers-by for charity—especially old ladies, one of whom told us she 'had no money for beggar boys.' On these adventures, when

a wooden
leg. I have
mugged your
every Saturday
Night—

at a very
reduced price
cheaper in
comparison
than a leg.
Yours &c

C. Dickens.

P.S. I suppose
all this time
you have had

Tom
I am quite
ashamed I have
not returned
your leg but
you shall have
it by Harry to-
morrow—
you would
like to purchase
my Clavis you
shall have it

the old ladies were quite staggered by the impudence of the demand, Dickens would explode with laughter and take to his heels.

"I met him one Sunday morning shortly after he left the school, and we very piously attended the morning service at Seymour Street Chapel. I am sorry to say Master Dickens did not attend in

the slightest degree to the service, but incited me to laughter by declaring his dinner was ready and the potatoes would be spoiled ; and, in fact, behaved in such a manner that it was lucky for us we were not ejected from the chapel.

"I heard of him some time after from Tobin, whom I met carrying a foaming pot of London particular in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and I then understood that Dickens was in the same or some neighbouring office.

"Many years elapsed after this before I became aware from accidentally reading 'Our School' that the brilliant and now famous Dickens was my old schoolfellow. I didn't like to intrude myself upon him, and it was not until three or four years ago, when he presided at the University College Dinner at Willis's Rooms, and made a most brilliant and effective speech, that I sent him a congratulatory note reminding him of our former fellowship. To this he sent me a kind note in reply, and which I value very much."

We reproduce, by courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd., a copy of what is perhaps the earliest piece of writing by Dickens. It is a letter written to his school-fellow, Owen P. Thomas, who explains "The Leg referred to was the Legend of something, a pamphlet romance I had lent him : the Clavis was, of course, the Latin school book so named." Forster adds "In the signature the reader will be amused to see the first faint beginning of a flourish afterwards favoured."

Dickens left school at about Christmas, 1826, and entered a lawyer's office.

DICKENS AND IBSEN

AN ANALOGY

MR. PATRICK BRAYBROOKE, in his recent study of Edmund Gosse (Dranes, Ltd., 7/6), draws an interesting analogy between Dickens and the famous Norwegian novelist, Ibsen.

"When hating his work as a chemist's assistant, Ibsen turned to thoughts of literary fame. In this his fate bears a somewhat close resemblance to that meted out to Dickens. For our master of literature, in the blacking factory, dreamed dreams, saw visions, looked beyond the grime and horror of the seat of manufacture, and so, perhaps, by the very hatred of his lot in life, started along the thorny path of literature. From only two examples it would be perilous to deduce any general rule, but it quite often appears that one of the best "pushes" to genius is that the future genius shall be in an environment so hateful to him that he determines at all costs to get out of it. Dickens and Ibsen are two of many who did this. To ask whether Dickens would have been so great had he not been in the blacking factory, or to ask whether Ibsen would have risen to such tremendous heights had he not been a chemist's assistant, are questions that are not the less interesting because they are unanswerable. It may be said, without straying from our analogy too far, that probably of the two Dickens profited more by his unhappy factory experience than did Ibsen in the chemist's shop."

TAVISTOCK HOUSE

"THE British Medical Journal" recently published an interesting account of the historical associations connected with Tavistock House (pulled down in 1900), on the site of which the New House of the British Medical Association has been erected. By the courtesy of the Editor of the Journal we are able to reproduce two photographs of the house as it was when Dickens lived there in 1851-1860.

The writer of the article, Mr. E. Muirhead Little, F.R.C.S., states that Tavistock House was built in 1795-6, enlarged in about 1825 by the addition of two wings, one to the east and the other to the west, and converted into three separate houses, the original house



TAVISTOCK HOUSE

At the time Dickens lived there; rear view, showing Mulberry tree

in the centre being named Bedford, those on the east and west, Russell and Tavistock respectively. James Perry, the proprietor and editor of the "Morning Chronicle" lived in the original Tavistock House from 1812 to 1821, and so in course of time "the once youthful reporter and contributor to the "Morning Chronicle" had come to live, not in the same house, but in one of the same name and next door to that in which the celebrated proprietor and editor of the paper had lived and entertained the men and women of light and leading of his day. There has been much confusion between the two Tavistock Houses, and it has been repeatedly stated that Dickens lived in the same house as Perry. We believe that the mistake is now for the first time corrected."

At Tavistock House Dickens lived nearly ten years, a longer period than at any other house excepting Gad's Hill. Frank Stone, A.R.A., was the tenant previous to Dickens, and he did not move far away, but only to the eastward portion of the original house named Russell House; Frank Stone (the father of Marcus Stone, R.A.) was a great friend of Dickens and his constant companion in the performances at "the smallest theatre in the world," which Dickens constructed in 1854 in the back room on the first floor.

For this theatre, Wilkie Collins, who, by the way, was born in Tavistock Square, wrote two plays, "The Lighthouse"—for which the act drop was painted by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.—and "The Frozen Deep."



"THE SMALLEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD" AT TAVISTOCK HOUSE

Mary Boyle has left on record her vivid and pleasing recollections of Tavistock House.

The very sound of the name is replete to me with memories of innumerable evenings passed in the most congenial and delightful intercourse—dinners where the guests vied with each other in brilliant conversation, whether intellectual, witty, or sparkling; evenings devoted to music or theatricals. First and foremost of that magic circle was the host himself, always "one of us," who invariably drew out what was best and most characteristic in others. . . . I can never forget one evening, shortly after the arrival at Tavistock House, when we danced in the New Year. It seemed like a page cut out of the *Christmas Carol*, as far, at least, as fun and frolic went.

D

It was while living at Tavistock House that Dickens originated the dummy book backs which were afterwards removed to Gad's Hill, where they are still a feature of the library.

The works partly or wholly written at Tavistock House were *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations*.
C. T. R.

SOME ERRORS IN "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG

THE contradiction in the opening paragraphs of Chapter iv. may be already familiar. We are told "Mr. Pecksniff withdrew to his own home, and remained there three whole days; not so much as going out for a walk beyond the boundaries of his own garden. . . ."

Yet, in the next paragraph, "During the whole of this interval he haunted the Dragon at all times and seasons of the day and night."

But I have never seen reference to the numerical mistake in Chapter xxi. Young Martin and Mark Tapley are to be introduced to the agent of the Eden Land Corporation. We are told that General Choke shared the same table with the two Englishmen. ". . . . after breakfast (he) suggested that they should wait on the agent without loss of time. They, desiring nothing more, agreed; so they all four started for the office. . . ."

Who are the *four*? There are only Martin, Mark, and the General concerned in that walk; for they find the agent of the Settlement "in the doorway he seemed to have no arrears, but was swinging backwards and forwards in a rocking-chair, with one of his legs planted high up against the door post, and the other doubled up under him, as if he were hatching his foot."

In the subsequent interview there are only (1) Martin, (2) Mark, and (3) the General, who have come from the hotel, which lay "within rifle-shot of the National Hotel."

Who, then, were the *four* who started out to visit the agent?

The same chapter (xxi.) describes the meeting of the Watertoast Association, and ends with an account of its dissolution, because the Public Man in Ireland, with whom the Association is in sympathy, reveals himself as an advocate of Negro Emancipation. At the close of Chapter xxi. the Watertoast Association has ceased to exist.

Yet Chapter xxii. describes how Martin was invited by the Secretary of that Association to lecture before its members. And the reception of local citizens, which Martin is perforce compelled to countenance, is headed by that Association.

It may be that Dickens transposed certain of his chapters, even as he did (with so much mystification in regard to the qualities of the new characters) in his last book, *Edwin Drood*.

(Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross tells me that the first two mistakes were dealt with in *The Dickensian* for 1916, pages 65, 165, and 193. The third appears now. Next please!!—THE EDITOR.)

SELECTED LETTERS

(1) DICKENS GIVES WILKIE COLLINS DETAILS OF HIS LIFE

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
June the Sixth, 1856.

MY DEAR COLLINS,

I have never seen anything about myself in print which has much correctness in it—any biographical account of myself I mean. I do not supply such particulars when I am asked for them by editors and compilers, simply because I am asked for them every day. If you want to prime Forgues, you may tell him without fear of anything wrong. that I was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812: that my father was in the Navy Pay Office; that I was taken by him to Chatham when I was very young, and lived and was educated there till I was twelve or thirteen, I suppose; that I was put to a school near London, where (as at other places) I distinguished myself like a brick; that I was put in the office of a solicitor, a friend of my father's: and didn't much like it: and after a couple of years (as well as I can remember) applied myself with a celestial or diabolical energy to the study of such things as would qualify me to be a first-rate parliamentary reporter, at that time a calling pursued by many clever men who were young at the Bar; that I made my debut in the gallery (at about eighteen, I suppose), engaged on a voluminous publication, no longer in existence, called "The Mirror of Parliament": that when "The Morning Chronicle" was purchased by Sir John Easthope and acquired a large circulation, I was engaged there, and that I remained there until I had begun to publish *Pickwick*, when I found myself in a condition to relinquish that part of my labours: that I left the reputation behind me of being the best and most rapid reporter ever known, and that I could do anything in that way under any sort of circumstances, and often did. (I dare say I am at this present writing the best shorthand writer in the world.)

That I began, without any interest or introduction of any kind, to write fugitive pieces for the old "Monthly Magazine," when I was in the gallery for "The Mirror of Parliament"; that my faculty for descriptive writing was seized upon the moment I joined "The Morning Chronicle," and that I was liberally paid there and handsomely acknowledged, and wrote the greater part of the short descriptive *Sketches by Boz* in that paper; that I had been a writer when I was a mere baby, and always an actor from the same age: that I married the daughter of a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who was the great friend and assistant of Scott, and who first made Lockhart known to him.

And that here I am.

Finally, if you want any dates of publication of books tell Wills, and he'll get them for you.

This is the first time I ever set down even these particulars, and

glancing them over, I feel like a wild beast in a caravan describing himself in the keeper's absence.

Ever faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S.—I made a speech last night at the London Tavern, at the end of which all the company sat holding their napkins to their eyes with one hand, and putting the other into their pockets. A hundred people or so contributed nine hundred pounds then and there.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

A CHRISTMAS CAROL OF TO-MORROW

By J. H. McNULTY

SCROOGE was dead, to begin with. He was as dead as such a lively old soul as he ever could be. He had been dead just twenty years, and to-day, Christmas Eve, was the anniversary of his death. This event had saddened many a heart, for he was known and loved throughout the city, and had lessened the income of many a charitable institution for the lightening of human sorrow and misfortune; though his liberality was well represented by his surviving partner, Mr. Robert Cratchit.

The firm had changed little, the title which had been altered some years before Scrooge's death had remained unchanged ever since.

"Scrooge, Marley & Cratchit" was well known as an old-fashioned, honourable, and thoroughly trustworthy concern. Old-fashioned it certainly was, retaining many an old custom which had become obsolete elsewhere; honourable certainly, for it kept all its engagements in the spirit and the letter; and trustworthy beyond a doubt.

Just off Cornhill the old house stood, and for once at least the adage had proved true, honesty was the best policy, and the business was prospering and increasing.

Whatever changes had taken place in the surroundings were to-day hidden by the great fog which buried all in its vast embrace. It was as if London had exchanged the Silver Thames for the Yellow Sea, an English Yellow Sea, of course, and had been inundated by it.

The past had seemed very near to Bob Cratchit to-day. It was on such a day as this thirty years ago that the great change in his fortunes had taken place. He remembered well the foggy Christmas Eve when Scrooge's nephew had called at the office, and had wished his uncle "A Merry Christmas, uncle, and a Happy New Year."

He remembered the "tank," how sitting in it he had involuntarily applauded the nephew when he had spoken of Christmas, and the snarling threat "Let me hear another sound from *you* and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation."

He had often heard the story of Scrooge's ghostly visitors, Scrooge loved telling it, and he thought how his own life as well as Scrooge's had become happier for that visit. And to-day, the years between

seemed to melt away, and the past to be really present. It may have been the day, or it may have been the fog, yet so it was.

Bob had prospered, the business had increased, and his sons had joined him in the firm. Both in private matters and in business life he retained old customs. No private Christmas cards for Bob, but each purchased separately for some individual recipient. Evergreen and holly filled his house at Christmas. Every year there was a Christmas Box and good wish for each member of the staff, yes, even "a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop" was made and drunk in the office in remembrance of old times and a famous occasion.

One change the passing years had necessitated, he no longer lived in Camden Town. Mrs. Cratchit's delicate health had caused him to move into the country, and he had taken a house in a little Surrey village, some twenty odd miles from London; nothing else was changed.

The afternoon was growing late. Mr. Timothy and Mr. Peter had gone home early to help the preparations for to-morrow's great feast.

All the members of the staff had left, and the caretaker, after enquiring if anything further was wanted, had been dismissed with a cheery word, and had gone to his rooms upstairs.

Still Bob remained behind. He was thinking over a letter from a large firm containing a proposition to amalgamate with them for their mutual benefit. New methods and a general speeding up would, it was asserted, produce larger profits. It was further pointed out how increasingly difficult it was for private firms to maintain their position with keen competitors on every side. It was even hinted that, like many another comparatively small concern, he might easily fail in his struggle for existence.

All his natural instincts were to remain as he was, but all his business experience confirmed the truth of many of the statements in the document before him.

"Shall I turn the ancient house of 'Scrooge & Marley' (he used the earlier title), "into a Limited, limited," he paused for the word, "Limited Liberality Company. No, no, that's not a word, how stupid of me. A Limited Liability Company, of course."

"A Limited Liberality Company," said a voice close by, "you were quite right at first."

Bob looked up, and there in the chair opposite was his old master and former partner, Scrooge.

Bob sprang to his feet to welcome him, "My dear Sir, I am delighted. . . ."

"I know you are," said Scrooge's ghost; "but sit down, my time is short and there is much to do. Many years ago, when I was in great difficulty and danger, my old friend Marley helped me by showing me the past. I have come to assist you by letting you see the future. You are in no danger of forgetting the past, your danger is you cannot see the future. Come with me. . . ."

In a moment they were out in the City streets, seated in a rapidly moving carriage. The buildings shot up into immense heights, and

the light was extremely brilliant. For a moment Bob did not know whether it was day or night.

"It is night," said the Ghost, "but most of these lamps are kept burning all day. The height of the buildings makes it necessary."

During the first part of their journey they passed through the great shopping centre of the City, and Bob was greatly impressed by the size and variety of these colossal buildings. Though they were travelling at a good rate, the sky signs and immense lettering made it possible to distinguish the various goods displayed and advertised in the shop windows.

As they drove past he read such phrases as "Synthetic Fruit, Synthetic Butter, Mock Mutton, Home-made Beef, Artificial Lamb."

The titles puzzled him, and he asked "Do they sell anything real here?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the Ghost, "you can easily obtain real fruit, but, of course, it is all tinned."

Many of the shops bore notices to the effect that everything from anywhere could be supplied at a moment's notice.

Bob remarked on this, but the Spirit told him that though everything a reasonable being could want could be immediately supplied, there were certain small and unimportant exceptions.

"You could not obtain real meat or alcohol anywhere."

"Why ever is that?" asked Bob.

"The world," said Scrooge's Ghost, "has come to the conclusion that it is wrong to take life, that life is sacred, and no animal may be killed for food."

At this moment there was a frightful crash. Two cars ran into each other, the occupants of both were hurled out and instantly killed.

"Oh, what a fearful accident," cried Bob, "shan't we stop and help?"

"No, it's all right," said the Ghost, "the ambulance people will remove the bodies. We should only be in the way. These things happen frequently. Of course they are sad, but it cannot be helped. Do you notice anything peculiar about the city, anything you would wish to ask about?"

"Yes," said Bob, "there are no churches, have they been abolished?"

"No," said the Ghost, "but they are not needed now. Some still remain, however. But what will interest you is that though there are few churches, there are quite a large number of clergymen—clergymen, though, who have never seen their congregations. Nearly all sermons are preached on the Wireless, and listened to in drawing rooms and parlours all over the country. The advantage of this is obvious: no one need listen longer than he likes, if he disapproves he just shuts off and listens to something else. I will show you how it is done. It is Christmas Eve, there will be several preachers to-night."

In a few moments they stopped before an immense building, "Ether House," containing hundreds of rooms. They entered. In the first room they found a clergyman broadcasting a sermon on Christmas.

He showed how the Feast was kept in the olden days, and how it should be celebrated in the new era.

In the adjoining room an atheist was advocating the abolition of Christmas, and the worship of Pure Humanity.

In another they found a preacher explaining to the world the advantage of having your religion brought to your own fire-side without the trouble of walking on a cold night to a distant church, and then afterwards eating and drinking to excess to celebrate Christmas "as our barbarous ancestors used to do."

"Does he mean us?" asked Bob.

"Yes, he does," was the reply, "they all talk like that."

In another room they heard a man advocating "The Higher Vegetarianism," and a Professor speaking on "The Purer Asceticism," which denied one even the pleasure of assisting the poor and destitute.

They listened to this speaker for a few moments, and caught the words "We are in the vanguard of Evolution, the weak must perish and the poor must die, it is the best thing they can do. We must ensure the Survival of the Fittest."

"I don't understand all he says, but what I do understand I don't like," was Bob's comment.

They also found several authors broadcasting their works. He was told that most readers preferred to take their literature in this way. Very few books were sold, and one small library was sufficient to supply the whole of England.

"You see the advantage of this system," said the Ghost, "every listener can, by merely altering his machine, hear a sermon, and when he is tired of that he can hear the Secularist point of view, he may listen to a novel, and even see a play by the latest invention of Television, and all this without moving from his armchair."

They returned to the street, and stepped once more into the motor, and as they moved onwards the Spirit said, "Is there anything you would like to ask, for my time is growing short."

"I should like to ask if this is the Socialist State," said Bob.

"No," replied the Spirit. "it is not, though it is sometimes called so."

"And who owns all these buildings, is it the Government?"

"The Government owns some of them nominally, but in reality they are all controlled by Companies, Combines and Trusts of immense power and influence. There are no private traders of course."

"And what about Christmas, have all the old customs gone? Have they all dwindled to a sermon spoken over the wires and nothing more?"

"Here and there," said the Spirit, "some keep up old fashions, but for the most part people are satisfied with a vague feeling of benevolence, produced by a Christmas talk from Ether House, the building we have just left. Do you know the old motto—it is a good one—*Stare super vias antiquas?*"

Bob had never heard Scrooge quote Latin during his lifetime, but he thought a dead language was the right thing for a ghost to use.

Before he could answer, the speed of the car was suddenly increased. Faster and faster they sped on, the houses flew past and all details of the streets became obliterated.

He would have asked the meaning of the strange words, but the speed made conversation impossible. Suddenly, with a terrific jerk, they stopped, and Bob heard the guard calling out the name of his station, the terminus of the line. The train had stopped and had awakened him. He had arrived home and had slept on the journey.

He jumped out on to the platform.

"Good night, sir," said the Guard.

"Good night and a Merry Christmas," said Bob, shaking him by the hand, and leaving there something more tangible than good wishes, though they were genuine enough.

"Thank you so much."

"Thank *you*, sir."

"Not at all," said Bob, "you have taken me further than you know, and now you have brought me home, surely that's something to be thankful for."

The fog had cleared, and it was very cold, but he did not notice it. Christmas is the summer time of the heart.

On the walk to his house, he heard some carol singers and rewarded their efforts, poor as they were. Every Christmas carol is only a variation of the theme of the first great Christmas Carol sung at Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago.

Bob was not poetical, none of the Cratchits were, but to-night he was nearly so. The little diamond points of frost made him think of the stars, and he looked up at them. The beauty of the sky filled with stars made sharp and clear by the intense frost delighted him.

How they winked and twinkled and sparkled! "I wonder if they keep Christmas too," he thought, "they look bright enough for anything."

Bright as they were, they were not so bright as the faces at the Cripples' Hospital, where the generosity of the Cratchits had helped to make Christmas a real festivity; not so bright as the eyes of the children at a neighbouring orphanage when they saw the toys provided by those same Cratchits. Not so bright as the smile of many a destitute and hungry wanderer when he heard the cheering words and received the secret help of Bob Cratchit. And so as Tiny Tim had once observed, "God Bless Us Everyone."

And they did their best to have that prayer answered.

* * * * *

"Did you finish your business last night at the office, Father?" asked Peter Cratchit next morning.

"Yes," answered Bob, "I'm not sure whether I settled it in the office or in the train. I had a visitor. I'll tell you all about it later on. By the way, what's the meaning of *Stare super vias antiquas*?"

"I think it means 'Keep Christmas well,' anyhow that's the way I translate it, and that's what I mean to do." And he did.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

IT has been a source of satisfaction to all concerned that the first six months have been such a great success.

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The House has been open daily, Sundays excepted, from 11 until 5 o'clock, and has been visited by Dickens lovers and others from all parts of the world.

* * * * *

The attendances have naturally fallen off a little during the winter (except on Saturday afternoons), but the Trustees are hoping to make arrangements to open the House for at least one evening a week, commencing early in January, thus enabling Londoners who are engaged in the daytime to pay it a visit.

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During November, at the invitation of the Trustees, the Dickens Fellowship held four evening receptions of members attached to Headquarters, and similar arrangements are being made for the reception of members of Branches, thus redeeming one of the promises made at the outset, that the House should become a place of meeting for Dickens lovers.

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In December a very successful exhibition of Christmas items (books, pictures, etc.) was held and much appreciated.

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The exhibits of First Editions, Dickens relics, letters, pictures, etc., now on view, are much appreciated, but unfortunately the majority of these items are on loan, and it is hoped that those who are fortunate in possessing any items of this nature will see their way to present them to the House.

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The latest addition to the Collection is the oil painting by Edgar Bundy of "Dotheboys Hall Breaks Up For Ever," the gift of Mr. George Buckston Browne, F.S.A.

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Below is a further list of donations to the Fund.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Headquarters (continued)—</i>				Dr. Albert Eber	...	...	...
Miss E. Carstensen	0	2	0	Mr. Robert Hichens (2nd instalment)	5	0	0
Mr. A. B. Potterton (2nd instalment)	1	1	0	The All Around Dickens Club (Boston, U.S.A.)	28	16	0
Miss E. Potterton (2nd instalment)	1	1	0	Mr. V. E. Wynter	...	...	...
Mr. and Mrs. H. Budd (2nd instalment)	1	1	0	Mr. A. S. Elliott	...	...	...
Mrs. H. Victor Jones	1	0	0	Miss Murrell	...	...	...
Mr. C. G. Matthews	0	5	0	City of London Vacation Course	...	...	...
Mrs. Uniacke (2nd instalment)	1	0	0	Miss Stirling	...	...	...
Dr. Mary McKibbin-Harper (2nd instalment)	1	0	0	Anon.	...	...	...
Miss M. J. Pilcher (2nd instalment)	1	1	0	J. D. Billington	...	...	...
Miss E. Dyer	0	2	0	Anon.	...	...	...
Mr. H. W. Andrew	1	0	0	Miss K. Woodfield (cont.)	...	...	...
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cox	1	3	0	Mr. F. W. Ellis	...	...	...
Miss C. Keus (4th instalment)	0	10	0	Mr. E. L. Sanders	...	...	...
Miss Playfair	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Onions	...	...	...
Anon.	0	2	6	Miss G. M. Yeld	...	...	...
Mr. Arthur Jones	0	10	6	Miss Keus (5th instalment)	...	...	...
Mr. J. T. Robson	2	2	0	Mr. W. W. Price	...	...	...
				Miss P. M. Archibald	...	...	...

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Maupin ...	...	...	...	2	1	1	<i>Boston (continued)—</i>						
Wheeler Dryden ...	...	...	...	9	5	0	Includes 100 dollars from Mr. F. W.						
British Broadcasting Co., Ltd. ...	...	...	...	52	10	0	C. Hersey—proceeds of his lecture				65	0	0
							"A Walk in Dickens Land" ...						
<i>Vancouver (continued)—</i>							<i>St. Pancras (continued)—</i>						
The Branch ...	\$25.00						Proceeds Dramatic Performance ...	21	7	0			
Mrs. V. Ackroyd ...	1.00						<i>Chicago (continued)—</i> 30 dollars ...	6	5	5			
Mr. V. Ackroyd ...	2.00						<i>Hackney (continued)—</i>						
Mr. H. J. Deagle ...	2.00			6	3	2	Mr. Durdle ...	1	1	0			
							Mrs. Trollope ...	0	2	6			
<i>Barry—</i> ...				5	5	0	Miss Keen ...	0	1	0			
<i>Pasadena—</i>											1	4	6
Dickens Study Club,							<i>Mr. W. B. Warren (continued)—</i>						
20 dollars ...	4	1	8				Lecture ...				1	1	0
Dr. and Mrs. Angle,													
10 dollars ...	2	0	10				<i>Mr. Walter Dexter (continued)—</i>						
Mrs. Fox, 5 dollars ...	1	0	5				Lecture, Cheltenham...	5	0	0			
				7	2	11	John O. Evans ...	0	10	0			
<i>Sydney (continued)—</i>											5	10	0
Miss F. Glasson ...				2	2	0							

The Trustees regret to notice that there has been a falling off in the donations from Branches and individuals. The entrance fee of one shilling (members of The Dickens Fellowship, sixpence) is barely sufficient to cover the cost of the upkeep, and leaves nothing in hand to clear off the bank overdraft, and to form a fund out of which Dickens items can be purchased as they come on the market.

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The Trustees therefore hope that each branch of the Fellowship will make a special effort during the remainder of the season to send a further donation to the funds, and that individual members will join the list of Annual Subscribers, of which the minimum subscription is half a guinea.

DICKENS AND FUNGI

"YOU have everything in Dickens," wrote the famous French author, Jules Verne. How true!

The authors of a wonderfully entertaining and entrancingly illustrated volume, just issued by the great Dickens firm of Chapman and Hall, and entitled "The Romance of the Fungus World," have devoted a chapter to "The Fungi in Fiction," and as might be expected, Dickens takes premier place. Twice in *Dombey and Son* do fungi play an important part in description, first when at Staggs's Gardens, Florence was "conducted forth by the young Toodles to inspect some toadstools," and again in describing Mr. Dombey's house after the death of Paul, we are told that "mildew and mould began to lurk in closets. Fungus trees grew in corners of the cellars." We recalled another reference; but no, the widely read authors (Messrs. R. T. and F. W. Rolfe) had not overlooked the momentous occasion when outside the Bull at Rochester Mr. Jingle hinted that "broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing!" would make a very acceptable dinner dish.

Can any reader supply other examples?

C. T. R.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

There was a time when the Press Club was nothing but a cellar lighted by candles, with an upturned beer-barrel serving as a table. It was near St. Bride's Church, then, and was known as "Fagin's Kitchen."—*Daily News*, 2nd June.

* * * * *

Be like Micawber, and just let things turn up. It is surprising what a lot of adventure you can meet along the wide "open road."—*Home Chat*, 6th June.

* * * * *

It seems unlikely now that anything fresh will ever come to illuminate further the unending Jutland controversy. Officers' memoirs will, I suppose, continue to appear for some years to come, but we have the authority of Mr. Justice Stareleigh that "what the soldier said is not evidence."—*Evening Standard*, 13th June.

* * * * *

We are to our children, it is said, excessively like the Micawbers; we wait for something to turn up which will provide them with a career or job. Well, as a father, I suppose, Mr. Micawber was not faultless. His method was to let his offspring be happy in their own sweet way.—*Daily Telegraph*, 27th June.

* * * * *

Cuthbert Shaw was the son of Yorkshire shoemaker, and after a summary education he became an usher at a sort of Dotheboys Hall.—*Sunday Times*, 5th July.

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The remains of a fallen tower, as Mr. Micawber might have said, are all that is now to be seen of the clock tower of Hooton Hall, near Chester.—*Sunday Times*, 18th July.

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When the human child has just received a cheque for eight thousand pounds—a "cool" eight thousand, as Mr. Matthew Pocket would have considered it.—*Sunday Times*, 26th July.

* * * * *

If the neurotic, vicious West-end idler were typical of our English women the country would go to what Mr. Mantilini called "The demnition bow-wows" in double time.—ROBERT BLATCHFORD, *Sunday News*, 2nd August.

* * * * *

My uncle was a man more like Mr. Dombey than anybody I have ever seen. He was very tall, handsome in a Victorian manner, with black hair and black side-whiskers.—STUART HODGSON, 20th August.

* * * * *

"Smart young man wanted, as widow dresser. State experience." The elder Mr. Weller's warning seems appropriate here.—*Daily News*, 14th August.

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The Admiralty, no doubt, wonder, like Mr. Vincent Crummles, "how these things get into the papers."—*The Nation*, 15th August.

* * * * *

The surprise of the evening at the reopening of the Lyric, Hammer-smith, redecorated and gorgeous, was the colour scheme that Mr.

Playfair, most advanced of managers, had chosen for his own darling theatre.

Was it something new and "arty"? Not a bit of it. Mr. Playfair had gone back to the old, old formula—Gilt, and Cream paint, and scarlet Plush. . . . Like the little old-fashioned cardboard model theatres that a gentleman in the East-end makes, and that it has become a habit of the modern intellectuals to buy. In such a theatre as this David Copperfield might have sat when he first went to the play in London as a young man.—HUBERT GRIFFITH, in *Daily Chronicle*, 22nd September.

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In the third act the bright idea occurs to somebody: Why not send for the wife and let her declare who she is? The suggestion is thrown out that Signora Ponza may be a Mrs. Harris. . . . For we are to mark that nobody has seen the woman, and that the whole argument up to now has been based on the lines of Mr. Justice Stareleigh's famous summing-up. If Signora Bardell-Frola is right, it is perfectly clear that Signor Pickwick-Ponza is wrong, and if the audience-jury think the evidence of Signora Cluppins worthy of credence they will believe it, and, if they don't, why they won't.—*Sunday Times*, 20th September.

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A merry heart goes all the way, is the Chancellor's motto for his new allies. At last the Government has found its Mark Tapley. Can you wonder the party is pleased? They have Micawbers enough. In the person of the Premier they have their mournful Mrs. Gummidge, who is always thinking of the "old 'un." The Home Secretary, in his ambition to make the old lady's flesh creep, irresistibly suggests the Fat Boy. Mr. Amery is like the diminutive counsel with the very large and terrifying voice in *Bleak House*. It is in the unlikeliest quarter of all—the Treasury—that the party has discovered its authentic Mark Tapley.—*Daily News*, 21st October.

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He is Alice in Wonderland herself, or perhaps Mr. Toots, for nothing is really of any consequence, "no consequence whatever."—A. G. GARDINER on Joynson-Hicks, *Daily News*.

* * * * *

Why were oysters cheap in 1827, which was the date when Mr. Pickwick put a barrel of them in the coach, and why are they so extremely dear to-day, when transport facilities have so enormously improved?—*Evening Standard*, 25th October.

* * * * *

Some say that the Dickens characters have all died out. Unfortunately it is only Dickens who has died.—G. K. Chesterton in *G. K.'s Weekly*, 15th August.

* * * * *

Mr. W. Kent, of Balham, writes: I thought you might like to know that Mr. Justice Shearman, summing up in the case of *Harris v. L.C.C.* on 26th October last, made a familiar allusion to *Pickwick*. "As was said in *Pickwick's* case what the girl said to the soldier is not evidence, and equally what the witness said to the policeman is not evidence." Surely after *Oliver Twist's* asking for more and Micawber's waiting for something to turn up the most frequently quoted (or misquoted, as in Justice Shearman's case) of all Dickensian sayings?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OURSELVES

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

As one who is partly responsible for the distribution of *The Dickensian* I am out to increase its circulation tenfold if possible. I think the best tribute we can pay to our late beloved Editor is to bring about this much desired result.

To do this the goodwill and assistance of every member of the Fellowship is needed. It is up to all and each of us to back up the new Editor in the task he has undertaken.

Perhaps owing to our youth we have in the past been too modest. Now that we have come of age and attained the dignity of manhood, that bashfulness should not obtain.

There must be thousands of Dickens lovers outside the Fellowship who would be only too glad to enter the fold did they know of its existence, or at least to become subscribers to *The Dickensian*. I suggest, Mr. Editor, that the members of the Fellowship be invited to send in ideas for ways and means of materialising the object we have in view.

Sincerely yours,

49 Chandos Street,
London, W.C.2.

A. C. ROGERS.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—If any regular reader has a friend who is likely to be interested, a copy of *The Dickensian* and particulars of the Fellowship will be sent free on receipt of name and address.]

SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL AND DICKENS

SIR.—I was reading recently the life of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and noted one or two interesting references to Dickens which you might like to note in *The Dickensian*. Writing of Dr. Wellhausen, the famous German Hebrew scholar and Biblical critic, he writes, "He has read Arnold, but makes nothing of him. When he wants amusement he reads Sam Weller!" Said Nicoll himself, "You cannot have too much of Dickens, but *Pickwick*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *David Copperfield*, and *Dombey and Son* are perhaps the best I can hardly conceive of a person not liking *Pickwick*. I don't think I would speak to him if I knew that." He considered, says Rev. T. H. Darlow, his biographer, "that Mr. G. K. Chesterton's two books on Dickens contained the ablest literary criticism by any living English writer."

Yours faithfully,

W. KENT.

CHESNEY WOLD.

SIR.—I have lately read Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling's "Life's Little Day"—a most interesting book. On p. 323, the following passage occurs :—

"Haverholme Priory, near Sleaford, the property of Lord Winchelsea, is a house which has many interesting associations. It was built on the site of a Gilbertine priory, where St. Thomas hid himself for a couple of days after the Council of Northampton; while in recent times it is said to have figured as the 'Chesney Wold' of

Bleak House. Along one side of the building runs a gravelled path known as the Ghost's Walk, and a friend of mine, when staying there, who did not know the tradition connected with this, was much puzzled by hearing mysterious footsteps pacing to and fro under his window long after midnight."

I have always understood that Rockingham Castle was the original of Chesney Wold, and your article in the October *Dickensian* on "Dickens, the Watsons and Rockingham Castle" confirms this opinion.

Do you know of any ground for Mrs. Stirling's statement as quoted above?

Yours faithfully,

ELEANOR M. HILL.

DICKENS AND ANGLESEY

SIR.—The occasion referred to by your correspondent, H. Wisdom, was evidently Dickens's visit to Anglesey in December, 1859, in connection with the wreck of the ship "Royal Charter," which he described in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, under the heading "The Shipwreck."

I do not know that it is recorded where Dickens stayed in Anglesey, but the "Royal Charter," appears to have gone ashore in the bay some five or six miles to the south-east of Amlwch, and near to Llanallgo. The Churchyard, in which many of the drowned people were buried, was certainly near the latter place, seven miles from Amlwch.

Yours very truly,

W. LAURENCE GADD.

[An account of the wreck of the "Royal Charter," with two illustrations from "The Illustrated London News," for November 19th, 1859, appeared in *The Dickensian* for 1912, page 177. The Rev. S. R. Hughes was Vicar of Llanallgo Church, and Dickens slept at the Vicarage, Moelfre, on 30th December, 1859.—The Editor.]

A LIGHT ON THE DROOD MYSTERY

SIR.—I've just come across the following interesting and, I believe, quite new note on Drood. It's from "An Artist's Reminiscences," by Rudolf Lehmann, p. 232. Dickens told him he found no difficulty in handling serials. "But his friend Henry Wills has told me that Dickens tried that experiment once too often. While in the midst of the serial publication of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, he altered the plot and found himself hopelessly entangled, as in a maze of which he could not find the issue. (The italics are mine.) Mr. Wills had no doubt that the anxiety and subsequent excitement materially contributed to his sudden and premature death."

Yours truly,

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

NOTICE.—Will Branch Secretaries kindly note that reports received after the 12th March cannot be inserted in the April number.

SOME NEW APPOINTMENTS.

MR. PERCY T. CARDEN has been appointed Honorary Treasurer of the Dickens Fellowship in succession to Mr. Walter Dexter, who

resigns the office on taking up the Editorship of *The Dickensian*, after holding it for nearly eighteen years. Mr. Carden automatically becomes a Trustee of the Dickens House, for which he has already done excellent work. Mr. Dexter has been appointed a Trustee of the Dickens House and of the Charles Dickens Convalescent Home for Blind Men and Women at St. Leonards, in succession to the late Mr. Matz, and still retains his position as Honorary Treasurer of the Dickens House.

LONDON (HEADQUARTERS).—The winter session opened with another most delightful concert by students from the Royal Academy of Music, provided by the generosity of the President, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, whom everyone present was delighted to see looking quite restored to health. After a few words of welcome by the President, and a feeling reference to the loss the Fellowship had sustained by the death of Mr. B. W. Matz, the concert was opened by Miss Betty Humby (piano) and M. Jean Pougnet (violin), whose playing had so enraptured us all a year ago in the same place. The vocalists were Miss Jessie Hewson and Mr. Arthur Fear, and the elocutionist, Miss Muriel Deighton. It was altogether an excellent programme and a most delightful evening. The subject of the November meeting was a debate on "Was Pickwick a humbug" between Messrs. Carden and McNulty. This proved one of the most successful functions ever held at Headquarters. The contrasting styles of the two protagonists gave piquancy to the discussions. For the affirmative, Mr. Carden opened, as might have been expected, in good legal style, taking his subject quite seriously, and driving his points home one by one. Mr. McNulty's reply was devastatingly humorous: he brushed aside all opposition with a ruthless hand. Both sides were eagerly supported by members in the audience, who, one and all, made remarkably good speeches; but it was left to a lady in the gallery to strike the highest note with a speech which set the audience rocking with laughter. It was finally decided by a vote of over two to one that Pickwick was not a humbug. Another delightful evening was spent at the Memorial Hall on December 2nd, when Mr. A. S. Comyns-Carr, K.C., gave a lecture on "The Dickens Note-book," which, before it was sold for the benefit of the Red Cross, was for years a cherished possession of his family. The illuminating comments Mr. Carr gave on every point made the lecture of absorbing interest. The chair was ably occupied by Mr. J. C. Squire, whose witty banter of the lecturer caused much amusement both to the victim and the audience. A debate followed, in which several members took part, Mr. W. Miller welcoming the fact that Mr. Carr found Forster by no means infallible, and considered that the time had come when a new and more accurate life of Dickens should be written. A whist drive was held on November 14th, some 130 members and friends taking part, and spending what all declared to be a most enjoyable evening. An innovation in the way of both sexes competing equally for all the prizes was tried, and proved very popular, ladies winning seven out of the ten prizes given.

BALHAM.—The session opened on October 9th with Mr. W. B. Warren's lecture on "The Landladies of Dickens." Mr. Warren also gave an original reading, treating, in Pickwickian style, of an action, *Muffins v. Crumpets*. This proved very mirth provoking,

and deserves greater publicity. On 13th November, Mr. W. J. Fisher, who has accepted the Presidency in succession to the late Mr. Matz, delivered an admirable lecture on *Great Expectations*. Mr. Fisher dealt finely with the peculiar atmosphere of the book, its rare note in a sombre treatment of nature, its characterisation and its humour. In conclusion he said, "Though we find a sadder, more reflective tone right through the book, we find also the same bond of sympathetic understanding of the types treated, particularly of the homely and lowly placed. It is this humanism which commends this book in common with all Dickens's works to the understanding of the heart, and which will save them from the oblivion that will attend many cleverer and more technically perfect books." The enjoyment of the evening was greatly enhanced by Mr. Wrench's excellently rendered illustrative readings. On 3rd October a visit was paid to Westminster Abbey, under the guidance of the late Canon Westlake, and on 21st November a large party explored the Foundling Hospital.

BEDFORD.—The season opened with a very successful evening of Dickens tableaux, arranged for the General Library, and presented at the Town Hall. All the scenes presented were taken from *The Pickwick Papers*. A dramatic section has been formed, and the first public performance was a great success. Scenes were presented from *Our Mutual Friend*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Oliver Twist*, under the direction of Miss Young.

BLACKPOOL.—The annual meeting was held on the 8th October, and presided over by Mr. J. H. Stretton, the Chairman of the Council, when the officers were elected. On 6th November Mr. Richard Bagot, of Manchester, gave a lantern lecture on "Dickens and his Illustrators" to a large gathering of members. The lecture was very highly appreciated and listened to with wrapt attention. A large gathering of the members assembled at the Arcade Café on the 20th November to hear a recital by Mr. J. H. Stretton of *A Christmas Carol*. Mr. Stretton's effort was very much appreciated by an enthusiastic audience, and the recital was interspersed with appropriate songs by Mrs. Entwistle, accompanied by Mrs. Rushforth. Dr. Depree was in the chair.

BOSTON.—Dickens loved Boston, and he was happy, in spite of ill-health, during his visit of 1867-8, when he made the Parker House his home. The farewell meeting of our Branch in that famous hotel was an occasion of sadness, as the members have felt that the spirit of Dickens hovered about that Crystal Parlour, where the dinner following "The Great International Walking Match" was held. Three guests who attended that brilliant affair are still living: Miss Alice M. Longfellow, daughter of the poet; Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Mrs. Howard M. Ticknor. It was hoped that they might attend, but they sent messages instead. Not only was this room filled with members, but the suite on an upper floor was opened for the occasion, and there was a constant stream of visitors. Among the treasures of this Branch are letters which were written in this very room, and these were exhibited. The hotel is soon to be demolished to make room for a fine, modern structure, and it was voted to acquire, if possible, the large mirror which reflected the figure of Dickens when rehearsing for the readings in Tremont Temple, next door. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, an office boy with Ticknor and Fields, who frequently

went in and out of Dickens's rooms, and who heard every one of his eighteen readings, spoke with sincere feeling of the passing of this house which has had such a wonderful literary history. Dickens, he said, has always been an important factor in his own life. 'The place that sheltered him was passing, but he never will pass away. Miss Anna L. Foster, who visited Doughty Street House last summer, gave a graphic account of it. The gift of £63, which she left, the second contribution from Boston, included a cheque for \$100 from Professor Frank W. C. Hersey, of the English Department at Harvard University, the proceeds of a lecture on "A Walk through Dickensland." Resolutions of sympathy were adopted on the death of Mr. Matz. The November meeting, held in the vestry of the New Church (Swedenborgian), opened with a supper attended by more than 100 members. "Some Landladies of Dickens," and monologues in costume, followed. The Boston Branch will entertain the Inter-Branch Conference next May.

BRIGHTON.—The season was opened by the President, Mr. A. W. Oke, B.A., on October 9th, with a very interesting and instructive lecture on "The Letters of Dickens," many of which are quite as wonderful as his stories. The November meeting was devoted to recitals by Mrs. Collins, the Misses Dixon, Hawes and Webb, and Messrs. Collins, Humphreys and Knight. Miss Margaret Field, A.L.A.M., gave a particularly vivid sketch of the death of Sydney Carton, and Mrs. Withy, the Secretary, presented a scene, "Madame and Mr. Mantalini," in conjunction with Mr. Humphreys. For the finale, "Fanny Squeers's Tea Party" was given. The social evening on November 28th was pervaded, as the President rightly exclaimed, "by the very spirit Dickens would have loved." Mrs. Withy, Mr. and Mrs. Spanwich, Miss Torord, Miss Webb, and Mr. Briggs are to be congratulated on the excellent items of song and recital which helped so much the evening's enjoyment.

CHELTENHAM.—The fourteenth session opened with a large gathering on 2nd October. The President, Mr. R. R. Dobson, M.A., expressed his pleasure at seeing such a large assembly. Mr. E. Kendall Pearson (Hon. Secretary, Gloucester Branch) gave his paper on "The Gordon Riots: Historical Value of *Barnaby Rudge*," the book chosen by the Branch for consideration during the season. The reader based his facts on matter taken from the columns of "The Gloucester Journal," as recorded by their own representative at the time of the riots, and being the evidence of an eyewitness, the extracts read proved very illuminating, and showed how carefully Dickens had studied the subject and how clearly he had introduced the exact records into his novel. For 6th November a larger room was engaged, and a hearty welcome accorded to Mr. Walter Dexter, who, for upwards of one hour and a half, entertained the very crowded audience with his lantern lecture, "The Pickwickian Pilgrimages." A very seasonable subject was selected for the December meeting by Mr. H. O. Barnett, a Vice-President of the Branch, "Some Dickensian Feastings." Many original suggestions and points were made in the paper, and a new appellation given to Dickens in the name of "The high priest of the inner man," for, said the reader, no author before or since has ever devoted so much attention or so minutely described the menus of feasts in all circumstances of social life. The members contributed

to a collection for the purpose of providing the Christmas cake, sweets, etc., for the children at The Elms, which custom has now become established in the Branch, and various members volunteered to assist in the collections which are being made for the local unemployed.

CINDERFORD.—The annual meeting was held on 13th October. Mr. J. Morrison, the Chairman, expressed his delight at the safe return of Dr. Bangara from India. After reports had been read and the balance sheet presented, the following officers were nominated for the coming year: President, Mr. J. Morrison; Vice-President, Mrs. G. Kear; Hon. Secretary, Dr. Bangara. Mr. Morrison heartily thanked Mrs. Harding for acting as Hon. Secretary during the absence of Dr. Bangara. He also welcomed the new members. The book selected for study is *Bleak House*, and Mrs. G. Kear read interesting passages from the first four chapters. This was much enjoyed. A short discussion followed, and Mrs. Kear was thanked for the pleasure she had given. On 10th November the members met at the residence of the President and listened in to the broadcast of the "Pickwick Trial."

EASTBOURNE.—The winter session commenced on Tuesday, October 6th, when a social evening was held at the Dickens Hall. Numerous games and dancing, etc., were indulged in, and a very enjoyable evening resulted. On the 12th November a dramatic entertainment was presented which included scenes from *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The Study Circle meets fortnightly and is well attended. Members of this Branch visited Brighton on the 11th December to produce to the Branch there the trial scene from "Bardell v. Pickwick."

EDINBURGH.—The session was opened by the Rev. Henderson Begg in the Goold Hall, on October 29th, in presence of a crowded audience of members and friends. Mr. Begg's subject, "The Individualism of Dickens," was treated in a masterly manner, the lecturer giving full recognition to the strong will and the wide humanity of the novelist. Lady Parrot presided, and made some interesting remarks on several of the women characters of Dickens. On November 12th, Mr. R. C. H. Morison began the study of the Christmas Books, with a reading of a condensed version of *A Christmas Carol*, followed by an appreciative estimate of the story. The after discussion was taken part in by Mr. Walter Smith, Mr. H. W. Brierley, Miss Frances Durham, and Mr. Wm. Boyd. Mr. W. Forbes Gray, a recognised authority on Dickens, who has contributed many informative articles to the local press, gave a lecture on "The Edinburgh Relatives and Friends of Dickens." The audience listened with keen attention while Mr. Gray traced the connection of the novelist through the Hogarths with the Scottish capital, and described the enthusiasm which marked Dickens's appearance in Edinburgh. Sir David Paulin, the chairman of the evening, alluded to his having been present at the last reading which Dickens gave in Edinburgh, and the memorable impression of the dramatic power which had lasted unchanged through the intervening years.

GLOUCESTER.—An encouraging account of the Branch's activities was given in the Hon. Secretary's report at the annual meeting in October, and another successful session was confidently anticipated. Sympathetic reference to the death of Mr. Matz was made by Mr.

Kendall Pearson. Upon the proposition of Sir James Bruton, seconded by Mr. Harold Sydney, Mr. A. H. Palmer was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year, warm tributes being paid to his keenness in the cause. Having been invested with the chain of office, Mr. Palmer suitably acknowledged the compliment, remarking that he had been a member of the Branch ever since it was founded on December 20th, 1906, and he had never missed a meeting during the whole of that period. The Committee and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer were re-elected. At this and subsequent meetings dramatic and individual readings were given from *Great Expectations*, and at the November meeting Miss Florence Tylee, of Bath, delighted the members with her paper on "Dickens and our Daily Bread."

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—The season opened on September 25th with a social evening. Mr. Miller was in the chair, and paid a feeling tribute to the memory of Mr. Matz. On 9th October Mr. T. W. Hill lectured on "Books—their History and Uses." Mr. Hill gave much wise and witty advice concerning books and how to choose them, and illustrated his words by quotations from many great men of letters. An attempt to get off the beaten track was made on December 3rd, when Mr. McNulty read a paper on "Some less known points of Dickens Criticism." In spite of the fact that everything about the great novelist is well known to all Dickensians, Mr. McNulty, in forecasting the form criticism might take in the future, and in reading a sequel to *A Christmas Carol*, raised some points which were certainly new. A recital of *A Christmas Carol* was given on December 3rd by Mr. Frank S. Johnson, when a collection for 48 Doughty Street gave everyone a chance of showing his or her appreciation in a tangible form.

HATFIELD.—The Branch has held three meetings this session, two of which were devoted to *Great Expectations*. At the October meeting various members of the Committee read chapters from the book, and the November meeting was devoted to a most interesting lecture by Col. Gadd on the topography, illustrated by lantern slides made from his own photographs. At the December meeting the Secretary gave a reading of "Marley's Ghost," illustrated by lantern slides. The January meeting will take the form of a dinner, at which the guests will attend as Dickens characters, preferably from *Great Expectations*.

LEYTON.—The opening meeting of the season was held at the Leyton Town Hall on October 28th, when the Branch was honoured by the presence of the President, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, as chairman. Mr. W. B. Warren gave his interesting and amusing lecture on "The Landladies of Dickens," and concluded with a sketch entitled "Muffins *versus* Crumpets," the truly Pickwickian humour of which was heartily appreciated. There was a very large audience, and many new members were enrolled. On November 25th the Council Chamber was again filled on the occasion of the visit of the Dramatic Section of the St. Pancras Branch, who performed a number of scenes from the novels.

LIVERPOOL.—After the summer interval the Branch reassembled on October 21st for Mr. E. Kimbault Dibdin's Presidential Address. This was arranged to include the fragment of the paper prepared by the late William Archer, which he was to have read to the Branch last January, and hearing it, we regretted more than ever his sudden

death. Reference was also made to the death of Mr. B. W. Matz, and the members present stood in silence in token of their sympathy and sorrow. At the next meeting Mr. Edmund Burke gave a delightful account of "Some Shakespearean Pilgrimages," beginning with those indulged in in his boyhood, in some cases to theatres long since forgotten. Then Mr. S. T. Mills came over from Manchester to explain to us "Dickens and the Comic Spirit," and left with us the thought that Dickens wanted everybody to see that vanity and selfishness were supremely ridiculous. After the whist drive on November 28th, one of our Vice-Presidents, Miss N. S. Parnell, B.A., spoke on "Schools and Schoolmasters in Dickens's Works," and, by her evident sympathy with the purpose of Dickens's humour and pathos, proved the effect which he has had on subsequent generations, helping to bring about the schools and schoolmasters of to-day.

MANCHESTER.—The opening meeting of the session took place on October 2nd, when the theme of Mr. D. J. Parry's Presidential Address was "Fellowship." This was followed by a programme of music and recitals. A delightful concert was given on October 10th by Miss Newport and friends to a large and appreciative audience. During the interval Mr. J. Cuming Walters, M.A., spoke of the great loss the Dickens Fellowship throughout the world had sustained by the death of Mr. B. W. Matz. "He was," said Mr. Walters, "the keenest and most learned student of Dickens's works, and seemed to know everything connected with Charles Dickens. He was not so much a great writer as an exact compiler: but he was, first and foremost, a friendly, modest person. He never refused his services for anything connected with Dickens, and devoted the whole of his busy life to other people's interests, without asking for the slightest return. For over 20 years he fired enthusiasm, and with the opening of the Doughty Street House in June last he saw the great dream of his life an accomplished fact." Mr. Walters eloquently appealed to his audience to help retain the Matz collection in that hallowed place, and so associate the name of B. W. Matz for ever with Doughty Street. October 23rd was devoted to a whist drive: on November 6th Mr. C. Browne dealt with the question, "The characters of Dickens—are they caricatures?" in a novel and interesting manner, and proved they are not. November 20th will long be a pleasant memory to the 124 Dickensians who assembled at the Victoria Hotel for the annual dinner, at which Mr. Pett Ridge was the principal guest. The Liverpool Branch was represented by its President, Mr. E. R. Dibdin, and Mr. and Mrs. Laker, and the Stockport Branch by Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Tomlin. The "Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr. D. J. Parry, "The Dickens Fellowship" by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, and responded to by Mr. Pett Ridge in an interesting speech sparkling with quaint humour. In a felicitous speech Mr. W. F. Nicholson proposed "Our Visitors," and Mr. Dibdin replied. "The Ladies" by Mr. J. Lea Axon was charmingly responded to by Mrs. F. R. Dean. At the short paper night on December 4th Miss Mills asked the question "Was the age of Dickens an ignorant age?" and gave ample proof that it was not. Mr. R. W. Webb followed with an interesting paper entitled "Dickens and Music," and Mr. Parry gave a concise and graphic account of the Conference proceedings in London in June.

MELBOURNE.—The President of the Branch, Mr. Callaway, has

gone on a year's tour to America and Europe. In his absence he was re-elected at the August meeting without opposition, and Mr. J. H. Crowther was appointed Acting-President. The programme of the meeting consisted of musical items by Miss Standley and Miss Winnie Fix, a recital of "Gabriel Grub" by Miss Eileen Watt, and a selection from *Martin Chuzzlewit* by Mr. Eric Kirke. Mr. Crowther contributed a history of the Melbourne Branch from its foundation in 1904, and Mr. Heathershaw read a critique on "Dickens and his Work," which appeared in the "Westminster Review" in 1864. At the September meeting Mr. Latimer gave an excellent character sketch of "Grandfather Smallweed." Mr. Glencross summarised the story of *Little Dorrit*, and Mr. Southwell read a very interesting paper sent to him by the Rev. A. E. Cooke, of Vancouver, B.C. Songs were rendered by Miss Veronica Cox.

NEW YORK.—Dr. Duffield commenced his series of lectures on "The unfolding of Dickens's genius" at the October meeting at the National Arts Club, dealing with Dickens as a reporter, convincingly stating that newspaper man as Dickens was in his early manhood, he remained a newspaper man until his death. Musical items were rendered by Miss Stevens and Miss Kaufmann. At the November meeting a very interesting exhibition of first editions of some of the earliest works and other interesting items was held. The President opened the meeting, remarking that the third Friday in each month is a red letter night for Dickens lovers in New York City, but that this month they were especially fortunate in finding themselves in company with such a fine collection of good books with a living personality behind each. Mr. Cavanaugh explained the peculiarities of the various books shown, and pointed out how they were frequently imitated by plagiarists. Dr. Duffield, in his chief address of the evening, to which all had looked forward with so much pleasure, continued his series, taking as his subject "Dickens as a Story-teller." He pointed out how the huge success of Dickens made such demands upon him that he was often engaged upon three or four books at one time, and that in spite of all this activity he found time to edit a periodical. In dealing with the characters of the early books, Dr. Duffield said he considered Nancy the most real specimen of a woman that Dickens ever drew. In speaking of *Nicholas Nickleby*, a graphic description of the cruelty and horror of the school system which Dickens did so much to abolish, was given, accompanied by a reading of the Dotheboys Hall incidents. He closed with an eloquent peroration, showing how Dickens wrought for the good of humanity. Musical items were rendered by Miss Elsa Nordstrom (violin) and Miss Ethel Nicholson (piano).

NOTTINGHAM.—The season was opened on October 13th by the President, Alderman E. Huntsman, with a lecture at the Nottingham University entitled "Charles Dickens—His Services to his Fellow-men." His Worship the Mayor of Nottingham was in the chair. Mr. Huntsman displayed a wide knowledge of his subject, and delighted the large audience by his treatment of it. On November 3rd a reading was held in the Exchange Hall. On November 20th the Rev. W. T. Nicholson gave a wonderful rendering of *A Christmas Carol*, and was accorded a very warm ovation at the close. December 1st saw another good muster of the members for another reading, and on

the 10th the Annual Christmas Party was held. Eighty guests assembled, many in excellent Dickensian costumes, to make merry in a true spirit of fellowship, and a most happy evening was spent. After a reception and supper four sketches in costume were given by members.

OLD TOWN, MAINE.—At the November meeting it was voted that a note of appreciation of the late B. W. Matz be sent to *The Dickensian* in London. Mr. Matz stood for very much to this Branch, for it was he who represented *The Dickensian* all the years we have known it. We would express sympathy to his bereaved family and friends, and to each Dickens lover wherever such is found, for the loyal friendship and appreciation for Charles Dickens: the cause for which this great writer stood has lost a valued and valuable friend. B. W. Matz and Charles Dickens will long be remembered, and as Mr. Matz endeavoured to honour Charles Dickens, this, added to his other accomplishments, will help to keep his own memory green.

PHILADELPHIA.—There was an unusually large attendance for the opening meeting of the season at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, October 28th. President Thomas K. Ober, Junr., paid glowing tribute to the memory of Mr. B. W. Matz, whose passing on so deeply grieved his many personal friends in the Branch. Tribute was also paid to Mrs. Mortimer Brown, an active member of the Council, whose death had occurred a fortnight ago. Report was made of the dinner given to Mr. and Mrs. Bransby Williams, and their daughter, by the officers early in October. The book for study this year being *Great Expectations*, President Ober read an informative paper on some of the characters and incidents. Mr. J. K. Thompson, our representative to the Conference of the North American Branches at Montreal in June, gave a report of the proceedings; and Charles Sessler, who was present at the opening of the Dickens House in Doughty Street, told of the interesting ceremonies on that occasion. There recently died in England a man who claimed to be the oldest pupil of Mr. Squeers, Dotheboys Hall. Miss Julia F. Andrews read an article telling something of the man and what he thought of the school. Mr. Albert Foster, of Melbourne, Australia, seeing notice of the meeting, attended. He was not a member, but had met Alfred Tennyson Dickens many years ago. He gave "Bob Cratchit's Dinner" in an unusual but effective and pleasing manner. The city being in the throes of an election, the reading by the Secretary of that celebrated occurrence at Eatanswill seemed appropriate, and the comparisons and allusions were received approvingly. The November meeting was in memory of the late John M. Patterson, for seventeen years an officer of the Branch, during eleven of which he was President. An account of Mr. Patterson's Dickensian activities will appear in the April *Dickensian*. In his loving eulogy President Ober reviewed the enthusiastic services of Judge Patterson to the Society, his deep interest in its literary, dramatic, and charitable projects, and his whole-hearted loyalty to it on all occasions, so that his name and the Dickens Fellowship had become, in Philadelphia, synonymous. Tributes were also paid by Assistant District Attorney Maurice J. Speiser, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and Mr. Charles Sessler. Miss Emilie Krider Norris recited "Mr. Valiant Passes Over," Mr. Robert S. McKain sung "Sunset and Evening," and there were appropriate piano selections by Miss Estelle Mayer.

PLYMOUTH.—The session opened on October 6th with the President's reception and social evening. On October 25th a large attendance at the Athenæum were entertained by a literary and musical evening arranged by Mesdames W. Crewe and J. C. Pryon. Particularly pleasing were the readings of Mrs. Annear and Mr. W. G. Hill taken from *The Pickwick Papers*. Songs contributed by Miss K. Pryon, Mr. A. Bolland and Mr. A. Sanders were much appreciated; Miss Whitford some excellent Banjo solos; accompanist Miss Bawden. On November 3rd a literary and musical evening arranged by Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sargent was also well attended. Miss Vera Cocks gave a Dickens reading, and Miss Sargeant, Mrs. Sargeant, Madame Beatrice Holman and Mr. Victor Maddox delighted the audience with the singing. Mr. Ball accompanied. November 17th, a splendid evening arranged by Messrs. E. Babb and Regd. Waddy; scenes from *The Chimes*, Mr. E. Babb taking the part of Trotty Veck. On December 1st the Fellowship had a crowded meeting at the Athenæum, where Mrs. J. C. Cormist and Mr. W. G. Hill provided a dramatic and musical evening. "A Parochial Proposal," "Bill Sikes," and a "Happy Ending," sketches dramatised by Mr. W. G. Hill from *Oliver Twist*. Messrs. W. G. Hill, A. Cann, J. M. Harvey, Mrs. Annear, Miss Cornelius, Miss O. Cornelius and Miss N. Avert took parts. Mr. Donald G. Hill was responsible for the electrical effects, and Mr. C. G. Gerry for the incidental music.

ROCHESTER.—On October 15th last we had an open evening on the occasion of a Dickens Recital by Mr. Joseph Blascheck. About 200 listened with rapt attention to his portrayal of several of Dickens characters. On November 19th a lantern lecture by the Rev. S. W. Wheatley, M.A., F.S.A., entitled "Gad's Hill House and its Dickens associations," naturally proved a very interesting subject. The subject of our meeting on December 10th was also a very fascinating one. Our Co-President, Mrs. R. Evans Prall, gave a paper on "A new development of Edwin Drood." Great discussion followed, and many theories on the solution of the mystery were voiced, but the mystery still remains. Mr. Edwin Harris also gave a very interesting paper this same evening, his subject being "Personal recollections of the late Mr. B. W. Matz." The late Founder had many times visited Rochester to explore the many places associated with Dickens's writings, and we shall always retain very happy memories of the three occasions on which he lectured to our Branch.

ST. PANCRAS.—The four rambles to Bromley and Richmond, the Tower and Tyburnia were well attended, and thoroughly enjoyed, At Bromley we were entertained by the President, Mr. T. W. Hill, and at Richmond by the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, the owners of "Elm Lodge," which Dickens once occupied for a time. At the general meeting in October, Mrs. Harold Trill was elected President, in succession to Mr. T. W. Hill, whose year of office had been a most successful one. In November Mr. McNulty gave a delightfully humorous lecture on "Dickens's Opening Chapters," and at the December meeting, besides papers on *Christmas Stories*, tableaux were presented illustrating typical scenes from different books. The dolls and toys were this year more numerous than ever, and these will be, as in the past years, taken to the homes of poor children whose addresses are supplied by the District Health Visitor.

SHEFFIELD.—On October 2nd, a very enjoyable musical evening was held, kindly arranged by the President, Mr. A. Roadhouse. Mr. E. B. Wilkinson was in the chair, and gave a warm welcome to all present, especially new members. On November 5th Mr. J. Cuming Walters, of Manchester, addressed the members on "The Autobiographical Element in Dickens's Novels," in the course of which he stated that a skilful man could cut out passages from the thirty-two novels, piece them together and fashion a mosaic which would constitute a perfectly authentic autobiography of Charles Dickens. Mr. G. E. Stemberge, our war-time President, occupied the chair.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The opening meeting was held in the Kell Memorial Hall on October 10th; Mr. A. C. Hallett, Vice-President, presided, and welcomed the members to their new home. Before proceeding with the agenda the Chairman spoke in feeling terms of the death of Mr. B. W. Matz. He proposed that a vote of condolence be sent to the relatives, expressing regret for their loss, and the Fellowship's appreciation of the yeoman services rendered to the Dickens movement by Mr. Matz. All present stood in silence as a tribute to his memory. At the conclusion of the business a musical programme was arranged by Mr. H. Essex. On November 16th Mrs. Wallis presided. *The Old Curiosity Shop* had been chosen for reading and discussion, and contributions were given by Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Deal, Miss Pratt, Miss Terrey, and Mr. R. H. Plascott. On November 25th a whist drive was held, and the proceeds devoted to local Christmas charities.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—The annual picnic was held on September 5th, in ideal weather, in Stanley Park. About fifty members and friends attended, and a most enjoyable time was spent. The Union Jack and the Fellowship banner were displayed between the trees, and a photograph was taken of the grouped party. The dinner for the Executive finishing their term of office was held on September 21st at Prince's Tea Rooms, all members being present with the exception of Mr. Winter, who was away from the city. Mr. J. F. Bursill, President, was a host in himself as head of the table. After dinner, discussion took place, the past season being recalled, and the future being looked forward to with true Dickensian instincts. The fifth season commenced successfully on October 1st, and a membership of 200 is confidently looked for. We are growing here a slip of ivy taken from the garden at Gad's Hill and presented to us by Dr. Milligin, of Boston.

WINNIPEG.—The coming of age of the Branch was celebrated on October 8th with a reception. Brief addresses were made by H. G. Wade, who reorganised the Branch in 1909, after a lapse of three years, and Canon E. A. W. Gill, President. An orchestra, under the direction of R. Topley Norman, rendered suitable music, while songs were rendered by Miss Helen Huggard. For the November meeting *Our Mutual Friend* was the subject of a lecture by Professor J. F. Cross, Dean of St. John's College. Rogue Riderhood and Lizzie Hexam came in for high commendation by the speaker, who regarded them as immortal characters; in fact, he believed Lizzie to be one of the most perfect female characters in fiction. Professor Cross referred also to his visit to the Dickens House and his ramble in Dickens's London in the summer.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

- The Immortal Dickens*, by George Gissing. Cecil Palmer, 6s.
The Children of Dickens, by Samuel McChord Crothers; illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, 10s. 6d.
The Pleasure Haunts of London, by E. Beresford Chancellor (illustrated). Constable and Co., Ltd., 21s.
Fools and Philosophers, by J. B. Priestley. John Lane, Ltd., 6s.
Literary Diversions, by E. Beresford Chancellor. Dulau and Co., Ltd., 7s. 6d.
The Jew in Drama, by M. J. Landa. P. S. King and Son, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

- "Dickens and Dover." *Dover Chronicle*, 12th September.
 "Our Reading Circle (Hard Times)." *The Schoolmistress*, 10th September.
 "The Dover Road: through Dickensland." *Bromley Mercury*, 11th September.
 "Dickens in Doughty Street," by Vernon Rendall. *New Statesman*, 19th September.
 "A Few Dickens Errors." *Manchester City News*, 26th September.
 "The Old Attorneys (Dodson and Fogg, etc.)." *Daily Telegraph*, 13th October.
 "Brighton's Famous Patrons." *Brighton Standard*, 13th October.
 "Female Characters in Dickens." *Irish Independent*, 15th October.
 "Dickens and a Jewess." *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, 24th October.
 "Day and Martins" (illustrated). *New York Times*, 11th October.
 "Story Children of Dickens," by E. M. de Foubert (illustrated). *Children's Companion*, October.
 "The House of the Six Poor Travellers." *John o' London's Weekly*, 3rd October.
 "Dickens and Gissing." *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, 9th October.
 "From Dickens to Gissing," by G. K. C. *G.K.'s Weekly*, 17th October.
 "Sign Posts of Fiction," by Austin Harrison. *Contemporary Review*, July.
 "Dickens under the Microscope," by H. C. Minchin. *Sunday Times*, 27th September.
 "The Secret of Dickens," by J. B. Priestley. *Saturday Review*, 26th September.
 "Dickens and the Lake District," by Borderer. *Carlisle Journal*, 20th October.
 "An Elderly Young Gentleman (Skimpole)." *Daily Mail*, 31st October.
 "Tea Parties in Dickens," by Isabel Cameron. *Glasgow Herald*, 24th October.
 "Meals in Dickens," by W. C. B. *Birmingham Post*, 27th October.
 "Percy Fitzgerald: a Personal Memoir," by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. *Daily Telegraph*, 27th November; also full memoir in *The Times* and *The Morning Post*, 26th November.
 "Those Good Old Days: Western travel in Dickens's day," by Arthur Stoop. *Light Car and Cycle Car*, November 20th.

"Mr. Micawber" (prize essay, by F. L. L.). *Weekly Westminster*, 28th November.

"Dickens as an Actor." *T.P.'s and Cassell's*, December 5th.

"The Penny Pickwick," by F. Gordon Roe (illustrated). *The Connoisseur*, December.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM—(Meetings at Balham Educational Settlement, 8 p.m.)

Jan. 8—New Year's Party.

" 16—Party for Deaf and Dumb Children at Fairlight Hall.

" 30—*Great Expectations* London Ramble.

Feb. 12—Debate with St. Pancras Branch: "Was Dickens Unfair to Women."

" 27—Visit to St. John's Church and Gate-house, Clerkenwell.

Mar. 12—Papers on "My favourite passages in Dickens."

" 27—Ramble round Cornhill.

BATH—(Meetings in the Pump Room.)

Jan. 18—Recital by Rev. A. R. Runnels-Moss.

Feb. 6—Birthday Dinner.

" 23—"Some of Dickens's Landladies," by Miss Florence Tylee.

Mar. 10—Paper by Mr. Frank Richards on *Bleak House*.

BEDFORD—(Meetings at the Library, Harpur Street, 8 p.m.)

Jan. 4—New Year's Party.

" 18—"The Lovers of Dickens," by Miss Rose Young.

Feb. 1—Recital by Miss L. Cotterell.

" 15—"Martin Chuzzlewit," by Mr. T. W. Porteus.

Mar. 1—Sketches by the Dramatic Club.

" 15—"Great Expectations," by Mr. L. M. Hawkins, M.A.

" 29—"Sidney Carton," by Mr. Rex Radnor.

BIRMINGHAM—

Jan. 20—Trial scene from *Pickwick*, preceded by an address by Mr. C. A. Vince.

Feb. 6—Birthday Party arranged by Mr. David Hamilton.

" 17—Papers by members on "The Rogues and Rascals in Dickens."

Mar. 17—Annual Meeting.

BLACKPOOL—(Meetings in Arcade Café, 7-30 p.m.)

Jan. 5—Dinner and Social in Dickensian Costume.

" 15—Debate: "Was Dickens a great novelist?"

" 28—"The Fylde when Dickens came to Blackpool," by Mr. Allen Clarke.

Feb. 5—Whist Drive and Supper.

" 26—"Dickens on Law and Justice," by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, M.A.

Mar. 12—Gentlemen's Night.

" 26—Address by Mr. F. R. Dean, of Manchester.

BRIGHTON—(Meetings at the Athenæum Hall.)

Jan. 8—"In London and the Country with Dickens," by Rev. R. Bloor, M.A.

Feb. 12—Birthday Celebration.

Mar. 12—"Some Women of Dickens," by Miss Dora Russell Davies.

CHELTENHAM—

- Jan. 8—New Year's Party and Dance, at the Rotunda.
 „ 29—“What we owe to Dickens,” by Rev. A. H. Rhodes, M.A.
 Feb. 5—Birthday Celebration.
 Mar. 5—“Dickens and the Upper Classes,” by Rev. W. J. Selby, C.B.E., M.A.
 „ 26—“Some Dickens Feastings,” by Mr. H. O. Barnett.

EASTBOURNE—

- Jan. 7 and 21—Study Circle.
 „ 14—“The Humour of Dickens,” by the Chairman.
 Feb. 4—Study Circle.
 „ 6—Birthday Celebration, Social Evening and Concert
 „ 18—Study Circle.
 Mar. 4—Study Circle.
 „ 11—Visit from Brighton Branch.
 „ 18—Study Circle.

EDINBURGH—(Meetings at Goold Hall.)

- Jan. 14—“The Cricket on the Hearth,” by Mrs. J. Murray Minck.
 „ 28—“A Dickens Medley,” by The Right Rev. Monsignor Miley.
 Feb. 5 and 6—Birthday Celebrations. Dramatic Performances of “Jingle” at Lauriston Hall.
 „ 28—“Dickens and the Drama,” by Mr. J. Wilson McLaren.
 Mar. 11—“The Battle of Life,” by Miss Janie Mackay.
 „ 25—“The Haunted Man,” by Miss Annie McDonald Clark.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON—(Meetings at Wesleyan Hall, Downs Road.)

- Jan. 15—Members' Evening: Short Papers on Dickensian Subjects, Music, etc.
 Feb. 5—Selections from Dickens, by Miss M. Catchpole.
 „ 19—“Some Less Familiar Points of Dickens Criticism,” by Mr. J. H. McNulty.
 Mar. 12—“Kipling,” by Mr. W. J. Saunders, B.Sc.
 „ 27—Annual Dinner, Broad Street Station Restaurant.

HULL—(Meetings at The Metropole, 7-45 p.m.)

- Jan. 1—New Year Revels in Windsor Room.
 „ 15—“Some Dickens Children,” by Miss J. C. Anderson.
 „ 29—“Mr. Toots in Search of a Wife,” by Mr. Mortimer Petty, B.A.
 Feb. 12—Birthday Celebration.
 „ 26—Dickensian Sketches by Members.
 Mar. 12—Music, Prose and Poetry.
 „ 26—Social Evening by Mr. George Wilby and friends.

LEYTON—(Meetings in the Council Chamber, Town Hall.)

- Jan. 27—Annual Social Evening.
 Feb. 24—“Dickens and the Stage,” by Mr. Leslie C. Staples.
 Mar. 31—Members' Evening.

LIVERPOOL—(Meetings at Royal Institution.)

- Jan. 6—“The London that Dickens Saw and Described,” by Mr. C. H. Green.
 „ 27—“Sarah Biffin,” by Mr. David Paterson.
 Feb. 6—Birthday Luncheon.
 Feb. 10—“The Mind and Art of Lord Tennyson,” by Mr. William B. Ashley.
 „ 24—Members' Evening. Papers on *Great Expectations*.
 Mar. 6—Whist Drive.
 „ 10—Annual Meeting and “Bardell v. Pickwick.”

LONDON—(Meetings at Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.)

- Jan. 10—"The London that Dickens Saw and Described," by Mr. C. H. Green.
 Feb. 6—Annual Birthday Dinner at Criterion Restaurant.
 „ 10—Birthday Recital by Professor Miles.
 Mar. 3—"The Topography of *Great Expectations*," by Lt.-Col Gadd.
 „ 20—Whist Drive.

MANCHESTER—

- Jan. 8—"Glimpses of Dickens Land," by Mr. Arthur Humphreys.
 „ 22—Dingley Dell Party.
 Feb. 4-6—Birthday Celebration: Dramatic Performances in aid of "Charles Dickens" Cot.
 Mar. 5—Papers and Discussions on *Great Expectations*.

NOTTINGHAM—

- Jan. 5—Readings from *Dombey and Son*, in Exchange Hall.
 „ 19—"The Countryside of Dickens," by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, at University College.
 Feb. 11—Recital by Mr. Edgar T. Slack, in Presbyterian Hall.
 Mar. 11—Dramatic Performance, *Dombey and Son*, Circus Street

ROCHESTER—

- Jan. 20—The President's New Year Party.
 Feb. 18—Lecture by Mr. W. Laurence Gadd on *Great Expectations*.

SHEFFIELD—(Meetings at the Albany Hotel, 8 p.m.)

- Jan. 15—Debate on subject from *Great Expectations*.
 „ 21—Annual Christmas Party.
 Feb. 5—Birthday Celebration, arranged by Mrs. Bagnall.
 „ 6—Birthday Dinner at King's Head Hotel.
 „ 12—Whist Drive.
 Mar. 5—"On Naval Service," by Commander Jackson, R.N.
 „ 11—Whist Drive.
 „ 26—Social Evening arranged by Miss R. Gray and Mr. Frank Trout.

STOCKPORT—

- Jan. 6—"The Life of Charles Dickens," by Mr. M. Fletcher.
 Feb. 10—Birthday Celebration.
 Mar. 3—Ladies' Night.

ST. PANCRAS—(Meetings at Old St. Pancras Church House, 7-45 p.m.)

- Jan. 11—Recital, "Richard Doubledick," by Mr. F. S. Johnson.
 „ 16—Ramble to Victoria and Albert Museum.
 Feb. 12—Debate with the Balham Branch (at Balham).
 „ 15—"Dickens, Bret Harte and Lowell," by Mr. W. H. Lowry.
 „ 20—Ramble to Dockland.
 Mar. 8—"Dickens and Music," by Mr. E. W. Brown.
 „ 13—Ramble to Carpenter's Hall.

TORONTO—(Meetings at Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute).

- Jan. 14—*Hard Times*. Address by Mrs. Plumptre.
 Feb. 11—Birthday Celebration.
 Mar. 11—*Pickwick*. Address by Rev. Stuart Parker, M.A.

WINNIPEG—(Meetings at University of Manitoba, 8-15 p.m.)

- Jan. 14—Papers by Dr. Knipe, J. A. Cherniack, and D. F. Kemp.
 Feb. 11—Birthday Celebration Dinner.
 Mar. 11—"The Story of Oliver Twist."



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THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XXII.

APRIL—JUNE, 1926

No. 2

WHEN FOUND—

The One Hundred and Fourteenth Birthday. The dinner in celebration of the 114th anniversary of the birth of Dickens was held on February 6th, and is reported on another page. It was unfortunate that the Dickens family was again not represented, but our dear Life President, Mrs. Kate Perugini, whose advancing years are an all sufficient excuse, sent a letter in her own hand saying: "I hope the sun is going to be kind and look upon his birthday with a smile. How I wish I could be present at the celebration to-night. It would be so pleasant to sit with you all I have so many kind friends among the audience with whom I should like to shake hands." God bless you, dear Mrs. Perugini, for your continued kind thoughts for us all.

* * * * *

Ourselves. Our twenty-first birthday was duly celebrated at the famous "George and Vulture," on January the 8th. by the small group of men who were in at the beginning, and a few who have assisted since; there was not a dry eye among us when a silent toast was drunk to the memory of him who should have occupied the empty chair on my right.

* * * * *

A Unique Souvenir Twenty-four copies only of a unique thirty-two page souvenir of this occasion, autographed by the three original members of the Dickensian Committee, and containing also an autograph of the first Editor, are for sale for the benefit of the funds of the Dickens House, price five guineas each. Each copy is numbered, and only fifty copies in all have been printed. I am reserving twelve copies for Colonial and American readers, so as to give them the same opportunity as the readers at home.

* * * * *

Yarmouth Commemorates Dickens. The Yarmouth Corporation has done well in re-naming the old highway, hitherto known as Quarter Mile Road, Dickens Avenue, and streets in the vicinity are to be called Copperfield Avenue, Peggotty Road and Barkis Road.

* * * * *

Those Wonderful Eyes. "The British Medical Journal," in commenting on Mr. A. S. Hearn's article in the January number, makes the following very interesting contribution to the subject:—

"This wide diversity of evidence affords food for thought as to the descriptions and identity of persons wanted by the police, whose eye-colour is always recorded with unfailing definition so much do painters differ in their interpretations of their own perceptions. The impression of brilliancy and darkness of eye is mostly conveyed by a wide pupil, a fact said to be appreciated by ladies who enhance their attractions by the use of belladonna. An eye with a dark brown iris and a pin-point pupil will seem lighter than one with a light grey iris and a widely dilated

pupil. In our experience it is the slightly prominent eye with the brown iris, clear cornea, glistening conjunctiva, and, wide pupil which seems the brightest, and these, as appears from the portraits, were characteristic of Dickens's 'scintillating' eye."

* * * *

Tiny Tim. Here is a picture of little Horace Bishop in the Dickens Fellowship Cot at Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Hospital at Alton. It was taken at Christmas just after our Christmas gifts arrived. I hope you are very much better now, Horace, and will soon be home again.

* * * *

Augustus The Bristol and
Egg, R.A. Clifton Dickens
Society recently

played "Mr. Nightingale's Diary." The programme bore the cast of the evening, of course, but on the opposite page was printed the cast which appeared in the play at Bristol in 1851. This led a Bristol newspaper to make the following comment: "It is interesting to note that among Charles Dickens's cast at the Victoria Rooms was a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Augustus Egg, but whether he bore this picturesque name from birth or assumed it to give impetus to his theatrical career, seems uncertain."

That "seems uncertain" is a perfect gem! When so much concerning Dickens and the stage and the various friends of Dickens has been recorded in book form, what can we say of the journalist who fails to discover that Augustus Egg was not only a perfectly genuine name, but was the name of a member of the Royal Academy, and one of the most loved of all Dickens's friends!

In any case, a sub-editor could easily save his paper from being



HORACE BISHOP

made to look absurd if, when a simple question like this is raised, he would just turn to the Dictionary of National Biography.

* * * * *

The Dickensian's Record. I must confess that it was with a certain amount of diffidence that in the Coming-of-Age Number I hurled out the challenge that this was the only magazine "in the whole world solely devoted to a writer of fiction which has appeared continuously for twenty-one years"; I had my eye on Scotland all the time I must admit, and was much relieved to read in the "Glasgow Herald," of January 14th, that "there does not seem any reason to dispute the claim. There is nothing similar in the case of Scott, and although there is a Burns "Chronicle," that is an annual, and Burns was not a novelist."

* * * * *

Dickens in Scotland. A few days later the "Glasgow Evening Citizen," in the course of a leading article on "Burns, Scott and Dickens," made the following remarks:

"It is not uninteresting to compare the demand in Scotland for the works of Scott with that for the works of Dickens. The names of those two great writers may be linked without unfairness to the one or the other. The City Librarian says the books of Dickens are more often asked for than those of Scott, and for this reason four complete sets of his works are kept in the libraries as against two or three complete sets of Scott. He suggests, however, that more people possess sets of Scott than of Dickens, hence the greater demand in the public libraries for the works of the latter. If this explanation is true, then Scott must surely be adjudged more popular than Dickens. The librarian's opinion is to some extent confirmed by the book-seller, who says he sells more volumes of Scott than of Dickens, although the difference is not striking."

With two such great writers as Burns and Scott for their national authors, it has always been a source of great satisfaction that a branch of the Dickens Fellowship has long flourished in Edinburgh, whilst a Dickens Society is a very successful Glasgow institution.

* * * * *

Another Early Letter. A very interesting early letter (but later than the one I print for the first time on page 92) was recently sold at a London auction to Messrs. Maggs Bros. for £95. It bears the address of Furnival's Inn, and the day Saturday, but no other date, although it was probably 1836, and is presumably addressed to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It runs:—

D. Sirs

When you have quite done counting the sovereigns, received for Pickwick, I should be much obliged to you, to send me up a few.

I have lamed myself, and am a Prisoner, or I should have looked in myself. I hope Mr. Chapman is better.

I see honorable mention of myself, and Mr. Pickwick's politics, in Fraser this month. They consider Mr. P. a decided Whig.

I suppose you know that a second edition of "Boz" is advertised.

Adair Fitzgerald. I deeply regret to record the death of another ever welcome and generous contributor to these pages. S. J. Adair Fitzgerald, whose portrait appears on page 124, passed away in October last at the age of sixty-six.

Many and varied were the subjects on which his facile pen delighted us in these pages, but chief amongst them will always be remembered his contributions concerning the dramatic side of Dickens.

Adair Fitzgerald was not only a playwright himself, but an authority on the drama, and his book, "Dickens and the Drama," will stand as the standard work on the subject down to the year 1910.

* * * *



MR. ALBERT A. HOPKINS

The American Branch Conference. The eighth Annual Conference of American Branches takes place in May next, at Boston.

As the Fellowship possesses no less than twenty Canadian and United States Branches, I hope a goodly muster will assemble in the city which Dickens loved above all the American cities he visited. An account of Dickens and Boston appears on page 87.

* * * *

An American Number. The present issue has become almost an all American number. Similar issues of *The Dickensian* were made in August, 1908, August, 1910, and September, 1916.

* * * *

"The American Dickensian." Greetings to our bright little contemporary, "The American Dickensian," and to its Editor, Mr. Albert A. Hopkins, whose portrait is given here. It is wonderful how much useful and often unique information Mr. Hopkins is able to crowd into his four pages (only occasionally it is doubled in size), $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. "The American Dickensian" is the monthly bulletin of the New York Branch, and a pattern of what a branch magazine should be. It is now in its sixth year.

* * * *

"The Chigwell Chronicle." The Boston Branch has for five years issued a similar bulletin, called "The Chigwell Chronicle," and with the exception that it is not always illustrated, it runs its New York contemporary very closely indeed. The Boston Branch has a very warm place in my heart, for some years

ago it adopted the proposal for which I worked for close on fifteen years, that membership to The Dickens Fellowship should include a copy of *The Dickensian*.

* * * * *

Dickensians I was rewarded in 1920, when the Headquarters at last adopted this plan, with most beneficial results, and I shall not rest content until every Branch fixes its subscription so as to include the magazine. *The Dickensian* is the link between the members and between the branches: healthier branches with a wider and more interesting outlook will be the result. I have consistently voiced this opinion for twenty years, and do not see why I should be silent now I occupy this chair.

* * * * *

The Child's Best Books. Commenting on the list compiled by the United States Federal Bureau of Education of the forty books that every child should read before reaching the age of sixteen, the review "America" says:

"Is it possible that the learned pundits who compiled this catalogue carefully scanned the works of Dickens, and found nothing in them suited for children? If so, their blindness is incredible. . . . Millions of boys and girls to-day, who for all their grey hairs will never grow old, rise up in protest. . . . It is simply unthinkable that our children should not ask for more with *Oliver Twist*, or learn compassion through sympathy with the Marchioness in her cellar, and the lonely little David Copperfield looking back, on his way to school, at his mother standing in the doorway. And what of *Barkiss* and *Peggotty*, and that famous gallery of schoolmasters headed by Squeers of Dotheboys Hall, and Mr. Toots, and Scrooge and the Ghost—but take down your Dickens and complete the story of tears and laughter for yourself.

Blotton, of Aldgate, made that list; a haberdasher who still smarts under the censure heaped upon his own feeble attempts to rival a benefactor of humanity."

* * * * *

Pickwick among the Chosen. On the other hand, Dr. Ernest Barker, in the course of a series of lectures on "Citizenship," which he is delivering in the University of Glasgow, has made a list of best books, and limited it to twelve! *The Pickwick Papers* is one of them.

* * * * *

The Impossibility of it. This is naturally very gratifying, and a welcome antidote to the U.S. Federal Bureau of Education; but, after all, I am quite in agreement with the writer of the leading article in "The Daily Telegraph" for January 15th last, on "A Child's Best Books," when he says:

"If we should be told that it is easy to criticise but difficult to construct, we readily agree. It is not merely difficult, but impossible. There are no forty best books for children, or for anybody; there are no forty books which 'all children should read,' and the excellent

people who publish such lists are merely deluding the credulous as to the nature of literature, of culture, of education."

* * * * *

The Days of Dickens. Thank you, Mr. Hayward, for giving us the book for which we have long been waiting. It is 56 years since Dickens died, so there can be but few who have actual knowledge of the days of Dickens; therefore all the more welcome is this volume, which tells us in letterpress and contemporary pictures what London was like in the Forties, the Fifties, and the Sixties. Mr. Hayward brings into review the streets and their assorted life; the cabs, the omnibuses, the pot-boys and the pie-men: the pleasure gardens, inns and taverns, the theatres; and what gave me great enjoyment, the songs that were sung at that time, to which, of course, Dickens made frequent reference. It is a book to read, and to dip into again and again at frequent intervals.

* * * * *

Albany. The famous block of apartments off Piccadilly, where the detestable "Fascination Fledgeby," man about town and moneylender of *Our Mutual Friend*, had chambers, is described as "Paradise in Piccadilly," in a book by the late Harry Furniss, which John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd., have just published. It is indeed a wonderful story that Mr. Furniss has to tell of the notable bachelors who have occupied chambers here, and fiction no less has inhabited these rooms with equally famous tenants, of whom Fascination Fledgeby will probably live as long as any. The book is a welcome addition to the library of London as known and described by Dickens.

■ * * * *

The Dickens Drama. "London's Lost Theatres of the Nineteenth Century," by Erroll Sherson, which Messrs. John Lane have just published, is a fascinating volume, and judging from its various references to Dickens types, its author is a keen Dickensian. The story of these lost theatres, the Olympic, the Globe, the Queen's, Astley's, and others, is curiously wrapped up with Dickens, as there was hardly a month in the days from 1836 to 1870 when a Dickens play was not being staged in London, and it is with these lost theatres that the chief memories lie. Readers will be particularly interested in the very full account of the history of Adah Isaacs Menken, now I believe for the first time published. Dickens was very much interested in this lady, who created a great sensation over her performance in "Mazeppa" at Astley's, and it was to Dickens she dedicated her volume of poems.

* * * * *

Braybrooke, Chesterton, Dickens. Mr. Patrick Braybrooke tells me he is engaged on another of his studies of contemporary writers: this time it is our esteemed Past-President, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and his views on Dickens will be dealt with at some length. Mr. Braybrooke's clear insight into modern literature and his known appreciation of Dickens makes an interesting book a certainty.

A Gad's Hill Gazette. From Gad's Hill Place, by Rochester in Kent, comes the first number of "The Magpie, being News, Notes and Nothings concerning Gad's Hill Place School."

Greetings to Doreen Lawrence and Joan Riches, the two editors; you have my hearty congratulations, not only on the production of so excellent a school magazine, but for your own bright contributions: but did you not know there was issued from this very house, by the children of its famous tenant, a magazine called "The Gad's Hill Gazette"? How nice it would have been to have perpetuated the title.

* * * * *

Kent Churches. My old friend, Mr. Henry Smetham, of Rochester, has sent me a copy of the first of two volumes of his book "Rambles round Churches" (Chatham, Parrett and Neves, Ltd., 5s.), and as Kent is Dickens's own county, this book, so informative and so charmingly illustrated, will be in great demand by my readers. Volume II. will follow shortly, and will deal with the churches associated with Dickens.

* * * * *

A Serviceable Set. I can heartily recommend the serviceable set of twelve volumes of Dickens now being offered by Messrs. Harper Bros.; a set to be proud of, and to hand down in the family. The large type is a distinctive feature, and the volumes are exceptionally strongly bound, and lie perfectly flat when opened.

* * * * *

Blundeston: An Appeal. We all know that Dickens had in his heart of hearts a favourite child, and his name was David Copperfield, and that he "was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk."

The church there, so full of dear memories, is to be restored, and the rector is appealing for funds. I hope my readers, out of love for the favourite child, will not let the Rev. C. W. Bean appeal in vain: his address is Blundeston Parsonage, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

* * * * *

A Silent Audience. The Honorary Secretary of the Gloucester Branch (Mr. Kendall Pearson), who has been doing a good deal of propaganda work lately, had the unusual experience in February last of facing an audience composed entirely of deaf and dumb people. They belonged to what is known as the Silent Workers' Club, which is carried on in Gloucester as a social rallying point for the deaf mutes of the city and county, and numbered close upon a hundred. The "talk" about Dickens and his works was interpreted by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet by Miss Inkersole, and a series of lantern slides was shown to the manifest delight of the silent, yet (in its own way) demonstrative audience.

* * * * *

Chapman and Hall. The history of this magazine, which Mr. Ley concludes in this number, comprehensive as it is, cannot of necessity claim to be absolutely complete; a survey

of the twenty-one volumes in their bright red binding can alone fill the deficiency. I must here record the deep indebtedness of the Dickens Fellowship to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd., the original and only publishers of Dickens. Not only have they consistently supported the magazine by their advertisements, but the whole of their vast and valuable stock of blocks has always been placed unreservedly at the disposal of *The Dickensian*, and although acknowledgment of this valuable service has not always been made at the time, all concerned in the management of the magazine are fully alive to the value of this unique form of service, and our sincerest thanks are accorded to the firm for their unceasing kindness in this and in many other respects.

* * * * *

Mr. J. W. T. Ley. My readers will be interested to know that Charles Whitcombe, J. Dublu Teley, James Westley, and "Old Fleet" are noms-de-plume used by Mr. J. W. T. Ley in his varied contributions to these pages. Mr. Ley also compiled the index to each of the twenty-one volumes.

* * * * *

Annual Subscriptions. Some readers, who purchase their *Dickensians* from the local booksellers, may have found difficulty in securing copies lately owing to the strike in the publishing trade. Might I point out that by subscribing direct, readers will make certain of securing their copy regularly each quarter by post. The annual subscription is 4s. 6d., post free.

* * * * *

Conference at St. Albans. There will be an innovation this year when the Conference will be held for the first time in a town where the Dickens Fellowship has no branch, although with the influential committee that has been formed at St. Albans, this city of Dickensian association will surely not long be without its Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Day, the Honorary Secretary of the Branch at Hatfield, a few miles away, is the Hon. Secretary of the Conference Committee, and full particulars can be obtained from him, or from the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship. The date is 25th to 27th June.

* * * * *

Dickens in Hertfordshire. In connection with this Conference Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing an extract from my book, "The England of Dickens," under the title of "Dickens in Hertfordshire," price 1s., or 1s. 2d. post free, from the Hon. Secretary at 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

* * * * *

Enlarged Number. This number is again enlarged. Readers are requested to help their own magazine by mentioning it when replying to advertisements, and by obtaining new readers, thus enabling your Committee to make a further enlargement.

WALTER DEXTER.

DICKENS IN BOSTON

By EDWARD F. PAYNE

(President of the Boston Branch of The Dickens Fellowship)

STUDENTS of Dickens's life are familiar with all that has been printed regarding his two visits to Boston. His own letters, Dolby's book, Wilkins's book, "Dickens in America," and several volumes of "Recollections" published by different people who knew him at that time would seem to cover everything.

There is, however, considerably more to be told, and this article will take up some of the incidents that, so far as the writer knows, have not been generally known.

THE TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN HEWITT.

Boz arrived in Boston with his wife and a fellow voyager, Earl Mulgrave, on Saturday, January 22nd, 1842, per s.s. *Britannia*. The crossing was very rough and they were nearly shipwrecked. In gratitude to Captain Hewitt, as the vessel neared Boston, the passengers held a meeting, and electing Boz Secretary and Treasurer, collected fifty pounds for a purchase of Silver Plate, Two Goblets and a Pitcher, to be given to the Captain. Dickens wrote the inscription to go on this, and on Thursday, January 27th, at 10 a.m., at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, he made a public presentation of this gift to the worthy Captain.

The Theatre lobby was crowded, for crowds gathered everywhere that Boz went, and he spoke, in part, as follows according to the "Boston Transcript" of Friday, January 28th, 1842.

"You are a sailor, Captain Hewitt, in the truest sense of the word, and the devoted admiration of the ladies—God bless them—is a sailor's first boast. I need not enlarge upon the honour they have done you, I am sure, by their presence here.

"In all times to come, and in all your voyages upon the sea, I hope you will have a thought for those who wish to live in your memory by the help of these trifles. As they will often connect you with the pleasures of the homes and firesides from which they once wandered, and which, but for you, they might never have regained, so they trust that you will sometimes associate them with your hours of enjoyment, and that when you drink from these cups you will feel that the draught is commended to your lips by friends whose best wishes you have. and who earnestly and truly hope for your success, happiness and prosperity in all the undertakings of your life."

The Captain replied with a few words, and the meeting adjourned. It would be very interesting to know where that Silver Service is treasured to-day.

HIS FIRST AMERICAN THEATRE PARTY.

Mr. T. Colley Grattan, author of "Highways and Byways of Ireland," was the British Consul at Boston and, of course, was at Dickens's elbow throughout the two weeks that he was here. Grattan had written a play, "Ben Nazir," that was produced by the Stock Company

at the Tremont Theatre during the previous month. So the managers of the theatre arranged, through him no doubt, to have Boz visit the theatre. The Company had prepared a "Masque Phrenologic" entitled "Boz" and had first played it at a benefit the week before Dickens arrival. This piece was written by the comedian of the theatre, Joe Field, who impersonated Boz, while the other members of the cast assumed various characters from the stories.

On the night of January 24th. Boz, Kate and Earl Mulgrave occupied a special box. The theatre was packed from pit to gallery, as the papers had announced the event, and when Boz entered, the house rose and gave him three cheers. The bill for the evening was in three parts—"Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragon," the "Masque



TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON

Where Dickens stayed on his first visit 1842

Phrenologic: Boz," and "Robinson Crusoe." Some bill, when you know that the box seats cost 50 cents, the pit 25 cents and gallery 12½ cents.

After the performance, Field must have presented the manuscript of his play to Boz, because there is this note in Dickens's hand in the Boston Public Library collection: "Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Field and is extremely obliged to him for the MS. he had the goodness to send last night. Though Mr. Dickens had not received any such mark of Mr. Field's courtesy and attention, he would still have felt it a pleasure and a duty to thank him for his most ingenious compliment, which afforded him very high satisfaction and entertainment. Tremont House, January Twenty-fifth."

THE DICKENS DINNER.

On Tuesday, February 1st, the famous Boz dinner was given at

Papanti's Hall. This banquet attended by many prominent Bostonians, was carefully reported for the Boston newspapers and every speech taken down by two reporters in shorthand. The newspaper account was later corrected in minor details by the speakers themselves, and then published in a small book, for private distribution. I know of no other equally famous affair of that period that has come down to us word for word.

On February 7th, 1925, it was the privilege of the Boston Branch of The Dickens Fellowship to reproduce this dinner in costume, using



PARLOUR OF DICKENS'S SUITE AT PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, 1867-8

the identical speeches, and it will be repeated at the North American Inter-Branch Conference at Boston, in May. A chapter in Mr. Glyde Wilkins's book, "Charles Dickens in America," is devoted to the full report of the original dinner.

BOZ AT HARVARD.

On Friday, February 4th. Boz visited Harvard University with the poet, Henry W. Longfellow, Professor Felton and others, and at least one diary in Boston chronicles the delight that individuals had in meeting him there. He left on the 5th, and all accounts agree that whatever Boz may have found that was disagreeable in America in 1842, it is certain that his first two weeks in Boston furnished no part of it. Boston welcomed him with open arms and with an enthusiasm

approaching adoration, and he seems to have enjoyed it all with a boyish fervour, for he wrote to Macready in 1844, only two years later, "Boston is what I would have the whole United States to be."

THE SECOND VISIT.

When he came again in November, 1867, many changes had taken place. The Tremont House was old and a little seedy, the Parker House (now being demolished) was new and glittering. So to Parkers Dickens went, this time sponsored by a firm of publishers, Ticknor and Fields, and managed by an agent, George Dolby. His old enthusiasm had gone; there were no big receptions, balls or dinners. Dickens's health would not permit, and, anyway, this was a business trip. People who saw him this time, for the most part, paid for the privilege, which was quite as it should be.

George Dolby, in his "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him," gives much of the story of his life in Boston at that time, and our picture shows the parlour of the rooms he occupied at the Parker House. The mirror is undoubtedly the one before which Dickens practised his readings for a few minutes before going down to the Tremont Temple, a block away, to read to the crowded houses that he always drew. The fireplace is the one before which he and his friends sat and chatted after the readings, and which his admiring friend, Mrs. James T. Fields, decorated so often with holly and with flowers. She tells about it in her book, "Memories of a Hostess."

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO CALLED ON DICKENS.

And it was in this parlour that a charming incident occurred that marks again the fascinating traits that were always a part of this wonderful personality.

On the landing outside the Dickens suite, Dolby stationed a sentinel so that no stranger should force his way in to annoy the "Chief," and it was a wise precaution, for there were many people who would have done almost anything to shake hands with Dickens. Everyone in Boston that could do so was attending Dickens's readings, and it was considered a tremendous honour if one could meet him personally. Among his more ardent admirers were Mr. and Mrs. James E. Root. The Roots were prominent and wealthy Bostonians, who had a very beautiful little daughter, Pauline, a child of four or five years. What happened is best told in Mr. Root's diary:—

"Wednesday, April 8, 1868: A memorable event happened to Pauline to-day. After dinner Addie (Mrs. Root) took her down to the Parker House. Miss Porter sent for Dickens's private waiter and asked if Dickens was in his room. He replied that he was, but was at dinner. She then asked him to take Pauline up to see him, and he did so, very cheerfully, though part of his duty is to stand at the door and act as a dragon to keep the rush of visitors at bay. Her looks perhaps softened his rigour; at all events he led her to the door, told her to knock and sent her in. She said, 'Is Mr.

Dickens in ?' Mr. Dickens was in—he was at the table with Mr. Dolby—he spoke to her pleasantly and kindly and she went up and put a few rose buds on his table. He shook hands with her and kissed her and talked with her several minutes holding her hand in his. She then left, telling him that 'she hoped she should see him again' and that she would like to hear him read if he would only read in the afternoon.' He smiled and said he wished he could for her sake, or something like that, and thus ended an interview of which I am very proud, and which I hope she never will forget. I feel the more gratified because her visit seemed to give him pleasure and there was no effort to accomplish it, though in general he is almost inaccessible to strangers."

Mr. Root wrote a note of thanks to Dickens, also expressing his regret at his illness, and received in return what was probably the last note Dickens ever wrote in Boston, for it was left for Mr. Root at the Parker House the morning of the 10th of April just before the Dickens party left for New York :—

Boston, Thursday night, Ninth April, 1868.

Dear Sir :

Allow me to thank you for your sympathetic letter and to assure you of the real pleasure and interest I have derived from your charming little girl, the prettiest of all the flowers that have graced my room, and with an innocent perfectly balanced self possession such as the queen of the fairies might envy.

Believe me, Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

May I send love and thanks to her mother.

We can imagine this pretty little episode taking place in the room shown in this picture.

AN ODD NEWS ITEM.

Dickens's life at Parkers is told by several writers. It was here that he gave the famous dinner after the "Great International Walking Match," and many other smaller dinner parties.

This item is taken from the "Boston Journal" of November 25th, 1867, when Dickens was living at the Parker House just before he commenced his readings: "Mr. Charles Dickens is writing a story for the "Atlantic Monthly" which will be commenced in the January issue." This would seem to prove that "George Silverman's Explanation" was written at the Parker House. However, Dolby says in his book that he (Dolby) brought the story over himself and delivered it to Ticknor and Fields, who paid \$5000 for it, but Dolby must have known of the news item, for it was "press matter," and he was Dickens's manager.

Dickens read in Boston twenty-eight times, and always to packed houses. On Christmas Eve in 1867 he read the 'Carol' here, and in countless ways proved that Boston was his favourite American City.

SELECTED LETTERS

(II) AN IMPORTANT AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER

[This letter is probably the earliest piece of Dickens manuscript in this country. It was written on the day *Pickwick* was published. Unfortunately, the signature has been cut out from the fourth page, and in so doing a portion of the text of page three has also disappeared. It is one of my proud possessions, and is on view at the Dickens House.—THE EDITOR.]

15 FURNIVAL'S INN,

Thursday, March 31st, 1836.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

The great success of my book, and the name it has established for me among the publishers, enables me to settle at an earlier period than I at first supposed possible: I have, therefore, fixed Saturday next for my marriage with Miss Hogarth, the daughter of a gentleman who has recently distinguished himself by a celebrated work on music, who was the most intimate friend and companion of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the most eminent among the literati of Edinburgh.

There is no member of my family to whom I should be prouder to introduce my wife than yourself, but I am compelled to say—and I am sure you cannot blame me for doing so—that the same cause which has led me for a long time past to deny myself the pleasure and advantage of your society prevents my doing so. If I could not as a single man, I cannot as a married one, visit at a relation's house from which my father is excluded: nor can I see any relatives here who would not treat him as they would myself.

This is a very painful subject, and I have many associations connected with you which render it much more painful in this case than in any other. I cannot forget that I was once your little companion and nurse, through a weary illness, nor shall I ever cease to remember the many proofs you have given me in later days of your interest and affection.

When I say, uncle, that I should be more happy than I can possibly express if you would place it in my power to know you once again on those terms of intimacy and friendship I so sincerely desire, I hope you will not misunderstand my meaning. I do not ask you—I should conceive that I lowered and disgraced myself if I did—to alter your determination. I may think that time might have softened the determined animosity I may an injustice (. . . . I have no doubt) to my father's real character. I cannot, however, be an impartial judge because I cannot be an unprejudiced one; and I do not presume, therefore, to arraign your decision.

Nothing that has occurred to me in my life has given me greater pain than thus denying myself the society of yourself and aunt. I have only to add that the contents of this letter are unknown to everybody but Aunt Charlton, to whom I have written on the same subject, and that come what may, I shall ever be at heart,

dear Uncle,

Your most affectionate nephew,

CHARLES DICKENS.

THOMAS BARROW Esqre.

A MOSAIC

By DEORAD

FIRST SQUARE—THE DRAMA IN DICKENS.

IT has been said that the greatest dramatist is he that can approach nearest to melodrama without being melodramatic. It is only by degrees that men sink into the depths of vice. In "Othello" and "Macbeth" the leading characters would be melodramatic in their turpitude were it not that the one falls by jealousy, the other by ambition run riot. We realise in witnessing these plays that our "virtue may be deficiency of temptation," or at anyrate that it is a human thing for men to end by being murderers of their fellows when they have begun by being murderers of their own consciences in things comparatively small.

So, too, when we read *David Copperfield* or *Our Mutual Friend*, a sneaking sympathy abides in us to the end with Bradley Headstone and a warmer sympathy with James Steerforth. Yet examine their crimes and see if they be one whit less lurid than Othello's or Macbeth's. The reason for our sympathy is the same in the one case as in the other. Steerforth begins by abusing his prestige in the eyes of his school-fellows, and behaves despicably towards Mr. Mell; he ends by violating the sanctities of friendship and hospitality, by flouting the wishes of his own mother and by ruining a simple child. Headstone falls in love; his love is unrequited; his love is not of the highest kind, for he is willing to injure the woman to whom he is devoted by attempting to murder his successful rival; the path from jealousy to murder is all down hill.

Yet it is not as if Steerforth and Headstone came into the books in the consummation of wickedness like Calibans or Quilps. It is natural that a handsome boy, the hero of his own life everywhere he turns, should come to believe in himself overmuch; should be seduced by the charm of his own personality. It is natural, and as we read we recognise that fact, and our ears are not heedless when he cries out: "I wish to God, Davy, I had had a judicious father," and "Try to think the best of me, Davy, whatever happens." He feels himself sinking, but has not the will to strike out, and there is no one to save him. Bradley Headstone claims everyman's sympathy, for every man in greater or less degree knows the power of jealousy.

Further qualities of a dramatist are that he should know how to temper the heavy with the light, how to drive an impression home by some incidental stroke, and how to make a turbulent scene close in quietude. To take one illustration of how Dickens relieves tension. In Book III., Chapter XIV., of *A Tale of Two Cities*, the totally unforced burlesque between Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher is perfect in artistic contrast to the suspense in which the reader is held by the approach of Madame Defarge, and the flight of Charles Darnay. At the end of the same chapter the deafness of Miss Pross, comparatively trivial though it may seem in critical observations, thrusts home the impression created by "the roll of those dreadful carts."

with their significance for all concerned in the drama. Then in Chapter II. of *Little Dorrit* (though it appears ludicrous to select one example when a thousand and one may be found in every book of Dickens), after the outburst of Tattycoram we are told that "the day passed on. . . . And thus coming and going so strangely move all we restless travellers through the pilgrimage of life." The scene *could* have closed with "Go away . . . and let me . . . cry myself better," but the theme of the chapter permits a general observation on the strange way people come into and pass out of one another's lives, a general observation which lets the curtain fall gently on Tattycorams' wrath.

SECOND SQUARE—THE END OF CHAPTER.

The end of chapter in Dickens is a study in itself. To take three examples. Dickens's touch is tenderest when he deals with characters like Tom Pinch—the people that "have loved and lost." Mr. Grewgious in *Edwin Drood* is one such. Chapter XI of this book ends "Mr. Grewgious crossed the staircase to his raw and foggy bedroom. . . . Dimly catching sight of his face in the . . . looking-glass. . . . 'A likely someone, *you*, to come into anybody's thoughts in such an aspect,' he exclaimed: 'There, there, there. Get to bed poor man and cease to jabber.'" And yet there are such unexplored romantic nooks in the unlikeliest of men that even old tinderous touch-woody P. J. T., Possibly Jabbered Thus in or about seventeen hundred and forty-seven."

This is an eminent example of Dickens's secret. Dickens is English, and yet he is not national any more than Shakespeare, but while Shakespeare is not national because of his head, Dickens is not national because of his heart. Shakespeare looks down from his mountain eminence and analyses with wonderful detachment and reconstructs man's "whole eventful history"; Dickens enters into the arena and says with a kindred spirit of more recent date: "I am of the people, and because I am of the people I am sorrowful with their sorrow, I am hungry with their desire; my heart has been heavy with the grief of mothers, my eyes have been wet with the tears of children"—or in his own words: "I seem to hear a voice within thee (the clock of St. Paul's) . . . bidding me . . . being a man to turn away with scorn and pride from none that bear human shape." Dickens is re-thinking the thought expressed centuries ago: "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

To proceed to the second example. "The old, old fashion Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of Immortality. And look upon us, angels of young children with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean." (Chapter XVI., *Dombey and Son*). How could they look with "regards estranged" on one so like themselves? What could be better than that whimsical description of death as a fashion? What could be better than this as a farewell to "what the waves were always saying?" It is easy to imagine Dickens listening to the sea for hours together, interpreting

its voice, and going back to give Little Paul's message to all who would receive it.

The third example is not actually a chapter ending, but it is equivalent. In Book III., Chapter XV., of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "No. 22," the little seamstress has paid her homage to the Guillotine. Sydney Carton is next. "The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. "Twenty-three." There is finality, variety, and repose about Dickens's chapter endings and from them too could be amply illustrated what has been said in the First Square.

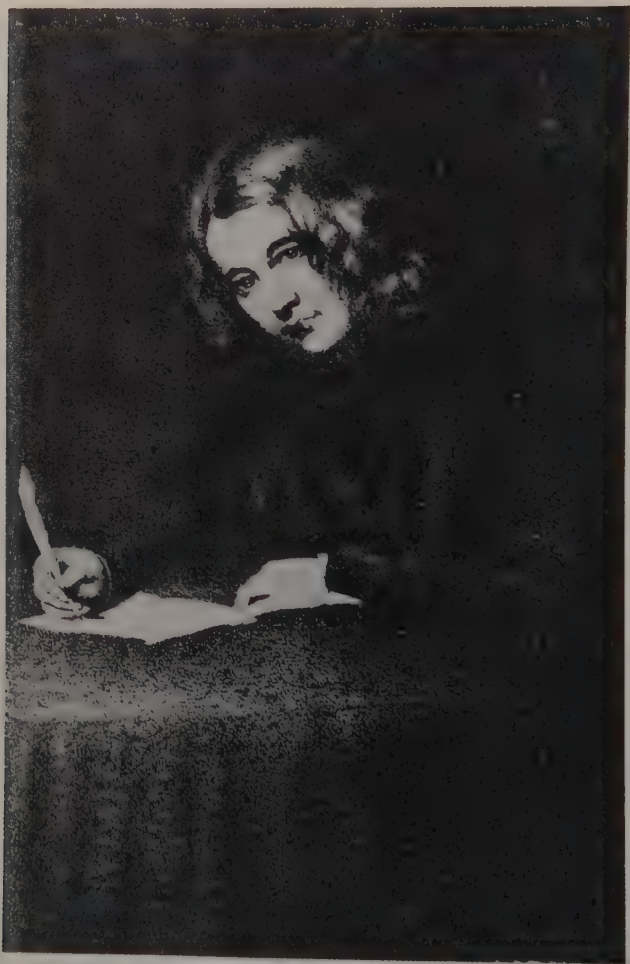
THIRD SQUARE—THE POETRY OF DICKENS.

Dickens's imagery is often unpoetical. A poet's natural medium of expression is metaphor. One has only to turn to Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley to see how the poet writing of the brother poet's prepossession for metaphor shews himself the subject of a like prepossession. Now it is not poetical imagery when Dickens refers to Mr. Wemmick's mouth as a post office and to that gentleman as "posting" his food and drink, but it *is* imagery. The following, however, is metaphor worthy of the best precedents: "As the morning mists had risen long ago, so the evening *mists* were rising now, and in all the *broad expanse of tranquil light* they showed to me, I saw the *shadow of no parting*."*

Dickens could look at nothing without personifying it, or clothing it in imagery. For him "noses have been imperfectly chipped with dull-edged chisels," winds when they have entered a building, "not finding what they seek . . . wail and howl to issue forth again." the "stream just thawed runs to tell the mill that Spring has come." No poet could conceive better imagery for the awakening of nature in Spring than is contained in this last quotation. Then there is Mr. Chadband. Montagu Griffin happily says: "Dickens makes you feel the clammy ooze from the hand of the perspiring Chadband." Having established the greasy nature of this gentleman, Dickens says: "The vessel being merely engaged in the oil trade gets aground and waits to be floated off" (on a sea of Chadbandian rhetoric such as: "O running stream of sparkling joy to be a soaring human boy"). Again "Mrs. Snagsby has recently taken a passage upwards by the vessel Chadband."

These, then, are the squares of our mosaic, and as every square in a mosaic is complete in itself, yet related to the whole, so the drama, the poetry, or what-you-will of Dickens, may be examined in itself or related to the whole body of his work.

* A few lines from the end of *Great Expectations* we are led to think that there is to be a farewell. It would be hard to find in literature another example of the finesse of this closing sentence, which without violence reverses the farewell, phrases that reversal in beautiful language, and then "trembles into rest."

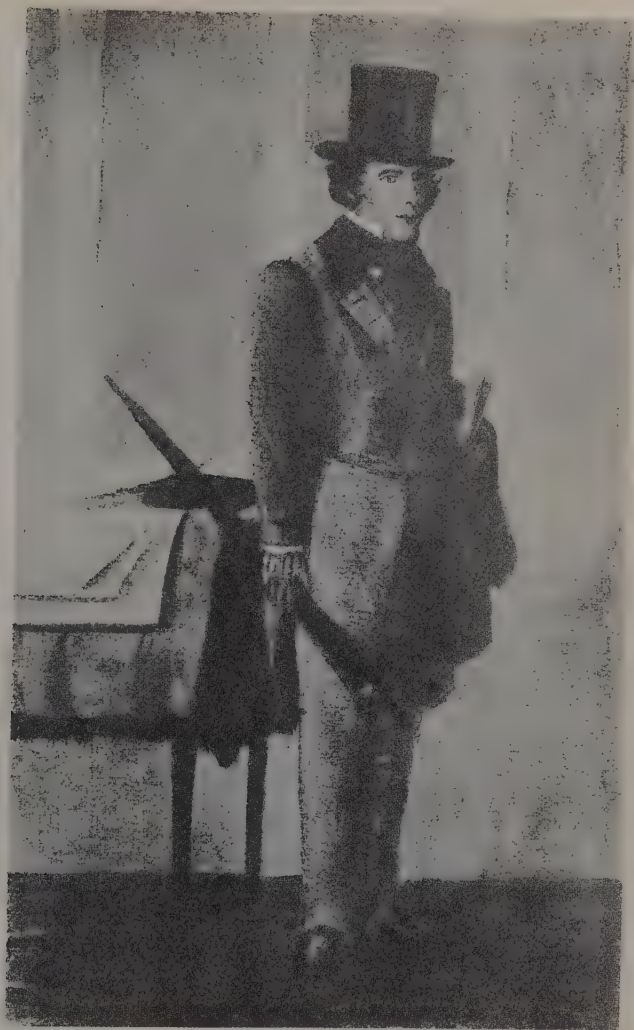


By FRANCIS ALEXANDER, Boston

TWO BOSTON PORTRAITS

HERE are two entirely dissimilar portraits of Dickens made during his first visit to Boston. Pierre Morand, the artist of the second portrait, has left the following interesting record :

'When on Saturday evening, 22nd January, at their landing at the Boston wharf, a press reception committee saluted Mr. Dickens from the shore, Mrs. Dickens called his attention to the inadequacy of his travelling costume for the occasion, when he nonchalantly replied : 'Never mind that, dear, we are on the other side now.' Next Sunday morning, however, he came down to the hotel parlour, dressed up for a walk, precisely as represented in this sketch:



By PIERRE MORAND, Boston

navy blue cloth coat with gilt buttons, buff cashmere vest and light gray trousers without the black band on the seams, and a somewhat heavy looking silk hat. He still wore the brown pea-coat as an overcoat, though he appeared in New York some weeks later in a more fashionable wrap. His expression, which was very changeable, seemed almost radiant on that morning, and upon being joined by his wife and Col. Normandy, he took a stroll over the Boston Common and some of the most notable streets, besides spending a brief time at church."

A LITTLE KNOWN DICKENS ITEM

By HENRY ALEXANDER

FROM 1842 to 1844 Dickens had sittings and was a regular attendant at the Unitarian Chapel in Little Portland Street, presided over by the Rev. Edward Tagart, a well known Unitarian minister. On July 9th, 1844, the congregation presented Mr. Tagart with a silver tea and coffee service, and on the salver was engraved an inscription penned by Charles Dickens.

The address of acceptance delivered by Mr. Tagart in the Chapel on that date was printed for private circulation, "affectionately dedicated to his Congregation," and a copy of the pamphlet has been placed in my hands by the late Miss Lucy Tagart, daughter of Edward Tagart. On the fly leaf is printed :

"A copy of the Inscription is appended at the particular request of friends."

And on the following page is the inscription, a facsimile of which is here given.

Inscription.

IT IS NOT PRESUMPTUOUS TO HOPE
 THAT THE PRECEPTS AND EXAMPLE OF A CHRISTIAN MINISTER,
 WISE IN THE SPIRIT OF HIS SACRED TRUST,
 WILL AWAKEN BETTER TESTIMONIES TO THE FIDELITY OF HIS STEWARDSHIP,
 IN THE DAILY LIVES OF THOSE WHOM HE INSTRUCTS,
 THAN ANY THAT CAN BE WROUGHT IN SILVER OR GOLD.
 THE CONGREGATION OF LITTLE PORTLAND STREET CHAPEL,
 WITH SENTIMENTS OF WARM AFFECTION AND RESPECT, GRATEFULLY PRESENT
 THIS SLIGHT MEMORIAL
 TO THE REVEREND EDWARD TAGART,
 NOT AS AN ACQUITTANCE OF THE DEBT THEY OWE HIM
 FOR HIS LABOURS IN THE CAUSE OF THAT RELIGION
 WHICH HAS SYMPATHY FOR MEN OF EVERY CREED
 AND VENTURES TO PASS JUDGMENT ON NONE,
 BUT MERELY AS AN ASSURANCE
 THAT HIS LEARNING, ELOQUENCE, AND LESSONS OF DIVINE TRUTH
 HAVE SUNK INTO THEIR HEARTS,
 AND SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN IN THEIR PRACTICE.

Miss Tagart, who was present at the presentation, stated that Charles Dickens was unable to present it having left for Italy on 1st July.

In 1858 Edward Tagart died, and there was then printed "A Memoir of the late Edward Tagart, who died 12th October, 1858—printed for presentation only."

On page 16 of this pamphlet we read :

"In 1844 his congregation testified their appreciation of their minister by the presentation to him of a handsome service of plate. The presentation took place on the 9th July, when he gave an address from which we have so largely borrowed. On the salver is engraved an inscription from the pen of Mr. Charles Dickens, then and for some years after his return from America a member of the congregation and a constant attendant with his wife and family."

Both Forster and Sir Robertson Nicoll speak of Dickens's regular attendance at Mr. Tagart's Chapel, but neither Forster nor Eckel mentions this unique item from Charles Dickens's pen, and evidently did not know of its existence.

DICKENS IN WEST AFRICA

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG

NOW that education is making such giant strides in West Africa generally, and particularly in Nigeria (the famous colony as large as Spain and Portugal, with which I have been associated for over twenty years), fiction gains an ever stronger hold upon the affections of the cultured Negro. It is pleasant to remark that among English authors Dickens is the prime favourite.

My library contains always two complete editions of the Master's works: one for my own use, which is never allowed outside the bungalow; and another which may be borrowed at will, by any intelligent caller, be his skin black or white or brown. The latter edition began by being a uniform edition of eighteen volumes, but missing copies have constantly to be replaced, just because the world-renowned "West Coast Memory"—or lack of it!—infects the African just as much as the British sojourner beneath a tropic sun.

These literary lesions are usually filled by one or other of the well-known cheap reprints. Sometimes as many as fifty volumes are circulating at the same time.

Pickwick is extremely popular. The quips of Sam Weller cause roars of merriment; and at Christmas celebrations in Onitsha, school-boys of the various missions have several times performed the renowned Trial Scene. Most weirdly incongruous it always seems to white audiences to behold Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Cluppins, and the redoubtable Nathaniel Daniel Winkle impersonated by youngsters of ebony hue.

Whenever I travel the interior, it is usual for the Native Court Clerks to show me their *Laves* and *Penates*. They make wealth rapidly,

because of the position they occupy as intermediary between the chiefs and the Government. They possess, maybe, a harmonium, a motor-cycle, a gramophone, or a few tailor-made suits imported from London. "Ah, but, sir!" they hasten to add proudly, "you must not miss seeing my library!"

I know exactly what to expect—a complete edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a dozen well-fingered law books, a Bible, a Church Catechism, a dictionary, a ready reckoner—and five or six soiled copies of Dickens.

Barnaby Rudge is universally beloved. The African has an inherent pity and respect for any form of intellectual weakness. Fanatics, imbeciles, madmen, Simple Simons—they are all privileged persons, and sure of a sympathetic hearing, no matter what their complaint. For poor Barnaby, with his inspired visions of wild creatures "always in a hurry, catching at each other's skirts," inside the climbing smoke-wrack of the Maypole chimney, they hold a glowing admiration.

"Dear Barnaby!" they sigh: "he had such strange dreams." Then, with a shake of the head. "Dreamers, you know, see and hear and feel far, far better than sane people do. We only recognise the surface of things. The dreamer digs down underneath, and reaches the inner core of Truth."

The African is familiar with white womenkind only from the isolated wife or sister of the missionary worker which the insidious coast climate allows. In a district as large as Yorkshire there may not be resident at any specific time more than a dozen white ladies; although centres like Lagos, Port Harcourt, Accra and Freetown may possess a hundred or more. Hence it is that the Nigerian native expresses very quaint opinions about the female characters in Dickens's novels.

"Dolly Varden is splendid," they say. "She can laugh; and she plagues her lover to desperation! But Agnes Wickfield would never have made a suitable wife for a black man. She is insipid—has no fire. Of all the women in Dickens's books, we like Betsy Trotwood best. She knew how to manage her household. Everybody who came into touch with her knew that she was not to be played with. And Little Dorrit was fine, too. She worked hard; and yet she never complained."

This is always the Negro's utilitarian view of the relations of the sexes. Woman is not a pampered doll, to be dressed and fed and housed for nothing. In West Africa women have an exceptional degree of freedom, not unmixed with the demand for faithful service. In many districts they are the genuine wage-earners, while the men stay at home and govern.

Unless, therefore, a woman has some measure of personality, she is unfitted for the battle of life. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Africa, from Cairo to the Cape, has no spinsters. And bachelorhood is the most shameful condition. The poorest of labourers owns a wife.

THE HORN COFFEE-HOUSE, DOCTORS' COMMONS

By WALTER CHURCHER

READERS of *Pickwick* will remember that after Mr. Pickwick had been committed to the Fleet Prison for refusing to pay the damages and costs in the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, he was visited there by his friends, Messrs. Tupman, Winkle and Snodgrass, in whose honour an afternoon dinner consisting, of a leg of mutton, a meat pie, etc., was provided at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of Sam Weller, from the prison cookhouse, the solid fare being accompanied by pots of porter. "To these succeeded a bottle or two of very good wine, for which a messenger was dispatched by Mr. Pickwick to the Horn Coffee House in Doctors' Commons. The bottle or two might indeed be more properly described as a bottle or six, for by the time it was drunk and tea over, the bell began to ring for strangers to withdraw." (*Pickwick Papers*, Chap. xlv.)

The Horn Coffee House, not being the scene of such Pickwickian incidents as were described in connection with the "George and Vulture," the "Golden Cross," and the "White Hart," but only referred to as the source from which Mr. Pickwick's "very good wine" was obtained, has not engaged the attention which Dickens commentators have bestowed on other Pickwickian taverns.

Other circumstances, and their uncertainty as to the exact situation of the tavern in the City district known as Doctors' Commons, also account for the brevity of their comments.

In the first place they have been faced by the fact that for many years prior to its demolition, although still partly occupied by wine merchants, its title had been transferred from the original building to the present Horn Tavern, which abuts on the old site. The street, also, in which it was situated has not only been added to, but re-numbered. The following notes on the tavern, by one who remembers the old house, may, therefore, be of interest.

The Horn Coffee House and Tavern, as Dickens knew it, was a narrow-fronted brick house, with extensive cellars, on the east side of Godliman Street, Doctors' Commons, a street now leading from St. Paul's Churchyard to Queen Victoria Street. It was situated some six doors south of Carter Lane, almost opposite Paul's Bakehouse Court, and, in age, was probably contemporary with many of the neighbouring houses, which came into being just after the Fire of London, and also with the oldest part of the present Horn Tavern, the earliest deeds of which are dated June 12th, 1668.

In Rocques map of 1746 the Horn is indicated by name, with its main entrance in Godliman Street, a courtyard at the back, and a narrow passage, still existing, leading to its back entrance in the yard, from what was then called Little Knight-riding Street. Being well known long prior to Dickens's day, it was usually referred to as the "Horn Tavern, Doctors' Commons," but its exact address is set forth in Robson's London Directory for 1819, the entry reading:—

“ Sam Lovegrove, Wine Merchant, Horn Tavern and Coffee House, 10 Godliman Street, Doctors’ Commons.”

At that time the northern part of the present Godliman Street was called Paul’s Chain, from the chains formerly stretched across that narrow street to prevent the disturbance of the Cathedral services by the noisy traffic ; while the lower part, south of Knightrider Street, was Bennet’s Hill.

At a later period, when Paul’s Chain and part of Bennet’s Hill were incorporated in Godliman Street, that street was renumbered, No. 10 being applied to premises opposite the “ Horn,” which became No. 11.

Sam Lovegrove remained at the “ Horn ” until 1827, afterwards becoming host of the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, which, there is little doubt, was the place referred to in Chapter 3 of *Little Dorrit*, at the window of which Arthur Clennam sat on a certain dismal Sunday, listening to the church bells, among others, those of St. Martin’s next door. Thus Lovegrove had the distinction of presiding over two Dickensian Coffee Houses.

The names of subsequent hosts of the “ Horn,” during what may be termed the Pickwickian period, are worth recording.

In 1828, the year in which, according to generally accepted dates, the events in the Fleet were taking place, Lovegrove was succeeded by one, Leeds Paine, who remained there until 1830, at which time Dickens was at the commencement of his two years sojourn in “ The Commons,” as a shorthand reporter for proctors engaged at the Courts there. In 1831, when, according to Mr. Dexter’s “ The London of Dickens ”—Dickens had a small office at 5 Bell Yard, hard by—Paine gave way to R. C. Battyll, and it is reasonable to surmise that Dickens, who must have known the “ Horn ” well may, in the intervals of his monotonous employment, have solaced himself, on occasion, with some of the contents of Paine’s or Battyll’s bins. In 1837, when *Pickwick* was being completed, the host was Basil Francis.

These successive proprietors were generally described in the directories of their time as “ Wine Merchants, Horn Tavern, Doctors’ Commons.”

Ten years after the completion of *Pickwick*, the old place had ceased to be the “ Horn Tavern ” for, although the lower part and the cellars were occupied by wine merchants until its demolition about 1900, by 1850 its upper floors had become lawyers’ offices. On the removal of the courts from Doctors’ Commons, the proctors and attorneys were replaced by members of the textile trades, which now dominate the immediate district.

About 1860, John Pullar, a pastrycook, of Knightrider Street, a few yards off, famous locally for his mutton pies, who owned what is now No. 29 in that street, constructed the present tavern, by rebuilding his own property, adding to it part of the yard at the back of the old “ Horn,” and also the old houses now numbered 31 and 33 Knightrider Street. The wine merchants at the old premises having only a wholesale licence, Pullar obtained for his house the full licence it has since held, and applied to it the title of the Godliman

Street tavern. It remains to-day a flourishing successor to the old place.

In 1900 the original house was acquired by Messrs. Cook, of St. Paul's Churchyard, demolished, and its site incorporated in the extension of their warehouses. The old passage from Knighttrider Street, which exists side by side with one of the entrances to the



Photo by]

[T. W. Tyrrell

THE HORN COFFEE TAVERN

present "Horn," has long been closed, but its padlocked door can be seen on the left of our illustration.

In concluding, I desire to express my thanks to Mr. J. Liddiard Evans, freeholder of the present "Horn Tavern," for valuable aid in compiling these notes, and to Mr. T. W. Tyrrell for permission to reproduce the photograph referred to above.

MORE NOTES ON "A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

FURTHER to my article in *The Dickensian* for October, 1924 (p. 204), may I add that an engraving by G. Presbury, from a painting by J. Franklin of the scriptural tile incident associated with Dr. Doddridge appeared in "Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book" in 1839, entitled "First Scripture Lessons." A poem, "The Mother of Dr. Doddridge Teaching Him Scripture History from the Dutch Tiles" is in Bernard Barton's "Poems and Letters," 1853, p. 270; a London firm recently offered the MS. of this poem for sale.—J. ARDAGH.

AT THEIR FINGERS' ENDS

NEW LIGHT ON DICKENS'S GENEROUS GIFT TO THE BLIND

By EDWARD E. ALLEN

NOTE BY THE EDITOR. Mr. Allen is the Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, Watertown, Mass., and his article gives us some new information concerning Dickens and his interest in the blind. It is only from George Dolby's book, "Charles Dickens as I knew Him," that we learn of Dickens's gift on his last visit to the United States of America, of a copy of *The Old Curiosity Shop* in raised letters to each blind asylum in the union. Details of this handsome gift are now given for the first time, we believe. Dolby informs us that the matter was, by Dickens's order, kept a secret, and never referred to afterwards by Dickens, in private or in public. Our readers will remember that during the Great War, the Dickens Fellowship raised sufficient funds to provide the necessary steel plates for the reproduction of all Dickens's works in Braille type, and that the plates are now the property of the National Institute for the Blind, who are thus enabled to make as many copies of the books as are required.

MANY people think of Dickens not so much as a novelist, but as a great emancipator of shackled childhood. Dr. Howe was the emancipator of the handicapped :—

"The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind."

Being practical reformers, they had that in common which brought them together a few times in sympathetic and effective relation. Here is the story of their meetings and the results of them to the blind.

Between the years 1837 and 1840 Dr. Howe had brought the soul of the child Laura Bridgman out of its double prison-house of blindness and deafness, and so strengthened and extended our faith in the potentialities of humanity. Published accounts of this unique achievement had been read far and wide, both in this country and abroad, and Dr. Howe awoke one morning to find himself famous.

It is just this sort of thing that enthralled Dickens. At any rate, during his first visit to Boston, Dickens went to the Perkins Institution in company with Charles Sumner, who was one of the trustees. Laura's teacher-companion thus wrote in her diary under January 29th, 1842 : "To-day Laura had the honor of a call from Charles Dickens. His great interest in her caused him to remain for several hours. She was animated in conversation, and I think he received a very correct impression." Indeed he did, for in his account of her in his *American Notes* he not only gives page after page describing the process of her education, but pays this tribute to her teacher :—

The name of her great benefactor and friend is Dr. Howe. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading these passages, can ever hear that name with indifference.

Within three years after Dickens's return to England he wrote *The Cricket on the Hearth*, in which blind Bertha was drawn "to arouse interest in blind children."

The second meeting of these two men occurred the very next year in London. Dickens invited Dr. Howe more than once to dinner, and he took him to visit workhouses, a prison where the tread mill was still in use, and secured him safe escort down into the thieves' quarter.

The third meeting of which we have record occurred in Boston again in 1868. It was then that Dr. Howe wrote Dickens that there were in the United States twenty-three institutions "in all of which the blind are taught to read. . . . But, alas! their reading books are as yet few in number. . . . 'Paradise Lost' is really the only book we have of literary character which the blind call for.

"Now they want something to gladden their hearts. They have had lugubrious food enough, they want happier views of this life. They want some books which will give pleasure and joy in their dark chambers.

"Your books do this, and I want the blind to have one of them at their fingers' ends. I want, however, for several reasons, that you yourself should place one there. First, for the lasting pleasure it will give them; second, for the effect it would surely have of inducing others to follow your example."

After making enquiries about the cost of embossing books for the blind, Dickens decided to have *The Old Curiosity Shop* printed in raised letters, and made a generous contribution for this purpose accompanied by the following note:—

"Monday, eighteenth May, 1868.

DEAR DR. HOWE,

If you will apply personally to Mr. J. S. Amory, of Boston, that gentleman (as agent to my bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, London) will pay you seventeen hundred dollars. This sum, in accordance with your estimate, I place at your disposal for the production of two hundred and fifty copies of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, printed in raised letters for the use of the blind. Kindly use your own discretion concerning it, and you will please me.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS."

Dr. Howe wrote again to Mr. Dickens suggesting to him a plan for the distribution of *The Old Curiosity Shop* among the blind of the United States, which the latter approved in the following words:—

"Tuesday, twenty-third June, 1868.

MY DEAR DR. HOWE,

I write this brief reply to your most welcome letter of the 7th in order that you may be quite sure of my active concurrence in your scheme for the distribution of the books. You have read my wishes correctly, and I could not be better satisfied than I am.

Believe me always,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS."

THE BIRTHDAY DINNER IN LONDON

MR. PETT RIDGE proposes "The Immortal Memory"

MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR speaks on "The Intimacy of Dickens"

I.

THE Annual Birthday Dinner was held on Saturday, February 6th, at the Criterion Restaurant, London, with the President, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, in the chair. Nearly two hundred guests attended.

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE, who was greeted most enthusiastically and with prolonged applause on rising, after reading telegrams of greeting and congratulation from overseas branches of the Dickens Fellowship as follows: New York, Philadelphia, Winnipeg and Montreal; and referring in affectionate terms to the great loss sustained by the death of B. W. Matz, said: We are to-night celebrating one more anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, and so far as we are concerned, affection for his books shows no signs of waning. It is to be remembered that we are specialists—I mean that we are more gifted than most people! A woman said to me once—she confided to me a secret ambition. She said: "I do so very much wish I could sometimes remember whether it was Thackeray or Trollope who wrote *Our Mutual Friend*." We are even more intelligent than that! At this space of time, fifty-six years after his death, we can see what posterity is doing in regard to Charles Dickens. The practices of posterity are not entirely gracious—they ought to be, but they are not. It is more pleasant to esteem the writings given to posterity by a really great writer. If Charles Dickens had been a successful actor, his reputation would have finished almost immediately his voice ceased to be heard. If he had been a politician, he would have had a statue erected to his memory in his native town, and visitors to the native town would say: "And what was his special job?" If Charles Dickens had been an eminent lawyer, he would have been remembered only by something entered up against him in some legal reminiscences!

But because he wrote most supremely well, because he took for the most part ordinary characters and made them extremely interesting, his novels, all this time after 1870, are still read, still quoted, and still treasured. There are to-day in London several literary clubs: the Omar Club, the Titmarsh Club, the Dr. Johnson Club, and quite recently, the Charles Lamb Club. You know, and I know, that these put together cannot compare in extent or earnestness with your Fellowship. Your Fellowship has its branches from Balham, which as you know is not far off, to Sierra Madre, which I believe is quite a long way off. We shall not see the equal of Charles Dickens in our time. His equal may not be seen at any time, and that is all the more reason why we should keep him, ladies and gentlemen of the Dickens Fellowship, in our affectionate thoughts. I ask you to drink in silence to the Immortal Memory.

II.

MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR.—Mr. Pett Ridge, ladies and gentlemen. It is indeed a position of singular difficulty to rise in this place and pay

a tribute to the memory of Charles Dickens. The difficulty is of a kind that arises in the case of no other author, namely, that of choosing between excessive intimacy, excessive detachment, or (and this most difficult of all) a combination of the two.

I was trying to think, as I came along, of a way of expressing this unusual dilemma, and I could only think of one, which was absurd and not altogether courteous, but on the whole, accurate. And that is of a bath with two taps, out of one of which runs water so hot that you cannot get into it yourself, and out of the other so cold that nobody else will get into it ! There is no other way to express an enthusiasm for Dickens except either at a very high temperature or a very low one. I am afraid, ladies and gentlemen, you will have to go through with it, and you shall have the hot tap first and the cold tap second in the best tradition of the Turkish Bath, so that at the end you will emerge, if not refreshed, at any rate, considerably debilitated !

The curious intimacy of Dickens to all of us is, I think, that he is as much a part of memory as any other of the things which in public it is extremely difficult to talk about. In fact, I will even go so far as to say that, if one is to acknowledge the debt to Dickens, one is performing an operation rather parallel to acknowledging the debt to one's mother. His characters are a part of knowledge, they are a part of laughter and sorrow, they are a part of melancholy. They have become words in the English language because they are a part of thousands of English memories. And it is surely this peculiar quality of Dickens that keeps alive so flourishingly this remarkable organisation.

The pathos and the humour of Dickens are above criticism to me, because they were absorbed at a time when pathos and humour could be appreciated without self-consciousness and for their own sake alone. They are above criticism to such an extent that the grumbles and fault-finding of superior people not only do not convince me or move me, but really, have very little meaning. All this is trite enough, I am afraid, but its triteness shows how fundamental is its significance. All the really big sacred things are trite because they are big and sacred ; because they have happened so often to so many people. They have happened to so many people and so often because they are the common things that happen to ordinary people.

For my part, I am not ashamed to admit that parts of Dickens are as closely interwoven with my life as are the various houses that I have lived in ; the various strange and often messy things that I have collected ; and (if I may go so far) the various girls with whom I have been in love. That house, with its half acre of garden, in which with scavenged bricks we proved once for all that two white boys of twelve are equal to a whole tribe of Indians, is (you explain) a very ordinary villa in a suburban road. I do not mind twopence whether it is or not ; it is still the place where were kept all the things we were fond of, where every sort of adventure could befall. You tell me that those stamps we used to barter in the big schoolroom

under the flaring gas on Sunday evenings were only pretty-pretty ones made for ignorant collectors, and with faked cancellation marks. Again I do not mind. They gave us all the thrill of trade, and in addition (without much disrespect to commerce) a greater morality. And the girls? Let them be. They were lovely then; and nobody in my hearing shall say they are not equally lovely now.

And now from sentiment we turn to the cold water of critical detachment. There is a lot that is very interesting in a consideration from the outside of the position and the repute of Dickens, and that without fault-finding. But there is only one point that this evening I should like to stress, because it is a point that, so far as I know, has not really received the attention it deserves. I am reminded of it by seeing once again in some paper that ridiculous phrase, "Dickens and Thackeray." Dickens and Thackeray! Could there be two writers more unlike? And yet in ninety cases out of a hundred, they are used in the same sort of way that we say Salmon and Gluckstein or "Mutt and Jeff." The expression is one form of the English sense of compromise; and it is also a result of that culture which has come in with the spread of the popular newspaper. Perhaps all periods have to be summed up in that way. What two names will be chosen to represent this period? Lloyd George and Sir Alfred Mond? Lenglen and Wills? Next week it will be somebody else.

Now there are many to whom Dickens and Thackeray mean equally little, but many also to whom Dickens and Thackeray mean much and differently. Can one find a sort of under-parallel between writers? It was this wonder that started me asking myself whether one could find an under-parallel between Dickens and any other writer of his time. I am not trying to equalise Dickens with any other writer, but I am only going to suggest that there is a basic purpose common to Dickens and to one other writer. I am going to suggest to you that some such similarity of purpose can be found between Dickens and Anthony Trollope. Just listen to this: "It is remarkable, in spite of his art and simplicity and openness of heart, how insensible — was to the greater themes of the human imagination, to general science, politics and art. Properly speaking, he had no ideas on any of these subjects. What he had was a sympathetic participation in the daily life of mankind."

Some of you will probably recognise where that comes from. The others I ask to guess whether it is about Dickens or about Trollope. It applies equally well to both of them, yet was in fact written by Santayana in praise of Dickens. I have observed in Dickens qualities which I have never come across in any other writer except Trollope; their similar sympathy with ordinary things, and their common avoidance of philosophical idea is an interesting link between the two. And there is another link, namely, their importance as mirrors, not of the same, but of consecutive social periods. I do not think it is disloyalty to Dickens to say that after 1850 he lost

his universality. After *David Copperfield* (with the one amazing exception of *Our Mutual Friend*) his books are written as by a man belonging to an earlier time.

Similarly, after 1875, when comes the assertion of the æsthetic movement and the fading of Victorianism, Trollope reads old-fashioned and out of date. It is thus with all big human writers. They reflect their own period; but if they live beyond that period they become—not necessarily lesser writers or less human—but somehow old-fashioned. I was very struck in reading Mr. Hayward's interesting book, "The Days of Dickens," to notice that his title is much less applicable to the passages dealing with the days *after* the Great Exhibition than those *before* it. The whole air and style of London life changed so utterly after 1850. The fifties, although they were the days of Dickens in the sense that Dickens was still alive, were not essentially Dickensian days as were the forties; for of the forties (as we know them) Dickens was not only the interpreter, but almost the creator.

If you read Dickens and Trollope through, you get a sense of England from 1835 to 1875 without a break, and that is a very remarkable thing. You do not get quite the same aspects of it; but you come to *know* it, familiarly and right through.

So much for similarities. But even in their differences these two authors make a parallel. Dickens is, on the whole, "up against" established society; he throws his types against it, hoping that he will chip bits off the fortress of cruelty or injustice in whatever fortress he may be attacking. Trollope does not do that. Trollope is steeped in society; and he does not throw types against it, but imposes it on his types, noting amusedly the mould they take from it. Dickens resents a social structure; Trollope resents the crank who cannot adjust himself to a social structure. It is rubbish to blame Dickens for exaggeration, or Trollope for triviality; Dickens is expressing period types in terms of the comic element in human life, while Trollope is expressing the period dilemmas of humanity.

Ladies and gentlemen, I leave this suggestion in your hands to be rejected or developed as you see fit. Not very long ago, at a Club mentioned by Mr. Pett Ridge—at the Titmarsh Club—I had to speak of Trollope and Thackeray because they were friends. The popular press speaks of "Dickens and Thackeray" because (presumably) they were rivals. I would ask you to think of Dickens and Trollope because they were successors.

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHORP followed, with an interesting account of Dickens's connection with the stage, and the many adaptations of the novels in which his father, John Clayton, had appeared.

SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, Bt., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B., proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was received with acclamation, to which Mr. Pett Ridge responded, and so ended a very successful celebration to which music and other items were provided by Miss Doris Smerdon, The Hope Havart Duo, Mr. Frederick Lake, and Mr. Frank Staff. It was a pleasure to see Mr. T. W. Hill once again officiating as accompanist.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

By W. LAURENCE GADD

III.—THE BEACON AND THE GIBBET

IN the first chapter of *Great Expectations*, Dickens described the Beacon and the Gibbet as the only objects in all the prospect which seemed to stand upright. The beacon—an ugly thing when you were near it—was like an unhooped cask on a pole.

In effect, it was an elevated iron cage, designed to contain a bon-fire—probably of tarred tow—in early times used as an alarm signal, but later, as a navigation mark; and many of them remained on the lower reaches of the Thames in Dickens's day.

According to Hasted's "History of Kent," the first of these beacons was put up by command of Richard the Second, *circa* 1377, "that by the firing of them notice might be given of any sudden attempt by the enemy." One was erected at Cliffe, and another at East Tilbury. Hasted does not say exactly where the Cliffe beacon stood, but as he states the two were "opposite each other," there is little doubt that it was at the mouth of Cliffe Creek, at which place successive beacons have existed from very early times.

I have no definite evidence that this beacon was of the iron-cage type when Dickens knew it, although most probably it was. There have been beacons on the spot for very many years, as witnessed by all the old maps and charts of the river which I have been able to find, but the evidence based on human memory or hearsay is rather conflicting, and therefore unreliable.

The present beacon at Cliffe Creek is merely a large wooden disc, mounted on a tall upright, and is used to mark the measured mile for shipping. Quite close to it is another gaunt navigation mark, which in imagination, might easily stand for the gibbet.

The second mark for the measured mile is an iron beacon at Lower Hope Point, but I think this is more recent than 1860. An older one, somewhere about there, was once described to me by a pilot, who had spent his whole life on the river since 1857, as like a large iron basket on a pole.

It is possible that there was a beacon of this character, at each of the two points mentioned, and also possible, of course, that Dickens moved one of them to suit his story; but from his own descriptions it is quite clear that the beacon of *Great Expectations* was near the old Battery, and at the mouth of Cliffe Creek. In chapter 5, for instance, Pip says, "Under the low red glare of the sunset, the beacon, the gibbet, the mound of the battery, and the opposite shore of the river, were plainly to be seen, though of a watery lead colour." Anyone who has been on the marshes, in the wind and rain, during the winter months, will agree that this description indicates the beacon at Cliffe Creek, on the site of Richard the Second's original fire signal.

The beacon could not possibly be seen from Cooling, as, apart from the great distance (4 miles), the higher ground, on which the village

of Cliffe stands, intervenes ; but, before the cement works were built in 1863, it would have been a conspicuous object, seen across the marsh from Lower Higham Churchyard.

An old beacon of the kind Dickens had in mind is still to be seen at West Thurrock, on the Essex side of the river, and this, perhaps, gives the best idea, now obtainable, of what Pip called an unhooped cask on a pole, although the "cask" has been replaced by a skeleton ball.

So far as I can ascertain, there never was a gibbet on the Cliffe or Cooling marshes in Dickens's time. In 1858, I believe there was one on the marsh at Woolwich, and there is some evidence that there was another between Gravesend and Northfleet. Mr. Harris also says there were gibbets "which had contained the bodies of pirates" on the Medway marshes above Upnor Castle. It is probable that Dickens imported into his picture of the Thames marshes the gibbet from opposite Chatham Dockyard. No doubt he had seen it, as a boy, and the impression of its grimness remained with him when writing *Great Expectations*.



BEACON, AT WEST THURROCK,
ESSEX MARSHES

IV.—THE OLD BATTERY

At the time *Great Expectations* was written there was an old earthwork, close to Lower Hope Point, on the Thames marshes. It is marked on the Ordnance maps of 1862 as "Old Battery (disused)," and is still remembered in Cliffe as a few mounds of grass-grown earth inside the mud sea-wall, and surrounded by a moat.

This earthwork was further east than the present Hope battery, which was erected in 1902, and has also been disused for a number of years.

The present Cliffe fort, at the mouth of Higham Creek, and close to the site of Richard the Second's original fire-beacon, was not built until nine or ten years after *Great Expectations* was written ; but there had been a battery at or near this place from very early times. The three forts, Cliffe, Shornemead, and Coalhouse, are arranged at the points of a triangle, and their sites have been used for batteries or bulwarks from the days of the Tudors. In his history of Kent,

Hasted records that there was a bulwark at Higham, in charge of a captain and soldiers, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and this may have been the one at Higham Creek.

On the guard room wall, inside Cliffe fort, there is an official tablet which reads as follows:—

CLIFFE FORT

Date.

HISTORY

1539—A Bulwark and Blockhouse built near here by Henry VIII.

1553—Blockhouse, "Discharged."

1869—Cliffe Fort built by Gordon of Khartoum.

From 1553 to 1869 is a long gap, and there is no precise evidence that any part of Henry the Eighth's old bulwark remained in existence in Dickens's time. The original plans of the present fort, dated 1863, which I have been permitted to examine, show extensive pieces of masonry walls marked "old work to be demolished," but whether this old work was part of the ancient bulwark, or something else, I have not been able to ascertain. A resident of Gravesend, who worked under General Gordon, R.E., in his early youth, thinks it was at Cliffe fort he saw the remains of an old battery blown up with gun-powder in 1869; but, after the lapse of more than half a century, he is not certain whether it was there, or at Shornmead, that he saw this demolition.

Therefore, all that can be said with certainty is that there was an old battery at Lower Hope Point when Dickens lived at Gad's Hill, and there may also have been some traces of the old bulwark at Higham Creek.

The old battery at Lower Hope Point was $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles as the crow flies from Lower Higham Church, and about 3 from Cooling. The actual walking distances were considerably more, owing to the devious windings of the ill-defined tracks which meander over the marshes to avoid the numerous wide and deep ditches.

The site of the old bulwark at Higham Creek, being on the level of the sea-wall, commands wide views of the river, and is about 4 miles west of Cooling, beyond Cliffe village; but only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles or less north of Lower Higham Church, from which there is a fairly direct path across the marsh to the fort. In daylight, and under moderately dry conditions, it is possible to cover the distance in about half an hour at ordinary walking pace.

To agree with the book descriptions in relation to the positions of the hulk, the beacon, the church, and other features, the old battery ought to be at Higham Creek; and I think it is clear, particularly from Chapter 5, that Dickens placed it on this spot in his mental grouping of the various features of the marsh country. With the beacon slightly to the right of it, the mound of the battery would have been plainly visible, on the sky-line, from Lower Higham Churchyard, whilst the battery at Lower Hope Point would not. Neither of them could have been seen from Cooling.

It is quite possible that Dickens was aware of the existence of an

earlier battery at Higham Creek, and utilised it in his story. It is equally possible that he had in mind the earthwork at Lower Hope Point, but placed it where Henry the Eighth's old bulwark had been to suit his own purpose. At all events I think it is quite clear from the book itself that the latter is the spot where Pip and Joe pursued their studies in the pleasant summer weather.

AN IMPORTANT SALE OF DICKENS MANUSCRIPTS

By ALBERT A. HOPKINS

THE Newbury Frost Read Sale occurred on December 8th at the Anderson Galleries, New York, and the total value realised by the 178 items was \$17,942. This collection was known to few outside Mr. Read's friends, although he was always ready to exhibit his treasures at the meetings of the New York Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. It was the writer's privilege to have been able to examine every item in detail, and the collection bulks large. It will be a long time before so many Dickens manuscripts come on the market again. The most valuable item, bringing \$3,900, was the original manuscript of *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners and their Treasures in Women, Children, Silver and Jewels*. Chapters I. and III. are in the handwriting of Dickens, Chapter II. in the handwriting of Wilkie Collins; 51 pages are by Dickens, and 39 by Collins. The title page is in Dickens's autograph. Several letters are included, endorsing one from Dickens giving the MS. to Collins. This is one of the finest manuscripts out of a museum or the Morgan collection. The price was low for such an upstanding item.

A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree brought \$1,750, and with good reason, for ten pages of the original manuscript in Dickens's autograph are included, putting away for ever the supposition that the pamphlet was the work of Wills.

The original draft for the title-page for the first octavo edition of *Oliver Twist*, in the autograph of Charles Dickens, brought \$1,100. The volume also contained an autograph description of the woodcuts Dickens desired Cruikshank to draw for the cover. There was also the pencil sketch "Oliver asks for more," and a wash sketch "The Recovery of Nancy," and other pieces.

The original contract for *Our Mutual Friend* brought \$600, while a copy of the book with Marcus Stone's original illustrations fetched only \$390, an absurdly low price even if the illustrations are not much good. The first page of Act I., Scene II., of "O'Thello" brought \$625, and was a lovely item, while the manuscript of the Prologue to "The Patrician's Daughter" fetched only \$420 for the 48 hexameters.

Sunday under Three Heads brought \$230. *Oliver Twist*, second issue, with an inscription to Talfourd, brought \$975. A fine *Martin Chuzzlewit*, with four of the original drawings, tipped the scale at only \$130. A set of the *Christmas Books* brought \$130, a very reasonable price for a nice set. "Drooping Buds," probably the only known copy, sold for \$185.

"The Great International Walking Match of February 29th, 1868," was an excessively rare item, and there never could have been more than five copies. Signed by Charles Dickens ("The Gad's Hill Gasper"); George Dolby ("The Man of Ross"); James R. Asgood ("The Boston Bantam"); James T. Fields and A. V. S. Anthony. It is in the form of a broadside $19\frac{3}{4}$ by $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It fetched \$530.

No. *Price 1:0*

The Adventures of
Oliver Twist

By
Charles Dickens

Illustrated by
Sir J. G. Smith
New Edition
revised and corrected
to be completed in ten numbers.

Anthony and Evans *[Printed by Whittier]*
London, New York & Paris Fleet Street.

Original Draft for Title Page of *Oliver Twist* in Monthly Parts,
sold for \$1100

The original page proofs of pp. 161-208 of the cheap edition of the *Christmas Books* has errors and changes and running heads in Dickens's blue ink, so that it is little wonder it brought \$375. An interesting letter relating to Mary Hogarth, written to Mrs. Hogarth, was a rare gem, and brought \$400. An unpublished set of drawings by "Phiz" brought \$500. The reader will weary if we go to the more usual items. There were Dickens items sold, not in the Read collection, which

brought astonishing prices. Seymour's drawing, "Mr. Pickwick in chase of his hat," brought \$555. "Mr. Winkle soothes the refractory steed," \$575; "The Dying Clown," \$450. Browne's original wash drawing, "First appearance of Sam Weller," sold for \$775; "Mrs. Bardell Faints," sold for \$450; and "Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy dress Dejeuner," with Dickens's criticisms in the margin, fetched the enor-

Prologus.

No tale of streaming plumes and haraeon bright
 Swirls on the Teet's maiden song & night;
 No trumpet's clangor and no battle's fire
 Breath'd in the humming accents of his lyre;
 Enough for him if in his lowly strains
 We wake one household echo, not in vain;
 Enough for him, if in his boldest word,
 The waking heart of MAN be truly heard.

That solemn music, which like chords that ring
Through charmed gardens all who hearing, die;
That solemn music he does not pursue
To distant ages out of human view

He listen to its wild and mournful chime
In the dark caverns on the shore of Time;

But musing with a calm and steady gait
Before the crackling flame of living days

He heard it whisper through the ~~but~~ ^{then} roar:
of what shall be, and what has ~~been~~ ^{been} before

Summe the Present! Shall no scene display
The tragic passion of the parting day?

So it with man, as with some meaner things,
That out of breath his night he lies,

that out of death, his single purpose springs
 gave his eventful life no moral teaching
^{unless} ~~unless~~ he had to give his life to it.

obscurely shall he suffer, act, and fade:

Outbid noble, only by the Saxon's shade?
Awake the Present! ~~Awake~~ The steel-clad age

Swiss life, alone within the storied past

M.S. of Prologue to "The Patrician's Daughter"

mous sum of \$2,500. John Leech's pencil and water colour drawing for "Scrooge's Third Visitor" sold for \$975, and "Mr. Fezziwig's Ball" was knocked down for \$400. Browne's original wash drawing, "Mr. Winkle's situation when the door blew to," sold for an enormous price, \$2,250. It contained valuable MS. notes by Dickens in the margin. There were other drawings sold for smaller prices. Altogether a most remarkable and unheralded sale. It will be years before similar offerings come into the market.

JOHN M. PATTERSON

By J. K. THOMPSON

IN the death of former Judge John M. Patterson another devoted Dickensian passes on. For seventeen years he had served as an officer of the Philadelphia Branch, during eleven of which he was President. He joined the Branch a few months after its organisation, and at once began to exert an interest in its affairs which continued unabated until his death. Born in Philadelphia, March 4th, 1874,

he was educated in private schools and at the University of Pennsylvania. Early in his legal career he became active in local politics. He was first appointed an Assistant City Solicitor, then Assistant District Attorney, and finally to a seat on the Common Pleas Bench. He served as Judge for nine years, when he resigned about four years ago and resumed private practice. During the Spanish-American war he was a captain in the state militia, but his regiment did not get into action. In 1917 he offered his services to Colonel Roosevelt, who wished to form a legion for overseas duty, but was refused permission to join up by President Wilson.

It is, however, Judge Patterson's activities as a Dickensian that we wish here to present. Shortly after joining the Branch

he read a paper on the "Law and Lawyers of Dickens." He was then known to very few members, but his engaging manner, his attractive presence, his charming voice, all appealed to his hearers and made them friends at once. At the following meeting he was elected a Vice-President to fill a vacancy, and then began his years of enthusiastic service for the Fellowship. He prepared and read many other papers; he impersonated Bill Sikes, Tony Weller, Wilkins Micawber, and other characters in plays and sketches at the Christmas parties; he gave illustrated lectures on Dickens at various clubs and church organisations, and he was ever recruiting the membership and suggesting ways to broaden the influence and helpfulness of the Fellowship. The "Trial of John Jasper," given under the auspices of the Philadelphia Branch in 1914, owed its success to his untiring efforts, and he later edited the volume containing the records of that event.



JOHN M. PATTERSON

(Photo by Ellis, Philadelphia)

No one gave himself more unselfishly to helping others than John M. Patterson. He considered neither colour nor creed. If the cause was right he was willing to give and help unstintedly. If a hospital needed funds, he would head the drive. Did a charity require aid, he would spread its needs. Possessed of a commanding physique, a pleasing and persuasive voice, a keen wit, and unusual powers as a speaker, he was ever in demand on the platform, at dinners and public functions of all sorts, and he rarely appeared on one of these occasions but what he quoted from Dickens, or made some reference to his favourite author's characters. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Charles Dickens, and circumstances enabled him to carry out many of the humanitarian projects advocated by the great Victorian. One society that engaged much of his attention was that for the relief of the families of prisoners. In his appeals for this cause he would stress the fact that a man convicted of crime was provided by the state with board and lodging for the extent of his sentence; but nothing was done for his wife and children, often left penniless and friendless to battle for existence. So agents of this society get in touch with the family of every man convicted of crime in the city courts, and if help is needed, it is quickly given.

In the criminal court at the City Hall, when Judge Patterson went on the bench, there was a relic of less humane days called the cage, a compartment of steel bars in which were placed all those who were to be tried each day, subject to the scrutiny of idle and curious spectators. In addition there was an elevated dock in which the accused individual on trial was placed. Both were removed at his order, and since then the person on trial sits with his counsel, and the others are kept in another room till wanted. For a dozen years past Judge Patterson celebrated his wedding anniversary by giving an outing in the country to poor children, on several occasions the number entertained reaching a thousand. Pages could be written of his many helpful activities easily traced to the influence exerted by the writings of Dickens.

Next to Philadelphia, Judge Patterson loved London. He made many visits there, and he was never so happy as when sauntering through some of its Dickens haunts, or browsing in its book shops, for he was an ardent collector of fine editions. Just before retiring from the bench he sold his large library of Dickensiana, and immediately started to assemble another, and at his death he had one of the most valuable Dickens collections in America. In September he had received the nomination of his party for District Attorney. The election took place on November 3rd. Three days before, Judge Patterson underwent an operation. He rallied at first, but soon grew weaker, and as the votes were being counted—he practically had no opposition—and his election about to be celebrated, his spirit fluttered from its earthly casket. Truly it could be said of him that he was one who loved his fellow-men.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

I do not remember ever to have seen the portrait of a Mr. Mould in any English newspaper or programme; but at a baseball match at St. Louis whenever the game flagged I turned to the score card and found relief in scrutinising the features of no fewer than four professors of the dismal art of interment. I don't say that to English eyes any of them looked the part; but the Americans are more cheerful about dissolution than we.—E. V. Lucas in *Sunday Times*, 27th December, 1925.

* * * * *

Was it in a perambulator that little Nell or little Paul learnt to be so sweet? The children of the golden age of sentiment were all carried. Profound research can discover no reference to a perambulator before 1857.—*Daily Telegraph*, 29th December, 1925.

* * * * *

"Very good orators," as Rosalind says, being "gravelled for lack of matter," resort to strange expedients, among others, to getting their speeches written for them. When Nicholas Nickleby applied for the post of private secretary to the great Mr. Gregsbury he was informed that one of the duties of the post was "to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast."—*Daily Telegraph*, 4th January, 1926.

* * * * *

A touching incident may here be recorded. The crowd was great. There appeared a tiny cripple on the scene. His wan though happy face, and the fact that he was on crutches that appeared almost as big as himself, seemed to seize the imagination of the crowd. There was a general rush to "make room for Tiny Tim," and a burly policeman lifted the little cripple into the hall. Some of the brethren at once took charge of the little fellow, who was the first to enter. Here was, indeed, a Dickens touch. Now the guests, each of whom carried a mug, filed to their allotted places.—*Folkestone Herald*, 9th January, 1926.

* * * * *

Still, no man has a right to spoil good food even for the sake of a joke, and I think it would have been just to punish the hoaxer by compelling him to drink a pint of the mixture that caused such contortions of agony to Uncle Pumblechook.—ROBERT LYND in *Daily News*, 6th January, 1926.

* * * * *

"There are many reasons for encouraging Monomarks. A novelist has only to call his characters BM/X01 or BM/412 to escape the danger of accidental libel which must be risked by the old-fashioned novelist in a country where genuine Winkles and Snodgrasses exist."—J. C. SQUIRE in *Daily News*, 13th January, 1926.

* * * * *

The juryman mentioned that he had a case in his own family lately. Some of them had the mumps—(laughter)—and his son ate tinned sardines and swelled afterwards. (Laughter.)

His Lordship: In *Pickwick Papers* tea produced the "visible swelling." (Laughter).—*Daily News*, 13th January, 1926.

* * * * *

"Another interesting incident Gregory told was that Mr. Bryan

prepared a letter after the first Note was sent to the German Government, to the effect that they should not consider the Note seriously : that it was meant in a ' Pickwickian sense.' ”—Col. HOUSE's Letters, published 1926.

* * * * *

The average capacity of quite ordinary respectable people in Dickens is amazing to our modesty. Mr. Wardle was not tolerable till he had drunk two bottles at least. No wonder if drunken people seemed jolly good fun, since everybody was so merry.—*Daily Telegraph*, 13th February, 1926.

* * * * *

He (Mr. Buxton) is to be the Mr. Jorkins of the party. When angry partisans cry aloud to know why their particular grievance did not set Mr. Ramsay MacDonald roaring like the falls of Clyde, the Leader, in the manner of Mr. Spenslow, will explain that he was thirsting for the fray but the cold restraint of the adviser, that old Liberal, Mr. Jorkins, would not let him draw the claymore.—*Daily Telegraph*, 26th February, 1926.

* * * * *

Mr. Baldwin at the Chequers hunt patting ponies, cuddling the hounds, and handing round stirrup-cups undergoes the metamorphosis from politician to man. There is something sturdily Dickensian about this gaitered, pipe-smoking Premier, which makes one imagine him perfectly at home in Dingley Dell or leading the dance at the Fezziwig's ball.—*Daily News*, 15th February, 1926.

* * * * *

However odd the name you invent, somebody—not in the telephone book—will be sure to own it and claim it and make a fuss about it. And undoubtedly to one named Heep, and also baptised Uriah, *David Copperfield* must seem a horrid, malicious story.

But before he gets damages Uriah ought to be required to prove that Dickens did it on purpose.—*Daily Mirror*, 17th February, 1926.

* * * * *

It is a deplorable fact that in all generations a certain very limited minority of young women do go to what Mr. Mantilini used to call “ the demnition little bow wows.”—*Daily News*, 19th February, 1926.

* * * * *

From Indianapolis comes the story of a man who, though of course he forgot to post his wife's letter, remembered it later, and made hasty and furtive amends. The letter was an entry for a competition, and his wife won the prize—which sufficed to take both him and her on a trip abroad !

What a lesson for husbands is here ! And what a handle for the wife against her irresponsible spouse ! Useless for him to protest remorse ; useless to threaten with Mr. Mantalini : “ I will fill my pockets with change for a sovereign in halfpence and drown myself in the Thames ; but I will not be angry with her even then, for I will put a note in the twopenny post as I go along, to tell her where the body is.” “ Ah,” she will reply, “ but if you had put that entry for the Bovrax cross word puzzle in the three-halfpenny post you could have had change for £5000 in halfpence to drown yourself with.” A difficult world for husbands at the best of times ; but when their wives' letters may be so well worth posting, how impossible !—*Sunday Times*, 27th December, 1925.

THE JEW IN DICKENS

MR. M. J. LANDA, in the course of his most interesting book, "The Jew in Drama," published by P. S. King and Sons, Ltd., claims to have traced the original of Fagin, not as a living personage, but as a stage character, one, Barney Fence, in a melodrama entitled "Van Diemen's Land," produced in 1830. He admits that this character was acted as a "conventional stage Jew." The first point, however, does not seem important: no one claims that Dickens delineated character with portrait-like accuracy; indeed, any such claim would detract from, rather than enhance, his reputation as a creator. What, however, is of consequence is the allegation that Dickens, by creating Fagin, unwittingly indited a whole people, for owing to the conditions then existing, any personification of the evil or the grotesque, in a Jew, when impressed with the stamp of Dickens's genius, was bound to react on popular opinion already prejudiced against the race. That Dickens realised this when his attention was drawn to it by Mrs. Eliza Davis, is shewn by his reply to that lady, and by his subsequent creation of Riah in *Our Mutual Friend*; but, as Mr. Landa says, this personage remains unconvincing and "languishes in obscurity." This correspondence is included in "The Letters of Charles Dickens," Vol. II. (1880), and was not first published in Mr. Cumberland Clark's brochure (1918) as Mr. Landa erroneously infers.

The author states that it was Dickens who, in *Great Expectations* (1861), first handicapped a Jew with a lisp, although no more a characteristic of a Jew than of an Englishman, or a Scot, and also refers to Thackeray, who provides young Moss in "The Doocobs" (1854) with a perpetual cold in the head: but he is in error in stating that Dickens was influenced by his brother novelist, for in *Oliver Twist* (1838) we have Barney at "The Three Cripples" suffering from a similar impediment. Moreover, earlier on (in 1836), a character in a London farce is referred to as using the expression "Ma tear," all of which tends to prove that the Jew on the stage and in literature was normally regarded, from the time of Shakespeare, if not earlier, as a subject for caricature, a tradition which has continued through the days of the Adelphi and Drury Lane melodrama right down to the modern variety show. Whether this prejudice was just is not a matter for controversy in these pages.

That it was far from Dickens's intentions to vilify a whole people, any more than he intended to suggest that all "Christians" with wooden legs were grasping rascals, or that all burglars wore velvet jackets, kept bulldogs, and slew their mistresses, Mr. Landa freely admits, but he deplures, possibly with some reason, the damage which he asserts was done by Dickens in creating in his most powerful and most frequently dramatised novel so vivid and vile a personality.

A.E.B.C.

THE HISTORY OF "THE DICKENSIAN"

By J. W. T. LEY

(Continued from page 22)

VI.

This is perhaps the place to say just another word about the editorship. If Kitton had lived he would have had that position; no question upon that score could possibly have arisen. His was the idea, and he was the outstanding authority on Dickens. What the history of *The Dickensian* would have been if he had lived is, I suppose, a useless speculation. I knew him very slightly indeed, and so write of him with diffidence. But I do, of course, know what he did in the matter of Dickens lore, and I had personal experience of the spontaneously generous way in which he would place his knowledge, his experience, and his influence at the disposal of any man to whom they could be of service. Mr. Hopkins, in his article two years ago, described Kitton's death as an irreparable loss. I hope I run no risk of being misunderstood if I say that I have doubts so far as *The Dickensian* is concerned. He would have put all his knowledge of, and love for, Dickens, and all his enthusiasm into the magazine, but I have often wondered whether his was quite the mentality that would have made for the popularity of such a production. I say it in no sense of disparagement, but Kitton's was a somewhat Gradgrindish mentality. He was a worker in research rather than a "literary bloke." His "Life of Dickens," for example, might have been converted easily into a few dozen footnotes to Forster's book. There never has been any real room for another "Life of Dickens" since Forster fulfilled his task. All that is wanted is an annotated edition of that book, which is possible now, thanks to Kitton and Matz, and—but who else is there?

Kitton lacked the imaginative gifts that Matz did certainly possess. He was somewhat pedestrian. I cannot resist the conviction that with him as Editor the appeal of *The Dickensian* would have been infinitely more circumscribed than it has been. He was little apt to regard the facts that he unearthed from their illuminative value; rarely did they open fresh imaginative windows for him. It is at least probable that under his guidance this magazine would have tended to shape itself rather as a compendium of Dickensian facts than as a magazine insisting always before all else upon the human interest in the novelist and his work. Thus its appeal would have been much more limited in scope, and consequently its chance of success very much reduced. I believe the Council, more or less subconsciously, felt this in September, 1904, and they never had any sort of anxiety on the score of the editorship. They turned to Matz by sheer instinct, and even before my election to the Council I knew that everybody was perfectly satisfied that there was only one possible man for the job. But he was by no means so sure of himself as we all were of him. He was extraordinarily diffident in those days. I recall his first speech—in September, 1905. It was at a dinner, and I insisted on his name being coupled with mine

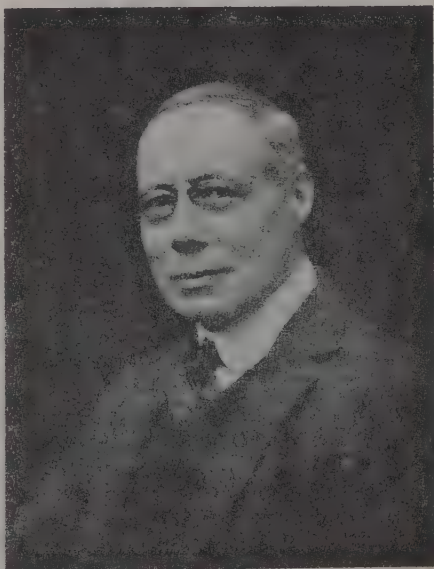
to respond to the toast of the Fellowship. Before the dinner, and during the dinner, he pleaded with me to ask the chairman not to call upon him ! A year later he undertook his first lecture. It was at Reading, and at five o'clock in the afternoon he came to headquarters and begged Marriott and me to go with him and stick close to him during the lecture. We went ! I mention these two incidents as showing how diffident he was in those early days. This accounts for the fact that when Kitton's name was deleted from the "dummy," Robert Allbut's name was substituted as joint editor. I do not think this idea was ever seriously contemplated, however : it was just Matz's diffidence. Allbut even then was an old man—old in point of years, and his years had taken full toll on his body. His name ought never to be forgotten by Dickensians—Fitzgerald, Kitton, Matz, Allbut—these are the names of the four great Dickensian pioneers—and his personality will always remain a rich and sweet remembrance with all who knew him ; but certainly not at this time could he have been equal to such a work. I doubt if he would have been suitable for it at any time, for where Dickens was concerned, at any rate, he had a curiously uncritical mind.

VII.

The first number appeared in January, 1905. The final decision not having been reached until the middle of December, it was impossible to get going by the 1st of January, and this first number was not on sale until nearly the end of the month. I remember very well Matz climbing to my room at the "Easy Chair" office in Fleet Street one Saturday just before one o'clock. One never saw Matz without a bundle of papers or a book or two that he was subscribing under his arm. On this occasion his parcel consisted of the galley proofs of the matter for the first number of *The Dickensian*. He had them in triplicate, and he had, too, some "dummies." And there, when the office was deserted that Saturday afternoon, we arranged the "make up," cut up the proofs and pasted them into a "dummy," and put everything in final order for the printers. After that we went to a Lyons tea shop and spent an hour or so there going through manuscripts with a view to selection for the second number. Because Matz was determined to overtake time, and to establish the publication for the first of the month. He succeeded in doing this with the March number.

Speaking from memory, I believe 2000 copies were ordered of the first number, which was printed on a good stout "surface" paper, and wired. Though we had only 250 promises to buy, we, of course, had to print the larger number for several obvious reasons. The most sanguine among us was astonished when the whole of the 2000 copies were sold by the end of a week, and a reprint of half that quantity had to be ordered. This reprint was sewn instead of wired, and that is how the two impressions of No. 1 may be distinguished by the collector. An American edition of 1000 copies, bearing the imprint of Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. with their own special

advertisements in lieu of those appearing in the English edition, was also printed. Of course, there was no need to print so many in February, but from the very beginning steady subscribers were secured, and from then till now I believe the circulation of *The Dickensian* has hardly fluctuated. It was realised in the prenatal period, as soon as printers' estimates had been received, that 2/6 would not be a sufficient post free subscription, and so the figure was raised to 3/-. It may as well be acknowledged that between 1905 and 1908 we had some financial anxiety, but it was never of a kind to create any question in anybody's mind as to the success of the magazine. These anxieties arose out of minor matters, largely administrative. In fact it is hardly correct to speak of anxieties at all. But obviously we had cut the subscription very fine, and it was necessary from time to time to effect adjustments that eased things somewhat. As, for instance, it will be noted by those who possess the earlier volumes, that they are rather more bulky than the later ones. The explanation is quite simple; a lighter paper began to be used in 1909. The reason for this was not the one that most readily will spring to mind. We saved very little indeed on the cost of printing. What we did save on was postage. Printed on the stouter



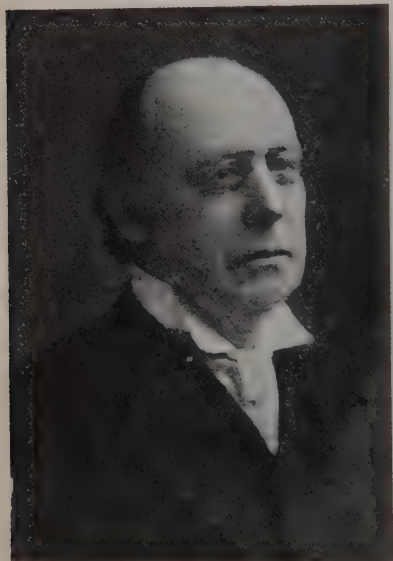
MR. J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A.

paper a copy of the magazine just exceeded the halfpenny post limit; printed on the lighter paper it was within the limit, and that made a difference of £9 on the year's postage account. This may seem a trifling matter to record here, but it is of interest as showing how carefully we had to cut our cloth in those days. Printers were changed once or twice, too, but there can be no sort of interest in that, beyond saying that the original printers were Messrs. William Brendon and Sons, of Plymouth.

VIII.

I left London in the spring of 1909, and since then, of course, I have no inner knowledge. On the other hand, I was in constant touch with Matz right down to three weeks before his death, when he wrote me a letter in pencil, asking me for suggestions for the coming of age

number, and—I record it not out of egotism, but simply as justification for my presuming to write of those years—he wrote to me fully and consulted me in regard to every change and every special feature. When the war came he had a very anxious time. Not at first, but the cost of production rose gradually, and the margin all through the war period was narrow. Then, as the war approached its end, the paper shortage grew acute, to become so grave in 1919 as to threaten the very existence of many newspapers and magazines. It was then that



Photo]

[Elliott & Fry

THE LATE S. J. ADAIR FITZGERALD

it became urgently necessary to take serious stock of the situation and the way out of the difficulty was found in converting *The Dickensian* into a quarterly magazine. It is a fact that for a spell Matz was very worried, indeed; at one time he wrote to me in despair, gravely fearing that it might become necessary to suspend publication. Not that the magazine had lost anything of its popularity; no publication ever had a more stable circulation: the trouble arose purely out of the paper shortage and the greatly increased cost of production. But the way out was found, and in January, 1919, *The Dickensian* became a quarterly magazine. So it has remained ever since, on the whole, I think, to its advantage. I confess that I did not like the change at first; but the editor can do better justice to himself,

to his contributors and to his readers in a quarterly magazine of 64 pages than in a monthly of 28 pages.

At the end of the first year it was found that the success of the magazine had been beyond the most sanguine expectations. The balance sheet showed a good profit, and it was felt by the Council that some recognition ought to be made of the very obvious fact that this success was due almost exclusively to Matz. Therefore, it was decided to expend a percentage of the profit on purchasing for him something that he really needed. A roll top desk was purchased and inscribed, and sent to his home at Hosack Road, and there, in that den of his (I mean the first one, not the later one up the extra flight of stairs above the ceiling) we held a special Council meeting one Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Matz's invitation, and formal presentation was made. At that desk Matz did most of his editorial work for the succeeding twenty years.

I have spoken of the change from monthly to quarterly publication. There is another important change that must be recorded. From January, 1905, until April, 1921, Messrs. Chapman and Hall acted as the publishers of *The Dickensian*. But with the July issue Mr. Cecil Palmer became the publisher, and so he remains to-day. It ought in this place to be put on record that this change involved no alteration at all in the very friendly relations which always had existed, and still exist, between the Fellowship and Messrs. Chapman and Hall. There had been no friction, no misunderstanding; nothing at all had occurred in the least degree unpleasant. What had happened was that Matz had severed his forty years association with the firm, and entered into partnership with Mr. Cecil Palmer, and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should take his own pet child with him. That is all.

Now there is another matter of real interest that perhaps I should have dealt with before. I mean the cover design of *The Dickensian*. To the first "dummy" there had been no cover; the cover of the second "dummy" had borne a portrait of the novelist. When we had finally decided to establish the magazine, a better idea occurred to Matz. Why not have a different cover design every month? One of the members

of the Council suggested that the original *Pickwick* cover design might be used, but Matz proposed going one better than that, and using in rotation the cover designs of the novels as they originally appeared in parts. There were thirteen such designs; the thirteenth could be used as a frontispiece to the volume. That idea was adopted, and it proved very popular. That led, at the end of the year, to another idea—Matz's again. Binding cases were to be prepared: why not make them big enough to enable the covers to be bound up at the end of the volume? It would be of interest to everybody who had any sort of interest in Dickens, and it would be of value to the collector. The idea was adopted. In the following year the wrapper bore facsimiles of the cover designs by "Phiz" for the "People's Edition" of Dickens's novels. Each year for several volumes the series was varied—cover designs for or frontispieces to the historical editions of Dickens being used. For two years the cover



MR. T. P. COOPER

bore every month a different portrait of the novelist, and after that for three years a picture of a house in which he lived. In 1919, when the magazine was converted into a quarterly, however, the practice was abandoned, and a permanent distinctive design was adopted. But the practice of binding up the covers in the annual volume was wisely adhered to. Nay, it was carried further. There were four covers instead of twelve, but, in order that the volumes might remain of uniform thickness, the advertising pages at front and end of each

number were bound up as well. Thus the volume is absolutely complete. We know how much the value of an original edition of any of Dickens's novels is enhanced if the advertising pages are retained. Future collectors will have *The Dickensian* absolutely complete, lacking nothing whatsoever.

Now a word as to contributors. For the first number Matz himself wrote the Foreword and the "When Found——" notes. Percy Fitzgerald contributed an article on "Scott and Dickens," and Mr. Waugh an "In Memoriam" of Kitton. I reviewed Mrs. Baillie Saunders's "The Philosophy of Dickens" and the same author's "Great Folk of Old Marylebone," as well as contributing the "Calendar of Dickens Quotations." The famous verse about "Who the *dickens* 'Boz' could be" was reprinted, and so were T. N.



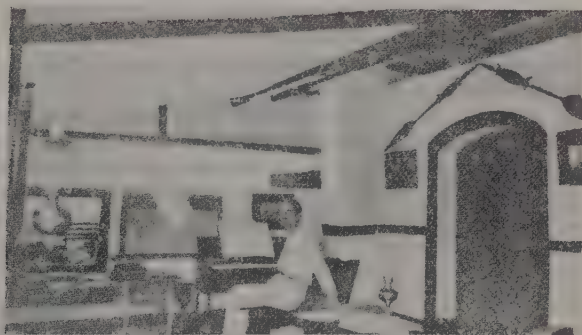
MR. A. W. EDWARDS

Hon. Secretary of The Dickens Fellowship

Talfourd's lines on *Oliver Twist*, the latter being given as the first of a series of "Poetical Tributes to Charles Dickens," which was continued for many years. The reprint of the 1837 review occupied five pages, and the remainder of the issue was taken up with branch reports and a report of a dinner of the Pickwick Club at Durban, with, of course, the "Diary of Dickens Meetings" and "Dickensiana Month by Month."

In April, 1905, Mr. J. Cuming Walters first appeared as a contributor, and the maintenance of his association with the magazine has been always appreciated by readers. Another who has been an occasional—too occasional—contributor through the twenty-one years, made his first bow in May. I refer to Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore. In July appeared the first of a series of essays of peculiar charm from the pen of Mr. Leicester Romaine. He continued to contribute for some

time, but for a good many years now has completely dropped out, I do not know why. Mr. Walter Crotch wrote a couple of articles this year, too, and in September, Mr. George F. Gadd opened a series of articles in which he reviewed the many solutions to *Edwin Drood*. That problem has had its place in every volume since. Mr. Walter Dexter, Matz's successor in the editorship, made his first appearance in July with an article on "Rose Maylie's House at Chertsey." But, of course, one cannot attempt to go through the list of contributors. There have been hundreds. Matz was never at a loss. Not only was he kept supplied with a sufficiency of matter to fill the magazine, but he always had half a dozen friends to whom he could turn for special articles on particular phases of Dickens that he needed from time to time. In the beginning there were Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. Cuming Walters, the late Snowden Ward, Mr. Walter



OUR CONTRIBUTOR, MR. J. M. STUART YOUNG
AT HOME AT ONITSHA, NIGERIA

Dexter, Mr. William Miller, Mr. T. W. Tyrrell and myself. Later came the late Willoughby Matchett—a wonderful enthusiast who could write interestingly on any phase—and later again came Mr. T. P. Cooper, the late Wilmott Corfield, Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, one of the most valued of his contributors and personal friends; Mr. Percy T. Carden, Mr. J. H. McNulty, the late John Suddaby, Mr. T. W. Hill, the late Wm. Glyde Wilkins, and the late S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald—I mention a few names as they occur to me with no thought of attempting a complete list, and certainly with no remote thoughts of being invidious. I am speaking now of friends in constant touch with Matz to whom he could turn for help at any time, assured that it could be gladly given. And in this connection Mr. Tyrrell's ever-readiness to place his unique collection of photographs at his disposal was of continual help.

In addition, many of the most distinguished writers of the day have contributed to *The Dickensian*. Little purpose would be served in giving a list that could not be complete.

And what I mean to say is that this capacity for making friends

was no less surely an asset to Matz in his editorship of this magazine than his knowledge of Dickens and his native aptitude. He never asked for help in vain, and I believe that very largely to this capacity for friendship that he possessed in so high a degree have we owed the maintenance of the high standard through so many years.

Now *The Dickensian* enters upon the sea of maturity with a fresh hand on the helm. Mr. Walter Dexter cannot but be conscious that to follow Matz at any time would have been a difficult task, but to take his place after all these years when the whole personality of the magazine, as it were, has been fully developed, must greatly increase that difficulty. But he will have the same friends round him, and he has the same enthusiasm, and a knowledge of Dickens that is not rivalled by many. It must be admitted that the success of *The Dickensian* has been one of the most remarkable facts in the history of periodical literature. It is the only case of a magazine devoted exclusively to the life and writings of one author achieving a popular success. By popular success I mean that it has been a genuine revenue-earning proposition with a constant appeal to the wide public—to the man in the street—with a bookstall sale, if one may put it that way. Mr. Dexter (I write now in fear of the blue pencil !) has served an apprenticeship, so to speak, and qualified himself for this new task. His devotion to Dickens and to the Fellowship he has proved through twenty years; his knowledge of Dickens and the novels he has demonstrated in three standard books and in hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles. His capacity for rallying willing friends round him is well known to many of us. In his hands *The Dickensian* will maintain all its prosperity; of that we may be perfectly certain. No doubt we shall presently see signs of a different hand upon its pages, for Mr. Dexter is a man of ideas, no slave to established conventions. On the other hand he is no iconoclast, and we shall find the magazine, under his guidance, keeping well abreast of later ideas, but holding fast to that which is good none the less. I have only to say that he undertakes these duties with no heartier good wishes than mine.

Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross has supplied me with the following supplementary notes.—THE EDITOR.

In December, 1916, the Editor announced the intention of raising the price to 4d. instead of 3d., at which it had remained since its commencement. He said in "When Found—" that "the alternative to the course we are now taking is the discontinuance of the magazine until the times revert to more normal conditions." The price was, therefore, 4d. a month during 1917 and 1918.

In December, 1918, the Editor announced that *The Dickensian* would be published quarterly instead of monthly; that it would be increased to 64 pages, be printed on superior paper; and that the price would be 4s. 6d. per annum as hitherto (single numbers 1s.). The Editor stated that this course had been adopted after "careful consideration of the alternative to allowing it (the magazine) to cease

to exist, which the great increase in the cost of printing and paper would otherwise make imperative."

The magazine appeared in its new form in January, 1919.

In the winter of 1918 I met Matz before a Council meeting at Clifford's Inn, and he informed me that *The Dickensian* had reached the end of its tether, and that it was impossible to continue it at its present price of 4d. per number. He did not think it possible to increase the price to one which would be remunerative, and he informed me that his intention was to tell the Council so and reluctantly recommend the magazine's discontinuance. I asked him whether he had ever considered making the magazine a quarterly one. He said he had not, but the idea seemed to promise a solution to him, and he announced that same evening to the Council that a way out of the difficulty had been found. I lent him a copy of a Post Office magazine, "St. Martins le Grand," which had suggested the idea, and the notice in *The Dickensian*, referred to above, was the result.

NAMES IN DICKENS—AND ELSEWHERE

By A. E. BROOKES CROSS

IN an address on "Dickens's Note Book," given by Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., during the winter, he entertained his audience by reading from a list of names recorded by Dickens as, it is supposed, he came across them in his daily life. Many of these names Dickens utilised in their virgin state, and a few, with some minor alterations, as for instance the Dumblehook of actuality becoming the Pumblehook of fiction. The point was made, more in jest than in earnest be it said, that Dickens's faculty for fitting his characters with appropriate names would have evoked even greater admiration had he invented, rather than purloined, them. Leaving this academic point to the polemics of debate, I would ask why the galaxy of extraordinary names used by Dickens should occasion astonishment, except, of course, by their concentration, when a careful scrutiny of any Directory will reward the diligent searcher with a feast of nomenclature redolent of the Comic Spirit, and, let it be added, characteristic of callings, if not—and even in this respect we are at liberty to surmise—of personalities.

In the course of my vocation I have had access to current records of names of citizens, male and female, numbering many thousands, and an associate, possessed of a sense of the grotesque, has jotted down as they came to his notice, actual names which appealed to him as worthy of special preservation. Of these the following is but a selection :—

Gubb	Tottle	Humm	Snoxall
Tumblety	Toozer	Zinzan	Glogg
Twaddley	Tubby	Foggo	Popplewill
Towzell	Muckle	May Buggins	McArce
Twort	Muddle	Bish	Ong
Toffery	Muggleton	Bonkin	Fobbs

Glibbery	Puddiphat	Peapim	Skiggs
Pobjee	Dibble	Lumkin	Stump
Mummery	Dunk	Krinks	Fidoe
Buffery	Guppy	Seragg	Tudge
Bunker	Shuff	Totty	Tagnutt
Bunn	Buncle	Smout	Buffin
Bunny	Poplett	Baltitucle	Rump
Bilkey	Popkiss	Jiggins	Whiskin
Fabb	Squelch	Bonkem	Tutt
Frudd	Swash	Sprinks	Duddles
Fuggle	Snitch	Conkish	Woosey
Fudge	Snudden	Cooze	Chugg
Swogg	Pippen	Todge	Alcamia
Gollop	Cronk	Pozzi	Clappison
Guffog	Wink	Buzza	Woplin
Scrogg	Wegg	Whalebelly	Snook
Squibb	Bugby	Umpleby	Gruff
Noddle	Tweddle	Tochatti	Jiggles
Popple	Tonks	Twotrig	Juffs
Crump	Biffs	Sneezum	Tosh
Bugbird	Diddams	Enticknap	Bosher
Quadling	Boffee	Blinco	Blinkey
Chinchin	Joss	Shrimplin	

It will be observed that the names of Mr. Guppy and Mr. Wegg appear in the list, but one wonders what type Dickens would have linked with such a name as Puddiphat (I feel the shade of the Fat Boy glancing reproachfully at me for the passing thought which will not be repressed). The full value of this priceless name can alone be realised by vocal repetitions—"it can't be tasted in a sip!" But what of Alcamia Clappison, Squelch, Cronk, Foggo, Clogg, Buncle, Bish or Baltituckle? Speculation is, however, endless, and one leaves this record with the thought that the names enshrined in the novels so appropriately describe the characters labelled with them that Dickens would have been constrained to produce more books to fittingly absorb the names in the above list.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ERRORS IN "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

SIR.—Mr. Stuart Young is at fault in supposing that the Young Men's Watertoast Association mentioned in Chapter xxii. was the same as the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers, of Chapter xxi. It would be quite American for several organizations with somewhat similar titles to be flourishing simultaneously, but my own impression is that Dickens wished it to be inferred that the second association was raised, with national "speed," from the ashes of the first.

But, apart from some "arranged" episodes, there are several blunders in this delightful book which have not been mentioned.

For example, in Chapter ii. we read that the leaves took advantage of the sudden opening of Mr. Pecksniff's front door "to dash wildly into his passage; whither the wind, following close upon them and

finding the back door open, incontinently blew out the lighted candle held by Miss Pecksniff, and slammed the front door against Mr. Pecksniff." Now how could the wind perform this wonderful feat? Must we infer that after passing through the back door, it sneaked back in a hurry to commit an outrage on dear Mr. P.?

In Chapter xl. we find John Westlock assuring Tom Pinch that he need not suppose Mr. Pecksniff capable of performing a generous action "until he saw the *sun* turn green and the moon black, and twelve first-rate comets careering about those *planets*." Dickens seems to have been very indifferent to the teachings of astronomers. There is a palpable error in the opening sentence of Book IV., Chapter xii., of *Our Mutual Friend*, and it is certain that the author was not thinking of the Pole Star in connection with Stephen Blackpool in *Hard Times*.

Did Dickens blunder or was it unwonted confusion that made Pecksniff say, in Chapter xliii., to the elder Martin, "Shall even my home be no refuge for your hoary *pillow*?"

Finally, in Chapter lii, old Martin relates that on the night of his illness at the Dragon he had written tenderly of his grandson, but, after his interview with Mr. Pecksniff, he had burnt the paper to ashes. Yet, in Chapter iii. we find that the paper was destroyed before Pecksniff had so much as entered the inn.

But, after all, the wonder is that slips of this kind are so few in number, and a loyal Dickensian might be glad of more like that in the second chapter of *Pickwick Papers*, when "Mr. Pickwick proceeded to put himself into his clothes and his clothes into his portmanteau."

Yours truly,

St. John's College,

J. F. CROSS.

Winnipeg.

DICKENS AND FUNGI

SIR.—In the January issue, C.T.R. asks if any reader can supply other examples of the mention of fungi by Dickens. Surely the most important fungus was that which hung in great, gloomy, ragged and repellent masses from the roof of the wine vaults, of the colour of clotted blood, and of which Joey Ladle said "that the man that gets, by any accident, a piece of that dark growth right upon his breast, will, for sure and certain, die by murder."

Every Dickensian will know the story in which this is mentioned.

Yours truly,

W. LAURENCE GADD.

[Fungus and marshes are closely allied—yet Colonel Gadd has overlooked the reference in *Great Expectations*, where the bride cake in Miss Havisham's deserted room is described as "seeming to grow like a black fungus" on the yellow expanse of table. I have also found that in the description of Staggs's Cellar in *Barnaby Rudge*, Dickens refers to "little trees of fungus" springing from every mouldering corner.—THE EDITOR.]

WANTED

The Dickensian for January and April, 1919, October, 1922, April, 1924. Would purchase or exchange. Write Percy T. Carden, The Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

NOTICE.—Will Branch Secretaries kindly note that reports received after the 12th June cannot be inserted in the July number.

LONDON (HEADQUARTERS).—On Wednesday, January 20th, at the Memorial Hall, Mr. C. H. Green gave his excellent lantern lecture on "London as Charles Dickens saw it." Mr. W. B. Warren, who was in the chair, expressed the great pleasure of the audience in seeing Mr. Green once again, and made grateful reference to his invaluable services during his five years of office as Hon. Secretary. The lecture was full of interest, and at the conclusion many questions were asked and dealt with by the lecturer. The Birthday Dinner is reported elsewhere in this issue. Once again the programme for the annual Birthday Recital was provided by the versatile and ever-welcome Professor William Miles, who, at the Memorial Hall, on February 10th, held a crowded audience spell-bound for close on two hours. His selections included the full story of Richard Doubledick, Trotty Veck's dinner, Horatio Sparkins, and two scenes from *Dombey and Son*, and enabled the gifted reciter to display his entire command of pathos, tragedy and humour. The President, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, took the chair, and the appeal for contributions towards the East London Hospital for Children (Dickens's "Small Star in the East") was made by the Hon. Secretary, and produced a total of just under £30. On March 15th, Mr. W. Laurence Gadd gave his very interesting lecture on the marsh country topography of *Great Expectations*.

BALHAM.—On December 13th, under the lead of its indefatigable producer, Miss Jolly, a dramatic entertainment was given, the items being "Mr. Kenwig's Party," "The Old Gentleman Next Door," and Mr. Warren's "Muffins v. Crumpets." The New Year's Party, on January 8th, to which St. Pancras Branch again rallied well, was very enjoyable. On 17th January the Branch gave a party to deaf and dumb children at Tooting, and the strenuous efforts of many, including most conspicuously Miss Gregory, were well rewarded by the evident enjoyment of the youngsters. On February 12th a debate was held with the St. Pancras Branch on the subject "Was Dickens unfair to women?" An enjoyable evening was spent in intellectual sparring, the result being that Dickens was acquitted by 11 to 6 votes. March 12th was a very interesting evening with "Favourite passages from Dickens." On 30th January a party went round *Great Expectations* London, whilst on February 27th, under the able guidance of Mr. H. W. Fincham, we were taken over St. John's Church and Gatehouse, Clerkenwell. The dramatic contingent (aided by St. Pancras) has given two extra-mural performances. One at Jordans (Bucks.), where the cast was entertained for the week-end, and the other at a local church which was able to make a goodly profit for its Sunday School.

BIRMINGHAM.—This branch has enjoyed a very interesting session, taking *Great Expectations* as the book for linking our thoughts together in papers, discussions, and debates. On February 17th a lively evening was spent with "Dickens's Rogues and Rascals," when great diversity of opinion was expressed. The Birthday Celebration on February 6th was an evening of rejoicing, and at supper

time Mr. William Nodder paid feeling tribute to Dickens, and we are hoping that next session we may bring within our ranks more lovers of Dickens and students of his works as a result of our social work in the Branch. We have undertaken the task of raising a fund for a "Tiny Tim" Cot in a Birmingham Hospital, and Mr. Arthur E. Bixley, Chairman of the Cot Fund, has a growing balance in the Municipal Bank.

BLACKPOOL.—On 4th December Mr. H. P. Riley, of Oxford, gave a very interesting address on "The Life and Works of Charles Dickens," following by a most interesting recital. December 18th was set apart for the ladies, when contributions from Dickens were given by Miss Rosa Carr, Madame Florence Slater, Mrs. J. H. Stretton, Mrs. Mabel Thompson, Miss R. Collins, and Miss Stella Partington. It was the unanimous verdict of the meeting that the ladies had excelled themselves in their various contributions to the evening's programme. A dinner and social were held on January 5th at the Grand Hotel. All members and friends came in Dickensian character costume, and as about 120 sat down to dinner, the scene was a most remarkable and interesting one, in view of the fact that the tables were lit up by candles, and the atmosphere was truly Dickensian. On the 15th of January last a debate, "Was Charles Dickens a great Novelist?" was given, in which Mr. H. A. Pickup, solicitor, and Dr. S. B. Depree, Vice-President Elect, took the leading roles. A most interesting discussion followed the debate. On January 28th a lantern lecture was given on "The Fylde when Dickens came to Blackpool," by Mr. Allen Clarke, and a crowded meeting of members and friends gave Mr. Clarke a hearty welcome. On February 5th the Birthday Celebration, Whist Drive and Supper were held at the Clifton Hotel. Mr. Arthur Humphreys, of Manchester, gave a short address during the interval. On February 26th a lecture on "Dickens on Law and Justice" was given by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, M.A. This lecture is regarded as one of the best lectures of the season. Mr. Cuming Walters treated his subject in a very masterly and interesting manner, and a discussion followed, in which several lawyer members took part. March 12th was the Gentlemen's Night at the Cramonde Café. Councillor John Potter (Hon. Secretary), Mr. J. H. Stretton (Chairman of the Council), Mr. Thackray and Master Willie Jones took part in the evening's entertainment.

BRIGHTON.—On December 11th members of the Eastbourne Branch visited Brighton and gave a very enjoyable rendering of the Trial from *Pickwick*. This interchange of members formed a pleasing and interesting event. On January 8th a most illuminative lecture by the Rev. H. Bloor, B.A., on "In London and the Country with Charles Dickens," gave much pleasure. Members of the Historical Society and the English Association were guests on this occasion. On February 12th a delightful and artistic miscellaneous programme to celebrate the birthday was contributed entirely by members. On March 4th a dramatic reading of *A Tale of Two Cities* was given at Dorset Gardens Hall. A return visit of this Branch to Eastbourne was paid on Thursday, March 11th.

CHELTENHAM.—There was a very large assembly at the whist party and dance on the 8th January at the Rotunda, many members appearing in character. Dancing kept the party moving until midnight,

when "Sir Roger" and "Auld Lang Syne" terminated the most enjoyable proceedings. On 29th January a paper on *Barnaby Rudge* was read by Mr. H. C. Oekenden, who covered a wide field, and was not sparing in his criticism of the work under review; which led to an interesting debate subsequently. The Birthday Dinner was a huge success. It was held in the Town Hall (Supper Room) on the 6th February, under the chairmanship of Mr. R. R. Dobson, and upwards of 230 members sat down. The toast to the Immortal Memory was proposed by Rev. R. H. M. Bouth, M.A., Past-President; and the Cheltenham Branch by Mr. E. Kendall Pearson, Hon. Secretary Gloucester Branch. On the 5th March the Rev. W. J. Selby, C.B.E., M.A., gave a paper on "Dickens and the Upper Classes," wherein he expressed his opinion that Dickens suffered constantly from a feeling of aversion to a section of the upper class, but at the same time strove manfully to be fair and just in his delineation of his characters. Two short dramatic sketches from *Barnaby Rudge*, by our members, gave variety to the meeting.

CINDERFORD.—Meetings have been held from January to March on alternate Tuesdays. Members have taken part in reading various important chapters from *Bleak House*. The Birthday Celebrations were held at "Hillside," the residence of Dr. Bangara. There was a social gathering of members and visitors from other Branches. Refreshments, including real Dickensian Punch, were provided by the gentlemen. The President, Mr. J. Morrison, submitted the "Immortal Memory." Mrs. G. Kear, Vice-President, on behalf of the ladies, thanked the gentlemen for the good things they had provided. The very successful gathering concluded with "Auld Lang Syne."

EASTBOURNE.—Members of this Branch visited the Brighton Branch on the 11th December and witnessed their production of the trial scene of "Bardell v. Pickwick." The production was received with enthusiasm. The Carol Party (now in its fifth year) had a very successful season in visiting hotels, boarding houses and private houses and collected £60, the whole of which was devoted to the funds of the Tiny Tim Guild. Mr. W. F. Goode, one of the Vice-Presidents, kindly paid all expenses in connection with the Carol Party. On the 31st December a New Year's Eve Party was held and was a great success. The "Tiny Tim" Cripples Guild Christmas Treat took place on the 13th of January. The children, numbering 70, had tea, followed by an entertainment including Father Christmas and a Christmas tree. On the 14th of January the Chairman, Mr. F. J. Hansor, gave an interesting lecture on the "Humour of Dickens." On Saturday, February 6th, in celebration of Dickens's birthday, a social evening with concert was arranged by Mr. Price, the Musical Director of the Branch, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

EDINBURGH.—The subject of *The Christmas Books* was further dealt with on December 10th, when Mr. James Fisher gave an admirable paper on *The Chimes*. Mr. Fisher's contention was that the story showed the folly of harsh judgments of one's fellow creatures, and in his survey of the characters the essayist singled out Mrs. Chickenstalker for especial praise. The Christmas dinner was held in Ferguson and Forrester's Restaurant on the evening of December 17th, the President occupying the chair. Mr. Wilbert Bonney, American Consul, was the guest of the evening, and proposed the toast

of "The Dickens Fellowship," in the course of which he gave some highly interesting reminiscences of the influence of Dickens on his countrymen, and quoted from an old letter of a townsman who described how a copy of *David Copperfield*, which reached his native place, was literally read to tatters as it was passed from hand to hand by eager admirers of the novelist. Mr. Wm. Boyd proposed the toast of "Our Guest." On January 14th Mrs. J. Murray Minck contributed a pleasant paper on *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The Right Rev. Monsignor Miley lectured to a large gathering of members on January 28th, taking for his subject "A Dickens Medley," roving in a humorous and gossiping manner amongst many Dickens stories, and selecting a number of characters to show the wide range of the novelist's observation. Councillor Allan, Chairman of the Edinburgh Education Authority, moved a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer, and said the world could never sufficiently thank Dickens for the treasure house of laughter he had left to mankind in *The Pickwick Papers*. The Birthday celebrations took place in the Lauriston Hall on February 5th and 6th. The programme consisted of James Alberty's "Jingle." Mr. R. C. H. Morison played Alfred Jingle; Mr. Stuart Raymond, Sam Weller; Mr. D. McArthur, Pickwick; Miss Frances Durham, Miss Rachel. On February 25th Councillor Wilson McLaren lectured on "Dickens and the Drama," Mr. R. C. H. Morison, who presided, related some of his amusing experiences as an amateur actor. Miss Janie M. Mackay, on March 11th, gave a well considered paper on *The Battle of Life*, which was favourably commented upon by several members.

GLOUCESTER.—The chief event of the second half of the session was the Birthday celebration, which took the form of a whist drive and carnival dance on February 4th, and proved to be a success from every point of view. The President (Mr. A. H. Palmer) and Mrs. Palmer received the members and friends, the company including the City High Sheriff and Mrs. W. J. Bell, and representatives of the Cheltenham and Cinderford Branches. Wilkins Micawber (Mr. E. J. C. Palmer) turned up and made a characteristic speech, and there were a number of others also in fancy dress. At the monthly meetings the consideration of *Great Expectations* has been continued (with "dramatic" and individual readings), as well as in the reading circles which are held at members' houses. At the January meeting Mr. G. A. Adams read a paper on "Dickens the Great Apostle of Christmas," and in March the Hon. Secretary (Mr. Kendall Pearson), at the request of the Committee, read the article on "The Reality of Dickens: even in the Trivial and Grotesque," which he contributed to the January number of *The Dickensian*.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—The Branch started the New Year on January 15th with a Members' Evening. Several interesting papers were read. Miss Catchpole wrote on that excellent woman, "Mrs. Grudden," and Mrs. Miller gave an account of the "Exhibition of Dickens Books," while Mr. Miller described the banquet held at the "George and Vulture" to celebrate the coming of age of *The Dickensian*. Miss Patmore read a short but excellent paper on *Great Expectations*, and Mr. McNulty gave a chapter of "Alice in Dickens Land," describing a visit of that delightful child to the Dickens Fellowship. On Friday, 5th February, Miss Catchpole delivered

with great spirit a number of recitations from *Great Expectations*, and Miss O'Brien contributed songs. On February 19th Mr. Miller read the first part of a paper on "Dramas founded on the Works of Dickens," illustrated by a number of rare and valuable playbills.

HATFIELD.—The January meeting was devoted to the Annual Dinner. There was a good gathering of members present, mostly attired as Dickens characters, to welcome the guest of honour, Mr. Edwards, Headquarters' Secretary. The toasts included the "Immortal Memory," and Success to the Branch. Mr. Edwards, in a short witty speech, replied to the toast of the "Visitors," and briefly recapitulated the objects of the Fellowship and the Dickens House Fund. A programme of music, etc, followed, during which the merits of the Dickens costumes were judged by ballot, the prizes being awarded to Mrs. Waller as "Mrs. Micawber," and the President (Mr. Woodcock) as "Mr. Murdstone." At the February meeting the reading of *Great Expectations* was continued. The Annual General Meeting of the Branch, followed by a social, was held on the 9th March, and Lord Salisbury was elected President for the forthcoming year; Lord Cranborne, Vice-President; and Mr. Woodcock, Chairman.

HULL.—The outstanding events of the second half of the session were the Birthday Celebrations, commencing on February 12th with a whist drive and dance, and concluding on the 26th with five sketches by members. "The friendly waiter," "At Jenny Wren's," "The Gentleman next door," "The Jealous Husband," and "Quilp returns from the Grave," the last two items being adaptations by the President, Mr. F. W. Page. The members taking part are to be complimented on their admirable performance. A silver collection in aid of the Doughty Street House was taken after a few appropriate remarks from the Vice-President, Mrs. Bird.

LEYTON.—On December 30th Mr. W. J. Roffey gave a lecture on "Shakespeare in Dickens," quoting numerous references to the poet and his works in the novels of Dickens. Altogether a most interesting evening. On January 27th the annual social took place, and a record number of members and friends attended. The programme was arranged by the Hon. Assistant Secretary, Mr. Leslie C. Staples, and included items by Mr. Frank Staff (magic), Miss Niedermann and friends (sketches), Miss Kathleen Hayward (recitals), Miss Doris Minards and Mr. Leslie C. Staples (sketch). Light refreshments and a novel competition aided the general enjoyment. On February 24th Mr. Leslie C. Staples gave a lecture on "Dickens and the Stage," supplemented by a collection of Dickensiana bearing upon the subject. On February 25th the Branch held its first Dickens Costume Ball at the Town Hall. A large number was present, many in costume. Mr. Leslie Paget gave various character studies, and judged the costumes, the prizes for which were presented by Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., M.P. The function was a great success, and reflected much credit upon all concerned, chiefly the President, Councillor W. G. Curtis, J.P., whose organisation led to such splendid results.

MANCHESTER.—The first half of the winter session ended on December 18th with a children's evening, at which the prize and certificate winners in the Essay Competition were, with their parents

and teachers, the guests of the Branch. After an address of welcome by the President, Mr. D. J. Parry, appropriate Dickensian songs and recitations were given. In simple but forceful language Mr. W. F. Nicholson epitomised the underlying motives of the novels of Dickens, and spoke of the author's great love of little children. He held his youthful audience spell-bound as he "made up" in their presence and delineated several well-known characters. On January 8th Mr. A. Humphreys, founder of the Manchester Branch, gave a lantern lecture of exceptional interest, "Glimpses of Dickens Land." January 22nd, the twenty-third anniversary of the founding of the Branch, synchronized with the annual Dingley Dell Party, at which over one hundred were present. Mr. W. F. Nicholson recalled the journey to, and the happenings at the original Dingley Dell Party, and urged one and all to recapture the festive spirit of light-hearted gaiety that Dickens delighted to portray. Dickens's Birthday was celebrated on February 4th, 5th, and 6th, by the production of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Under distinguished patronage, the play attracted crowded audiences each evening, the proceeds enabling the Branch to complete the endowment in perpetuity of a "Charles Dickens Cot" at the Wood Street Mission Seaside Camp, Blackpool. Members of the Branch will now be entitled to send 26 poor children to the camp annually. On March 5th *Great Expectations* was the theme of several short papers by members. Miss Ingall reviewed the book as a whole; "Joe Gargery—one of nature's gentlemen," was the subject of Mr. Dean's paper, whilst Miss H. Eileen Phillips compared the character of Magwitch with that of Victor Hugo's convict, Jean Valjean; a spirited reading was given by Mr. W. F. Nicholson. During the session the Branch has given several Dickensian evenings to other societies, and to the nurses and inmates of Nell Lane Infirmary.

MELBOURNE.—The Melbourne Branch met at Queen's Hall on 1st October, Mr. J. H. Crowther presiding. The sad news of the passing of Mr. B. W. Matz had been received, and Mr. Crowther gave an interesting account of our late editor's various activities. Miss E. A. Fraser read a paper entitled "Dickens as a Letter Writer," giving extracts from many charming letters. Mr. Stanley Brooks caused considerable amusement by singing in character comic songs on Squeers and Uriah Heep, and Miss Kate Cornell recited. At the meeting on 5th November Captain Peters spoke of the late Mr. B. W. Matz, and then gave a talk on the publishing of books. Mr. Southwell, our Honorary Secretary, read from *The Dickensian* a tribute to Mr. Matz by Arthur Waugh. Mr. Bennett gave a character sketch, and Mr. Mostyn Wright recited. Music was contributed by Miss Gladys Smith (songs), and Miss A. Shields (piano). The Dickens Christmas Party took place on 3rd December in the Queen's Hall, and was very well attended. The Dickens Dramatic Club contributed two scenes, one from *Bleak House*, and the other from *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Songs were sung in his usual fine style by Mr. Hocking, and Miss Shields presided at the piano. A competition consisting of a string of questions, each to be answered by the name of a Dickens book, excited much interest and amusement, the winner being Mr. O'Connor. A coffee supper provided by the ladies formed an agreeable epilogue to a very enjoyable programme. Thus ended our Fellowship meetings for 1925.

MONTREAL.—A large company gathered in the Ritz Hotel

ballroom, October 27th, when the book for study, *Great Expectations*, was reviewed in fine critical style by the Honorary President, Rev. Doctor S. P. Rose. At the November meeting an illustrated lecture, "Dickens's England," was given by Dr. G. R. Tomer. On December 15th "Wardle's Christmas Party" proved a decided hit, giving pleasure and profit not only to those taking part, but to a large audience which found itself in a decidedly Dickensian atmosphere, costumes of the Dickens period being much in evidence. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes. Four hundred gifts were received, also \$100 in cash; these were divided between the School for Crippled Children, and the Foundling and Baby Hospital. A humorous lecture by Prof. B. K. Sandwell, on "Some Aspects of Dickens's Works," gave us a treat in January, and the Birthday Dinner on February 8th was voted to be the "best yet" in excellence as to attendance, menu and speeches. About 250 guests were present; Professor N. N. Evans, the President, was in the chair. "The Immortal Memory" was given by Rev. Dr. James Smyth in an able speech; then followed "The Dickens Fellowship," proposed by Mr. Theo. H. Wardleworth, F.L.S., responded to by Prof. E. C. Woodley, M.A.; "Our Guests," by the Vice-President, Mr. A. Paterson, and responded to by Prof. B. K. Sandwell. Members night, February 23rd, brought out some fine papers on characters in *Great Expectations*: "Pip," by Mr. A. T. Price; "Estella," by Mr. L. Kennedy; "Miss Havisham," by Miss E. Croucher; "Magwitch," by Mr. T. M. Barrington; "Pumblechook," by Mr. Geo. Booth; a delightful appreciation of "Joe Gargery," by Miss Edith M. Tuke; and "Wemmick, his aged parent, and his unique wedding," by Miss Mary V. Allen. An audience of nearly five hundred showed appreciation by their attention and applause.

NEW YORK.—The December meeting was a Christmas gathering, and the glowing spirit of Dickens pervaded it throughout. A generous offering for the Tiny Tims of the Rhinelander School of this city was made. After a couple of Christmas songs, Dr. Duffield, President, gave short interesting talks on *Edwin Drood*, *The Pickwick Papers*, and *A Christmas Carol*, with delightful readings from the Christmas scenes thereof. Mr. Shotland read a most interesting paper on a ball given by the Fellowship at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in 1910. At our January meeting, the topic selected by Dr. Duffield for his address was "Dickens as a Student of History." He gave us a fine exposition of *A Child's History of England*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, considered from a historical viewpoint. He said he considered *A Tale of Two Cities* a great work of literature, showing an exuberance of power and beauty. Mr. Cavanaugh, our bibliophile, gave us an account of the books exhibited, and touched upon by Dr. Duffield in his address. At our February meeting the doctor took as his theme "Dickens as a Lover," and read extracts from correspondence of Charles Dickens showing his early love for Maria Beadnell, and said that three or four of Dickens's most lovely women were founded upon memories of her, especially Dora, Agnes and Little Dorrit. He said he thought that the outcome of this early attachment was perhaps fortunate for Dickens, as he might have relapsed into slippered ease and not given us any of his marvellous creations. The annual birthday dinner was held in the Dickensian atmosphere of the Brevoort Hotel on February 7th, and proved a most enjoyable affair. Very fine addresses were given by Sir Harry Gloster Armstrong,

British Consul General to New York; Mr. Don C. Seitz, of the "New York World"; Dr. John H. Finley, of the "New York Times"; Mr. Davidson, a poet and newspaper man of Cambridge, England; and Dr. Milo H. Gates, pastor of the Church of the Intercession.

PHILADELPHIA.—Merriment and good cheer were the dominant notes at the annual Christmas Costume Party held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, December 16th, when 150 members and guests attended. The programme opened with old time carols sung by a double quartette of choir boys, and a scene was enacted from *Pickwick*, in which George H. Dobbin appeared as the founder of the famous club, Thomas K. Ober, Jun., as Tony Weller, and J. K. Thompson as Sam. This was followed by "Mr. Pickwick's Review," when all those in character costume were presented by the faithful Sam to his master. The prize for the best costume was awarded Miss Margaret C. Supplee, who represented a French lady from *A Tale of Two Cities*. At the annual business meeting in January, Mrs. John M. Patterson and Dr. Charles W. Burr were elected Vice-Presidents, and the other officers were re-elected. The Birthday Celebration was held on February 6th. In the morning representatives from the Branch visited the statue of Dickens and Little Nell in Clarke Park, where a wreath of ivy and scarlet geraniums was placed by Marie Louise Patterson, the ten year old daughter of the late Judge Patterson. The dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford in the evening was attended by 126. President Thomas K. Ober, Jun., occupied the chair. Greetings from London were received by cable and a reply despatched. Telegrams were also exchanged with Montreal, New York, and Toronto. The Rev. Dr. Joseph M. Corrigan made a delightful address, sparkling with wit, in which he compared the unrest of Dickens's day with that of the present. Dr. Howard Duffield, President of the New York Branch, honoured us with his presence, and received a most hearty welcome. His charming voice and contagious enthusiasm held his hearers in rapt attention throughout his splendid tribute. An address was also made by Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and there were songs by Miss Margaret Daily, and selections on the harp by Eugenia Smith.

PLYMOUTH.—The second half-session of the Branch was opened at the Athenæum on January 19th by a New Year reunion, presided over by Mr. A. E. Coleman. Lieut. S. S. Hutchings, Hon. Secretary, read an essay entitled "My favourite Author" (Dickens), which was written by Jabez Farmer (age 16), and won the first prize in a competition open to the 1500 boys in the Training Service (Royal Navy). Then followed a Dickens talk by the Rev. Alex. Sharp, and a programme of music and recitals. On February 2nd the Rev. Howen Rodda gave a lecture on the "Children of Dickens." Dickens Birthday Celebration was held on February 16th. The programme, arranged by Mr. W. G. Hitt, consisted of a lantern lecture and dramatic recital of *A Tale of Two Cities*. On March 2nd a splendid evening was arranged by Mrs. A. Cook, Miss Vera Axford, and Mr. W. C. Spear. The literary part consisted of four Dickens aspects by four different members. Mrs. S. S. Hutchings gave "An Actor's Appreciation"; Mr. J. C. Pryor, "Mr. Micawber"; Miss E. Ball, "Dickens's Ineffectual Heroes"; and Mr. Wm. C. Spear, "If Dickens were alive to-day." On March 16th "Some Dickens Characters and their originals" was given by Mr. G. F. H. McCluskey.

ST. PANCRAS.—The membership of this Branch continues to increase. In January Mr. F. S. Johnson gave a delightful recital of "Richard Doubledick." In February Mr. W. H. Lowry showed what a wealth of humour and psychological interest can be obtained from the various repasts described by Dickens. For the March meeting, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. E. W. Brown, Mr. S. J. Rust deputised with a lantern lecture on the life of Charles Dickens. The rambles have been well attended and full of interest, including the visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum, with a special study of the "Forster" collection and a ramble in Dockland. The Christmas Party, held in January, was organised by the younger members, and proved a greater success than ever.

SHEFFIELD.—On December 11th the Dramatic Section, under the able management of Mrs. A. F. Bagnall, gave a number of scenes from *A Christmas Carol*. The principal characters were well sustained by the following: Mr. Frank Trout, Scrooge; Mr. J. F. Sykes, Mr. Fezziwig and Benevolent Gentleman; Mr. H. Wostenholme, Bob Cratchit; Mr. A. Roadhouse, Scrooge's Nephew; Miss R. Gray, The Spirits; Miss Gwen Allott, Scrooge's Sweetheart; Mr. J. Percy Hall rendered incidental music, and Commander Jackson presided. On January 15th, with Mr. S. R. Midgley in the chair, three of our members, Miss R. Gray, Mr. A. L. Armstrong and Mr. H. Monks, gave excellent papers on *Great Expectations*, after which there was an interesting discussion. A very enjoyable Christmas Party was held on January 21st, and on February 5th Mrs. A. F. Bagnall gave a paper on "*Great Expectations*: Does the book fulfill them?" which provoked much discussion. On February 6th the annual Birthday Dinner was held at the King's Head Hotel. Mr. G. E. Stemberidge was in the chair. The principal guest of the evening was Dr. Coward.

SOUTHAMPTON.—At the meeting on December 14th the members were entertained by the "Dickens Players" who gave the following sketches: "Jingle's Wooing," "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," "Bella Wilfer's Return," and "A division between Friends" (from *Martin Chuzzlewit*). They were all thoroughly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. January 18th was a member's evening, when readings were given by Mr. Henderson, Mr. A. C. Hallett, and Mrs. Hawkins. On February 15th we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. W. B. Warren, Chairman of the Executive Committee at Headquarters, who gave his splendid lecture on "The Landladies of Dickens," followed by his original account of the action, *Muffins v. Crumpets*.

SOUTHEND.—This Branch is working strenuously to carry out the aims and objects of the Fellowship. At the President's reception, Mr. A. Popham, who so ably fills this office, paid a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. B. W. Matz; he further expressed a hope that Southend might be the venue of the 1928 Conference of the Fellowship. A musical programme added to the enjoyment of the evening. About 200 members and their friends attended the annual dinner and dance, held at the Palace Hotel. The chair was taken by Mr. A. Popham, and an outstanding feature of the speeches was the toast of "The Immortal Memory," by Mr. H. E. Sames, a Vice-President. Two other dances, as well as whist drives—all well supported—assisted in strengthening the social programme. During the past few months

several sketches have been presented in aid of various local charities. Scenes from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist* were given in aid of the Southend Victoria Hospital. This programme has been repeated on several other occasions, notably in support of the Crowstone Church Hamper Fund and at Laindon.

TEWKESBURY.—The season opened with a public recital by Mr. Frank Speaight of *A Tale of Two Cities* at the Watson Hall. In November the President, Mr. L. L. Stroud, held a reception in the Town Hall, when a paper on *A Tale of Two Cities* was read by our old friend, Mr. B. C. Gray. Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, J.P., President of the Bath Branch, visited us in December, and gave his lantern lecture on "The Pickwick of Bath." A paper on "The Mysteries of Charles Dickens" was given to us in January by our Past-President, Canon E. F. Smith, M.A. In February an evening was set aside for readings by members. This always proves successful, and this year the contributors were Miss Launder and Messrs. Stroud, Nutt and Peach. The Birthday Dinner was held at the Hop Pole Hotel on the 8th February. It was an unqualified success. The old time hospitality still prevails, and Host and Hostess Halsall did all they could to recall the spirit of Mr. Pickwick and justify our move from labour to refreshment. His Worship the Mayor honoured us with his presence, and the President had a merry party of 100 to keep in order. The March meeting took the form of a Dickens Party at the Watson Hall in aid of the League of Pity (N.S.P.C.C.). Many members came in Dickensian costumes. Mr. David Hamilton, of Birmingham Branch, delighted us with his clever character studies.

VANCOUVER.—Outstanding events that have taken place apart from our regular fortnightly meetings are: December 16th, very successful production of "*Bardell v. Pickwick*," at the Empress Theatre, resulting in \$250 for the Neediest Families Fund. This production was repeated at Lynn Valley on February 9th, and at the Military Hospital the day following. On February 6th, at the Prince's Café we celebrated the 114th anniversary of Dickens's birth. Over one hundred sat down to dinner. Judge F. W. Howay was the guest of honour, and was presented with a slip of ivy cut from Gad's Hill. Unfortunately our President, Mr. J. Francis Bursill, has been stricken down with a severe illness; he is happily making progress, and we hope to have him back in the chair which he has occupied for the past five years.

WINNIPEG.—The Rev. George Laughton was the speaker at the November meeting, taking for his subject "The Religion of Charles Dickens," characterising Dickens as "one of God's gentlemen, a philanthropist, a lover of men, and, therefore, a man who found honour with God." The annual reading of *The Carol* by Mr. Wade took place on the 17th, when fully 400 boys and girls accepted the invitation to be present. The collection for the Tiny Tim Fund lacked just \$2.58 of one hundred dollars. On January 10th a paper was read by Mr. J. A. Cherniack on "Dickens's Jews." Mr. Dudley F. Kemp made a contrast between Dickens and George Eliot and some modern authors, and a humorous paper by Dr. G. W. Knipe on "Some Dickens Proposals" brought a pleasant evening to a close. The birthday cele-

bration dinner was held at the Marlborough on February 11th. The principal speaker was again Rev. George Laughton (who is soon to leave Winnipeg), taking the word "Resiliency" for his text, and comparing "the good old days" with the present in a very hopeful vein. The President, Rev. Canon E. A. Wharton Gill, in proposing "The Immortal Memory," stressed the necessity of replacing much of the present day literature (so called) with the clean wholesome Dickens. Mr. Isaac F. Brooks, Past-President, was the recipient of a framed certificate of honorary membership. Telegraphic greetings were read from London, New York and Montreal, also a letter from Sir John Martin Harvey, who was filling an engagement at the Walker Theatre, expressing regret at being unable to join the gathering.

WOODVILLE AND DISTRICT.—Meetings have been held monthly during the session, several sketches from *Great Expectations* having been given by members and papers on "Psychology of Pip," "Great Expectations as a Social Satire," etc., have been read. Tiny Tim's Treat took place the first week in January, when 400 very poor children had a splendid treat at the Town Hall at Swadlincote; this included tea, pictures, "Cheerio" entertainment, and Christmas tree, when Santa Claus was introduced to the children by a fairy. The Birthday Celebration took place on February 6th, when dinner was followed by a sketch, games and competitions. The summer outing will take place in June.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER BOOKS.

Paradise in Piccadilly: The Story of Albany, by Harry Furniss (illustrated). 12s. 6d. net. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.

London's Lost Theatres of the Nineteenth Century, by Erroll Sherson (illustrated). 18s. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.

The Days of Dickens, by Arthur L. Hayward (illustrated). 15s. net. George Routledge and Son, Ltd.

Barnaby Rudge, in the World's Classics Series. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, cloth 2s., leather 3s. 6d. net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"The Compromise," by E. V. Lucas. *Punch*, 9th December.

"Some Dickensian Feastings," by W. B. Barnett. *Gloucester Journal*, 11th December.

"Teeth in Fiction," *The Observer*, 13th December.

"The Charm of Charles Dickens," by C. B. *Railway Review*, 25th December.

"Dickens's Immortal Carol," by R. Bailey. *Manchester City News*, 26th December.

"Dickens's Puppets," by W. C. B. *Birmingham Post*, 29th December.

"Dickens in Doughty Street," by B. W. Matz. *Book Notes*, December, 1925.

"Furniture in Dickens," by Isabel Cameron. *Glasgow Herald*, 5th December.

"The Rise to Fame of Charles Dickens," by R. J. G. *Beeford Evening Telegraph*, 7th January, 1926.

"The New Year and Dickens," by Rowland Grey. *Great Thoughts*, January, 1926.

- "Dickens and Yarmouth." *Eastern Daily Press*, 13th January.
 "Dickens and Music." *Lowestoft Journal*, 30th January.
 "John Forster." *Birmingham Daily Mail*, 2nd February.
 "When Dickens dictated," by Richard Andrew. *Daily News*, 8th February.
 "New Light on Nickleby," by F. Gordon Roe. *The Connoisseur*, February.
 "A Parody of *Edwin Drood*." *The Connoisseur*, March.
 "The Characters of Charles Dickens: Are they Caricatures?" by C. L. Brown. *Manchester Quarterly*, January.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

- BALHAM—(Meetings at Balham Educational Settlement at 8 p.m.)
 April 9—Members' Evening, *Great Expectations*.
 „ 17—Ramble to Chelsea, conducted by Miss Woolmer.
 May 14—Social and Annual Meeting.
- BATH—(Meetings in the Pump Room.)
 April 13—Annual Meeting and discussion of *Great Expectations*.
- BEDFORD—(Meetings in Library.)
 April 12—On being introduced to David Copperfield and Mr. Dombey, by Miss G. M. Harvey.
- BLACKPOOL—
 April 16—Social Evening at Cramonde Café.
 „ 30—"Travel in Eighteenth Century England," by Mr. Ellis Middleton.
- BRIGHTON—
 April 16—To be arranged.
- EDINBURGH—
 April 8—Annual Meeting, Goold Hall, 7-30 p.m., followed by readings arranged by Mrs. Cullum.
- HACKNEY—
 April 23—Annual General Meeting, followed by selections from "Tom Hood," by Mr. E. Payne.
- HULL—
 April 6—Annual Meeting.
- MANCHESTER—
 April 9—Annual Meeting and Social Evening.
- NOTTINGHAM—
 April 6—Annual Meeting in Exchange Hall.
- LONDON—
 April 21—Members' Evening; papers on *Great Expectations*.
 May 19—Evening Ramble, to be arranged.
- ST. PANCRAS—
 April 12—Members' Evening; papers on *Great Expectations*.
 „ 17—Ramble to Barnet.
- STOCKPORT—
 April 7—Annual Meeting.
- TORONTO—(Meetings at Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute.)
 April 8—Address on *Great Expectations*, by Dr. J. W. S. McCullough.
- WINNIPEG—(Meetings at University of Manitoba, 8-15 p.m.)
 April 8—Annual Meeting.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE—ST. ALBANS, 25th, 26th, 27th, JUNE.

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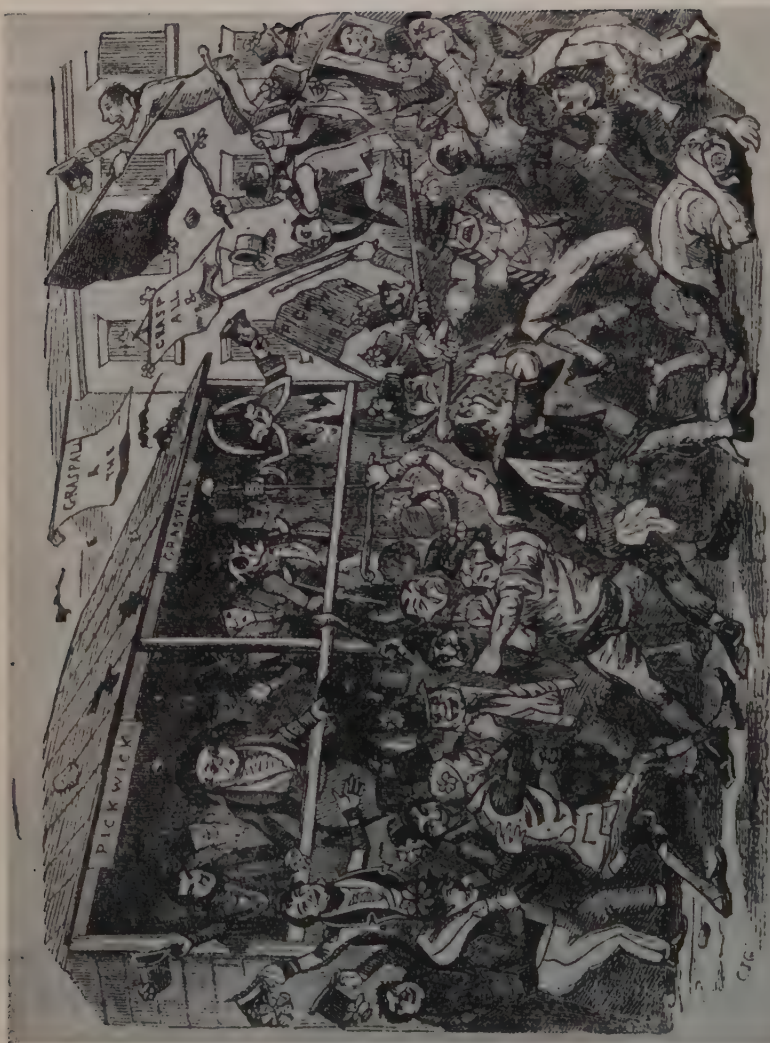
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THE ELECTION. From "The Penny Pickwick"

(See page 153)

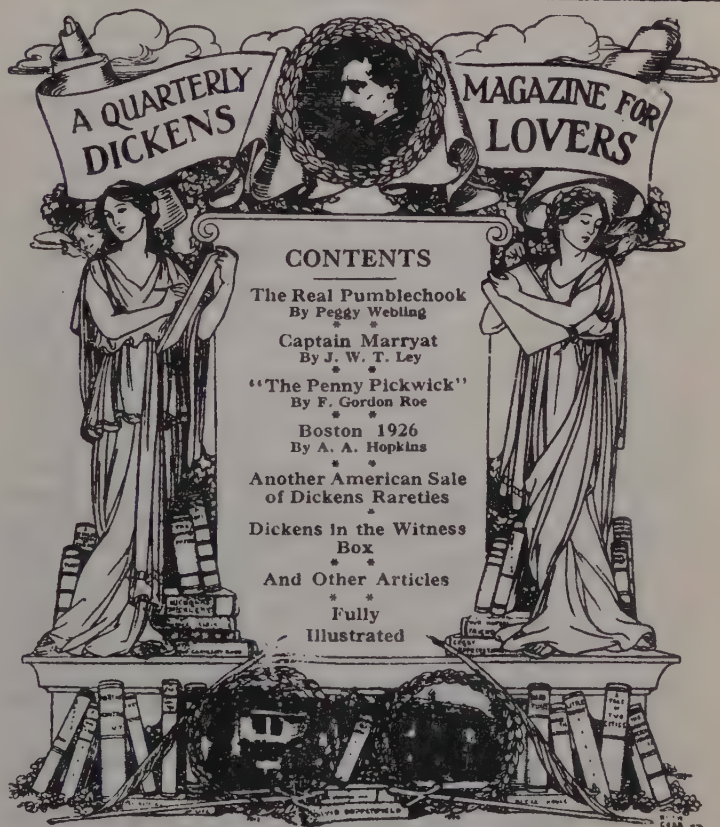
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THE DICKENSIAN

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THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XXII.

JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1926

No. 3

WHEN FOUND—

In Memoriam. The ninth of the month just ended marked the fifty-sixth anniversary of the death of Dickens, whose mortal remains lie in Westminster Abbey beneath a stone with the plain inscription :

CHARLES DICKENS,

Born February 7th, 1812—Died June 9th, 1870.

The few now living who had the privilege of knowing him are dwindling fast ; time has worked its cure, and none now lament his passing. To the tributes we pay to-day to the great departed we now add :

BERTRAM WALDROM MATZ,

Born 5th March, 1865—Died 17th July, 1925.

Our loss in Matz is real ; our grief, poignant ; but to the host of his friends the tribute of this plain record is a sufficient witness to the depth of our sorrow and the strength of our desire to keep green the memory of him who was for twenty-one years the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

* * * * *

Floral Tributes. A representative gathering of Dickensians was in attendance at the Abbey on June 9th, and wreaths were placed on Dickens's grave in the name of " The Dickens Fellowship," and of the branches at Boston (U.S.A.), Toronto, Montreal and Brisbane. The Dickens family and individual members also laid floral tributes. Particularly noticeable was one from his coachman bearing the following inscription :—

" In remembrance of my dear Master, from George Field Belcher, coachman to Charles Dickens to his death on June 9th, 1870. I am now resident in Belgium, aged 90 years. This small token of grateful remembrance is deposited by my daughter who was living with me at Gads Hill at the time."

* * * * *

The Immortal Pickwick. The appreciation of Dickens by the discerning literary people north of the Tweed, to which reference was made in these notes last quarter, shows no sign of decreasing. More than one Scottish paper took the opportunity of the fact that the thirty-first of March was the ninetieth anniversary of the publication of *The Pickwick Papers* (and not being desirous of

waiting ten years for the centenary of that momentous day) to print eulogies of this masterpiece. There is only room to give extracts from one ("The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch"), but they are typical:—

The anniversary of a great book is not less worthy to be celebrated than the anniversary of a great man. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, popularly and affectionately spoken of simply as *Pickwick*, is a great book whose frontiers of dominion are so wide that no one can say where they end. How many millions have been cheered and comforted by this happiest creation of Dickens's genius?

The characters of *Pickwick* may be caricatures, yet they have much of the essence of human nature in them. The longer we live, the more inclined do we become to regard their originator not as a caricaturist, but as a life portrayer. The members of the *Pickwick Club* found themselves in absurd situations, but so do the most solemn and discreet of us, though we may try to forget them.

Pickwick, Winkle, Snodgrass, and the rest, not omitting the immortal Sam, and his much-respected parent, live permanently in our affections, because we see in them flashes and reflections of ourselves or of our fellows, and because they have performed the priceless service of making us laugh a laugh that is pure and without malice.

Lawyers may argue and judges may decide as they please, leading cases may be debated and printed and tabulated to all eternity; the great case of *Bardell v. Pickwick* will outlive them all. The legal mind may find the report of this famous trial full of errors. That does not matter. To many people it will remain the supreme cause in the annals of British justice.

For ninety years *The Pickwick Papers* has occupied a unique place in English literature. There is no book exactly, or even nearly, like it. It is a book to read at frequent intervals during one's earthly pilgrimage. It appeals alike to the young, to the middle-aged, and to the old. It is a treasure house in which we are always discovering new joys. Had Dickens written no other book than this, he would still be remembered as one of our greatest writers and most successful contributors to the gaiety of nations.

* * * * *

The Pickwick Bicycle Club. I spent a most enjoyable evening on the 26th of April assisting the Pickwick Bicycle Club to inaugurate their new club room in Rathbone Place. The Pickwick Bicycle Club has not only the distinction of being the first cycling club ever formed, but it can boast that it is the oldest club still in existence associated with the name of Dickens. It was a real pleasure, therefore, to find it going so strong, not only with the older element—cyclists no longer, I fear—but with a goodly sprinkling of young enthusiasts. The club was founded in 1870, within a few weeks of Dickens's death, and the conversation naturally turned on the subject of Dickens and the bicycle. Did he ever ride one?

* * * * *

Dickens and Cycling. In the recent jubilee number of "Bicycling News" there appeared a reprint of an article on the pleasures

of bicycling which appeared in *All the Year Round* in the summer of 1869, and it was asserted that Dickens was the writer of it. This interesting item was repeated by practically every newspaper in the country, but apart from the fact that the article itself bears evidence that it certainly was not written by Dickens, Dickens's health in the summer of 1869 was such that he would never have ventured cycling "twenty miles on a moderately hilly turnpike road—say the highway to Dorking—in about three hours." The bicycle at that time was quite in its infancy, and it is doubtful if Dickens even ever endeavoured to mount one in a riding school.

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Pickwick Prices. The frequency with which certain valuable Dickens items appear at auction during the lifetime of their owners seems to point to the fact that it is not sentiment alone that induces the man of wealth to pay such high prices for these rarities. I notice that more than one item in the George Barr McCutcheon sale in April had been purchased at the Read sale in December last. The price of \$7,000 fetched for the *Pickwick* is only a trifle in advance of the £1,400 obtained at the sale of the late B. B. MacGeorge, of Glasgow, in 1924. Previous to that the record was held by the Bruton *Pickwick* of 1921, which went to America for £910. It is marvellous to notice the immense difference between the prices obtained within a quarter of a century. The set of *Pickwick* in parts which Dickens inscribed to his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, was sold in 1899 for £105. In 1922 it passed hands to another American buyer for no less than \$27,500. It is now in the possession of Mr. Wm. Elkins, of Philadelphia. Five years previous to this (1894) a set of the original parts at the Burgess sale fetched £34. This changed hands in 1914 for £495, and in 1916, with one page of the original manuscript inserted, fetched £5,350 under the hammer, the highest price that had hitherto been paid in an American auction for a *Pickwick*.

* * * * *

Dickens and the Almanac. The chronology of *Pickwick* is dealt with very fully by Mr. Justice MacKinnon in the "Cornhill Magazine" for May, and the learned judge arrives at practically the same dates as Mr. A. S. Bennett in *The Dickensian* for January, 1923; and, like Mr. Bennett, he had apparently not heard of the earlier work of Percy Fitzgerald in this direction, in his "History of *Pickwick*," 1891. Mr. Justice MacKinnon prefaces his article by stating that an investigation by him of the works of Jane Austen shows that lady to have worked with a calendar before her; not so Dickens. "Dickens certainly did not use an almanac," he writes. "Indeed, he dashed off his masterpiece in the exuberance of youth with a fine disregard of dates and with a fair sprinkling of actual anachronisms.

"Let no one suppose," he concludes, "that if I compare the greater accuracy of Jane Austen it is a comparison of merit rather than of method. No one ever derived more delight from *Pickwick* than I.

"If the old hypothesis—the nightmare of a single book upon a desert island—were to be propounded, and the choice limited to either *Pickwick* or 'Pride and Prejudice,' I think I should have to toss up."

* * * * *

The Annual Conference of the Fellowship, held after this number had gone to press, will be reported fully in the next number. It was a bold venture on the part of the Council to hold a Conference



MR. W. C. DAY

in a town where a branch did not exist, but, fortunately, Mr. W. C. Day, the energetic Secretary of the neighbouring Hatfield Branch, took matters in hand and formed a St. Albans Committee, consisting of the Mayor, the Town Clerk, Sir Edgar Wigram, Bt., and himself, and a very enjoyable time is confidently expected. Mr. Day, who served in the R.F.A. during the war, and was disabled at Vimy Ridge, is a welcome newcomer to the Fellowship. The Inland Revenue commands the greater part of his time, and he is a member of the Committee of the Inland Revenue Radio Society. Locally, Mr. Day does excellent work with the younger generation as Scoutmaster. In addition to being Hon. Secretary of the Branch of the Fellowship

in Hatfield, Mr. Day is also a member of the Committee of the the Hatfield Literary Society.

* * * * *

A Religious Force. A question was put to the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America: "What do you think of an aged grandfather of mine who thinks he can prepare himself for the next world by reading Dickens in this world?" to which Dr. Cadman replied in the "New York Herald Tribune" on April 6th last: "I rather like him on first acquaintance. To be sure I think he could vary his reading a little by combining the 23rd Psalm with his exclusive diet of Dickens. But this great author insists on the trustworthiness of the moral instincts. He teaches us to do our plain duty and to practice loving kindness. . . . The fact that though half a century has elapsed since the burial of the novelist in the great Abbey, flowers are still placed on his grave and watered by tear

of poor visitors, speaks of his hold upon real religion and upon the popular heart."

* * * * *

Boston The Boston Dinner in May last, referred to on page 177, 1842-1926. must have been an impressive sight. Nearly 500 guests attended, and the organisers are to be heartily congratulated. It was, of course, at the Boston Dinner in 1842 that Dickens finished his toast with these now famous words, "America and England—may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them." In looking up the very complete reports in "Dickens in America," by Glyde Wilkins, it was a pleasure for me to notice that one, Franklin Dexter, the U.S. District Attorney, was present at that historic function and made a speech in reply to a toast proposed by J. Thomas Stevenson, a well-known Boston merchant.

* * * * *

C.D., Press Agent. Dickens as an advertising force has often been demonstrated, and now the famous seaside resort of Scarborough has testified to the immense amount of good Dickens did the town when he introduced it into the 4th chapter of that short story, *Hunted Down*, which he wrote specially for the "New York Ledger" in 1859. "It is certainly one of the cheapest advertisements Scarborough ever had, and probably few have exceeded it in its far reaching effects," says a writer in the "Scarborough Evening News."

* * * * *

The "What Is It?" One of Barnum's freaks has died at the age of 83: he was first established at the old Barnum Museum on Broadway 67 years ago, and owed his name—so the American papers say—to Dickens, who, seeing the queer specimen of humanity, asked Barnum "What is it?" And so the showman, conscious of the worth of a Dickens advertisement, called the freak ever afterwards.

* * * * *

The Greatest Little Book. *A Christmas Carol*, of course; "And if you think that a rather large order, name a greater!" Thus said Mr. A. Edward Newton to a discriminating circle of literary men in Philadelphia, as he tells us in "The Greatest Book in the World" (John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd.), which, of course, is the Bible. In addition to the very entertaining chapter on the *Carol*, Mr. Newton—who is a well-known American collector—has some well-informed brightly written chapters on such diverse phases of the Metropolis as Gough Square, the "Old Vic," and Skinner Street, that make this handsome, well illustrated volume of special appeal to the Dickensians.

* * * * *

Best Books. Yet another set of "best books" is now being compiled, this time by the readers of "The Daily Chronicle," under the guidance of Mr. C. Lewis Hind, to whose reminiscences—just published under the title "Naphtali," by John Lane, the Bodley Head—bearing testimony of the "queer and quick

impression" Dickens (to say nothing of "Garibaldi, an Ogre and some uncles") made upon his youthful days, I referred in the October issue. The prize list contained *A Tale of Two Cities* as one of ten books "best suitable for a young man—thoughtful, imaginative, eager—when he reaches the age of 21." The complete list—which is to be of one hundred books—will be looked for with much interest. Another list of ten, included both *Barnaby Rudge* and *Oliver Twist*, the sender stating: "Twenty years as a schoolmaster have taught me that these two form the best introduction to boys of a taste for Dickens."

Opinions, of course, differ; but this fact is worth recording.

* * * * *

"Beware of Widders." A Lincolnshire reader has drawn my attention to an interesting advertisement in the "Nottingham Guardian" of the 27th May last, respecting a dissolution of partnership in which one of the parties is named Sam Weller Widdowson. The reader can now pause for due reflection.

* * * * *

"Timpson's Blue-eyed Maid." The Kentish roads have been enlivened by motor char-a-bancs bearing this name, which is of so great import to Dickensians. It is good to find the old firm of Timpson still surviving; for "in the strawy arms" of a coach bearing this name Dickens came to London from Chatham as a boy of ten.

* * * * *

A Bowl of Bishop. A reader asks, what is Bishop, the drink several times mentioned by Dickens, particularly at the conclusion of *A Christmas Carol*, when the reformed Scrooge promises to redress Bob Cratchit's wrongs over a "bowl of smoking bishop." Bishop is a mixture of wine, oranges and sugar. According to Dean Swift:

Fine oranges
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

* * * * *

The Book for 1927. The book recommended by The Dickens Fellowship for reading by all its members in the 1926-7 session is *A Tale of Two Cities*. Will Branch Secretaries kindly note for their syllabuses? I hope to include a few special articles on the book during the period, and at the close, to announce a Prize Competition in connection with it.

* * * * *

The Next Number. The next number of *The Dickensian* will be published on the first of September, and thenceforward on the first of December, March and June, thus issuing during the winter session of the Fellowship three numbers instead of two as formerly. In the same issue will be given full details of a special Prize Competition in connection with *Great Expectations*, the book for the session just completed.

. WALTER DEXTER.

THE PENNY
PICKWICK

EDITED BY "BOB."



(Block kindly lent by "The Connoisseur")

By F. GORDON ROE

(Assistant Editor of "The Connoisseur")

SO far as collectors are concerned, few topics offer a more promising field than *The Pickwick Papers* and the numerous *ana* which it called into being, among which the plagiarisms occupy an important place. Of these parasitical publications alone about twenty (and more have been recorded) were represented in the memorable "Pickwick Exhibition," held by The Dickens Fellowship at the New Dudley Gallery in 1907. Most generally encountered is undoubtedly G. W. M. Reynolds's "Pickwick Abroad; or The Tour in France," a meritorious and not unamusing production, though immeasurably inferior to its prototype. "Pickwick Abroad," it may be recalled, was first published in parts in 1839; but this is not the place to attempt a catalogue

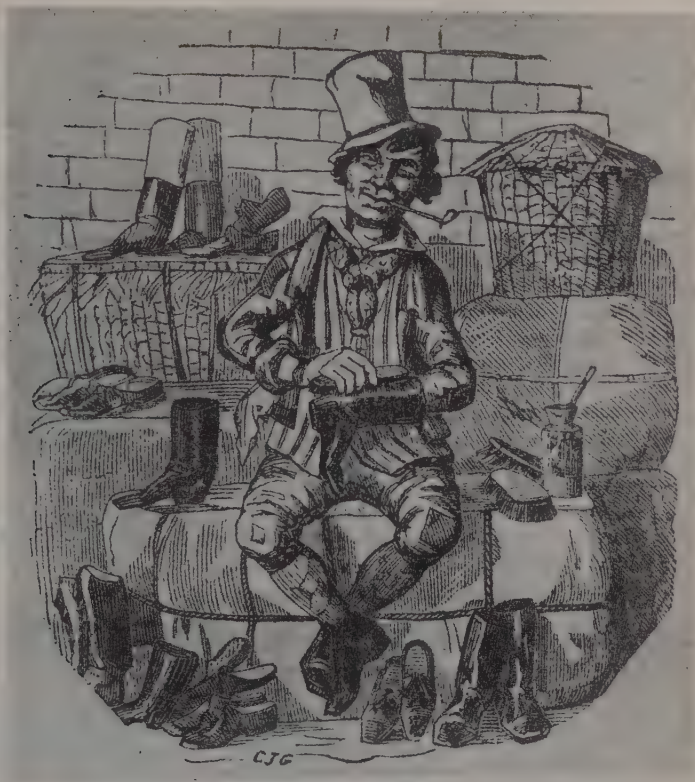
of such productions, and the curious have always Grego's invaluable "Pictorial Pickwickiana" for reference. Suffice it to add that "Pickwick in America" (1838) and "Pickwick in India" (1840), both of great rarity, were two other of the prints to which Dickens referred with such bitterness; but of all these noxious piracies none equalled the impudence of "The Penny Pickwick."

"The Penny Pickwick: The Post-Humorous Notes of the Pickwickian Club," was issued in 1837 (FitzGerald says 1838), in penny parts of eight pages each. E. Lloyd, of 62 Broad Street, Bloomsbury, and later of 44 Wych Street, Strand, was the publisher; while of "Bos," the "editor," it may at least be said that he was no idle plagiarist. He was also responsible for the astounding "Pickwick in America," already referred to, as well as for a flagrant imitation of *Oliver Twist* under the colourably imitative title of "The Life and Adventures of Oliver Twiss, the Workhouse Boy" (1839). "The Sketch Book by 'Bos'" (1838), "Nicholas Nickleberry," edited by "Bos" (1839), and "Mister Humfries' Clock, 'Bos,' Maker" (1840) were other effusions from the same pen. The last-named work nearly got "Bos" into trouble, for Thomas Hood tackled him on the matter, but received no answer beyond the astounding one that no piracy had been committed.

From a fine copy shown at "The Pickwick Exhibition," it appears that "The Penny Pickwick" boasted, in its complete form, more than 300 woodcut illustrations, apart from woodcut title-pages and coloured pictorial wrappers.

Generally speaking, the text fairly closely parodies the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, though certain differences of nomenclature are observable. Pickwick himself has "Christopher" for his unthinkable first name; "Winkletop," "Snodgreen" and "Tupnall" replace Winkle, Snodgrass and Tupman; Wardle becomes "Warner"; the Fat Boy, the "Chubby Lad"; while the immortal Sam adheres to the parental injunction of putting it down a "we" by consistently appearing as "Samivel Veller." Under the less easily recognisable pseudonym of "Horatio Shirk," Jingle struts and vapours through "Bos's" pages, but "Smirkins" is a thin disguise for the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, who provides a new scene by purchasing Sam's "mother-in-law" in open market for the modest sum of half-a-crown. Of the remaining characters, some are plainly borrowings, while others, like Pickwick's negro servant, John White, are obvious interpolations by the plagiarist.

When they are not senseless situations through which these puppets are dragged, they are but vulgar plunderings from Dickens's fertile imagination. Mr. Pickwick's adventure with the middle-aged lady in curl papers is perverted into a contretemps with a young woman whose bedroom he has accidentally occupied. Pickwick it is, and not Winkle, who skates: in Dickens's version, of course, Mr. Pickwick slides; and Pickwick, not Tupman, who proposes to the imitation Rachel Wardle, here represented as an elderly widow named Dupps. Greatly to our surprise, we learn that Sam Weller is the natural son



SAMIVEL WELLER

From "The Penny Pickwick"

(Block kindly lent by "The Connoisseur")

of the stout old coachman by a woman called Sarah Suggs. Moreover, Mr. "Veller," senior, keeps not the "Markis o' Granby," but the "Pig and Whistle," in an improvised chapel near which is located a garbled version of the Meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. A quotation, with all faults, from this part of the narrative will serve to impart an idea of the whole. The incident is, of course, that when Stiggins (here denominated "Smirkins") arrives at the meeting after receiving the liquorish ministrations of Tony Weller's friends.

"'They're a coming, Sammy, they're a coming!' whispered Mr. Veller, senior, to his dutiful offspring. 'Oh, lor! or lor! this spree will be the death o' me,' and the old gentleman almost cracked his cheeks in endeavouring to restrain his laughter. The next moment the door of the chapel burst open, and in staggered the Reverend Mr.

Smirkins, with his long pipe still in his hands, his hat put on the wrong way, his clothes in the utmost disorder; and his eyes staring wildly around him! Mrs. Veller and the other ladies all staggered in together, propping each other up with tender care. The congregation looked amazed—""; and well it might at the degraded pothouse riot which usurps the place of the disturbance described by Dickens with such genuine humour and marked restraint.

Though much on a par with the text, in other respects the illustrations are far less generally imitative of the original Posthumous Papers. Though the authorship of "The Penny Pickwick" cuts is obscure, the initials "C.J.G." on most of them help in identifying the "artist" as one who also worked for publications like the mock "Oliver Twiss." Many of the scenes are unfamiliar, although a full-page plate of the election (with Mr. Pickwick himself standing as Liberal candidate) bears a certain family likeness to Phiz's famous scene. About the best, as well as the most reputable illustration, however, is that of Sam cleaning boots in the inn yard, which, although a long way after Hablot K. Browne's immortal type, is acceptable by comparison with its neighbours in "The Penny Pickwick."

[The above article is drawn from one which originally appeared in "The Connoisseur," and is here reproduced by kind permission of that magazine.]

CHARLES DICKENS: SHORTHAND WRITER*

AN INTERESTING NEW BOOK

ANY addition to our knowledge of what Dickens was doing between his leaving school and the publication of *Pickwick* is most welcome, and Mr. Carlton in his little book on Dickens's work as a shorthand reporter, legal and journalistic, adds to this knowledge. It is a welcome reminder that the incidents and experiences of the early days of his manhood are constantly reflected in the whole of his work. By far the most interesting chapter is that on "The Origin of a 'Boz' Sketch," which was a disturbance that took place in the vestry of Saint Bartholomew the Great, resulting in suits which were heard in the Consistory Court on November 18th, 1830, and reported by Dickens, the transcripts from his notes in his own handwriting being in the possession of the above-named church. The two facsimiles given from these documents are valuable. For the rest our author has shown great assiduity in gathering his material, with here and there a bit of newness, an achievement when so much is already known. Two portraits are here, one of Charles Dickens at 18, unrecognisable; the other of him at 23, unrecognisable; in short, utterly unlike what we generally consider Dickens to be; but both queerly interesting. Why does Mr. Carlton—as do so many others—write "Dickens'" when it should be "Dickens's"? T.S.

* By William J. Carlton, with twelve illustrations. Cecil Palmer, 5s. net.

THE REAL PUMBLECHOOK

By PEGGY WEBLING

AS an original and deep student of the famous Victorian novelist, I am very grateful for an opportunity to write the defence of a maligned and sadly misunderstood character in *Great Expectations*.

Mr. Pumblechook has been too long the subject of scorn and ridicule. After a most careful analysis of his life and conduct I beg to submit the following conclusions to every fair-minded reader of the book.

First of all, let us take the opinion of his detractors and enemies; we will afterwards study him from an unbiased standpoint. The so-called "hero" of the novel, a person as insignificant in character as in name—Pip—always endeavours to make us see the noble Pumblechook through his own jaundiced eyes. We hear first of all that the subject of our investigation was Joe Gargery's uncle (although Mrs. Joe appropriated him, a sign in itself of his lovable and likeable qualities), and that he was a well-to-do corn-chandler who drove his own chaise-cart. Pip, at this period, was undoubtedly anxious to be connected with such a prosperous man, or why should he bitterly resent not being allowed to call him "Uncle"? At the same time, the miserable boy is guilty of giving an odious and obviously untrue description of the gentleman's appearance: "A large hard-breathing, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but choked."

Pip is unreasonably annoyed by Uncle Pumblechook's patient endeavours to improve his very ignorant mind by simple and interesting problems in arithmetic; he is greedy enough to be offended because Uncle Pumblechook enjoys his bacon and hot rolls while restricting him (Pip) to wholesome slices of bread with as little butter as possible; he is foolish enough to be surprised at Uncle Pumblechook's laudable curiosity regarding Miss Havisham, quite forgetting that he owes his introduction to that lady to the fact that Mr. Pumblechook was her tenant, and suggested that the ungrateful urchin should go and play at her house.

Only once in his whole career of self-confessed ingratitude and snobbishness does Pip admire his noble uncle. That is on the occasion when Mr. Pumblechook, no doubt as a test of character, is generous enough to say that the young man's good fortune is "well-deserved." Even then, after eating Mr. Pumblechook's poultry and drinking far too much of Mr. Pumblechook's wine, Pip has the audacity to deny that this warm-hearted friend had been the chosen companion of his infancy! In brief, the instances of the youth's ingratitude and the older man's magnanimity are too numerous to be quoted in a short paper like this.

Joe Gargery, a mere blacksmith, who is even more ignorant than Pip, is the only other person who disparages this warm-hearted corn-chandler. His dislike is entirely the outcome of jealousy. In his absurd and doting affection for Pip he is naturally angry at the knowledge of Pumblechook's far greater claims on his favourite's respect.

Even he—even the uncouth Joseph whom our Pumblechookian hero tries to “keep up to the mark”—can say no worse of him than that “his manners is given to blustering and he do comb my hair the wrong way.” But this slanderer—I allude to the man Gargery—has to admit that Uncle Pumblechook “were a corn and seedsman in his hart.”

Now let us turn to the other side of the picture.

Uncle Pumblechook is a generous man. Every year he presents a bottle of sherry wine and a bottle of port wine to his poor relations at the forge; nay, more, he has given them, on the first occasion when we meet him, a delicious savoury pork pie! He spends his money lavishly in feasting the unworthy Pip. He frequently entertains his fellow-townsmen of histrionic fame, Mr. Wopsle. And he is not only generous with his own property, but with other people's. We must not forget how he entreats the gallant Sergeant, who is convict-hunting, to drink freely of Mrs. Joe's port wine.

Pumblechook is a deeply reflective man. We have only to recall his speech at the Gargery's dinner party to realize this. “There are plenty of subjects about for them that know how to put salt upon their tails,” he says, with an endearing touch of playfulness; “A man wouldn't go far to find a subject if he was ready with his salt box. Look at Pork alone! There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!”

He is a social, kindly man. Even at the funeral of Mrs. Joe, who has always admired him, he does not hurt the feelings of the widower by refusing light refreshments, but (in the coarse words of Pip) stuffs himself, and, when all is over, obligingly finishes up the sherry.

He is a moral man. Let us meditate for a while on his dignified rebuke when Pip has lost his fortune. Mr. Pumblechook finds him breakfasting at the Boar. He presses watercress, which he calls “the humble fruits of the earth,” on the unrepentant spendthrift, and tells the young man that “his frame is exhausted by the debilitating effects of prodigality.” How true! Who can read without emotion Mr. Pumblechook's touching appeal to the landlord and the waiter in these extraordinary words: “Here is Squires of the Boar present, and here is William, which his father's name is Potkins if I do not deceive myself.” “You do not, sir,” says the waiter. I repeat that these words are extraordinary, and for this reason: they show that even a humble waiter is not beneath the notice of this broad-minded man. I ask you boldly, how many men, even in our warm-hearted Dickens Fellowship, would have the courage and sense of brotherhood to greet a waiter—say in a city restaurant—with the words: “Good day, William—or John—or Thomas—which your father's name is Potkins—or Smith—or Brown—if I don't deceive myself”? I will dare to be personal and say—would our Mr. Edwards do it, or our Mr. Warren, or our Walter Dexter, or even our own Pett Ridge?

Let me conclude this brief sketch of Pumblechookian greatness by saying that it would take the eloquence of a C. andband, the philosophy of a Pecksniff, and the humour of Samuel Weller himself to do justice to the real Uncle Pumblechook.

A
LITTLE
KNOWN
FRIEND
OF
DICKENS



WILLIAM
MITCHELL

By MARY
THOMPSON

THERE is a certain William Mitchell mentioned on more than one occasion in Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," and Dickens was evidently on terms of friendship with him, and admired him as an actor and a manager; but little has been hitherto written about him.

My interest is explained by the fact that his only sister, Ann, was my paternal grandmother.

In *American Notes*, speaking of New York, Dickens says: "There are three principal theatres. Two of them, the Park and the Bowery, are large, elegant, and handsome buildings, and are, I grieve to say it, generally deserted. The third, the Olympic, is a tiny show box for vaudevilles and burlesques. It is singularly well conducted by Mr. Mitchell, a comic actor of great quiet humour and originality, who is well remembered and esteemed by London playgoers. I am happy to report of this deserving gentleman that his benches are usually well filled, and that his theatre rings with merriment every night."

Dickens makes a further reference to Mitchell in a letter to Forster from Montreal in April, 1842. "The theatricals (I think I told you I had been invited to play with the officers of the Coldstream Guards here) are 'A Roland for an Oliver,' 'Two o'clock in the morning,' and either 'The Young Widow' or 'Deaf as a Post.' I wrote to Mitchell of New York for a wig for Mr. Snobbington, which has arrived, and is brilliant."

In one of Dickens's letters to Macready at this time there is this reference to Mitchell: "While in America, Mr. Mitchell, the comedian, had given him a small white shaggy terrier, who bore at first the

imposing name of Timber Doodle, and became a domestic pet and companion." Later Dickens writes: "Little doggy improves rapidly, and now jumps over my stick at the word of command. I have changed his name to Snittle Timbery as more sonorous and expressive."

In "A History of the Theatre in America," by Arthur Hornblow, Vol. II., page 130, there is an interesting account of Mitchell's career, from which the following extracts are taken:—

"Born in England in 1798 (he was a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne), William Mitchell began his career as a clerk. After some experience in amateur theatricals, he made his debut on the professional stage at Newcastle-on-Tyne as one of the country boys in 'The Recruiting Officer.' Later he secured a hearing in London, but made little or no impression until he scored a big hit as Jim Baggs. He came to New York, but attracted no particular attention until 1839, when he assumed the direction of the Olympic at 442 Broadway, which from now on was known as Mitchell's Olympic, and under his management the house quickly became one of the most popular places of amusement New York had ever known.

"On the boards of this theatre William Mitchell at once established himself as a warm local favourite, his inimitable personations of Dickens characters, Crummles and Squeers, raising him to the very summit of popular favour, and ensuring for him an extraordinary patronage for several years.

"A novel feature of the theatre was the unique character of the announcements. The following is characteristic of them all:—

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT:

Given by MR. MITCHELL to Himself.

"The seats of the pit will be covered with people (perhaps). The dress circle will be full if enough tickets are sold to fill it, and the upper boxes will positively be above the dress circle.

"The arrangements will not be under the direction of a committee of gentlemen from Astor House.

"The prices will be for this night only (being the last of the season) the same as usual.

REGULATIONS.

"Observe that all pipe laying is finished opposite the theatre. Drivers will, therefore, to prevent confusion, set their company down with the horses' heads in front and their tails behind. . . .

"This sort of thing delighted the multitude, and the Olympic attained a popularity which kept it in a prosperous condition, when other theatres were causing the bankruptcy of the managers. . . .

"Mr. Mitchell resolved to lower the prices from 25 to 12½ cents for admission.

"On that night every newsboy in New York was snugly ensconced in the pit, and the Little Olympic was on the top wave. For each succeeding Saturday the pit was the exclusive property of the newsboys and the Centre Market butcher boys. Mitchell had them under excellent control, however, and if they became uproarious, he would step forward to say in the blandest tone and manner, 'Boys, if you misbehave yourselves I shall raise the prices.'"²²

DICKENS IN THE WITNESS BOX AT BOW STREET AN INCIDENT IN DOUGHTY STREET DAYS

I AM indebted to Mr. R. T. Baines, of Canonbury, for the following extract from "The Sun" of Saturday evening, October 20th, 1838:—

BOW STREET

Richard Davis, the proprietor of the omnibus, No. 3861, was summoned before Mr. Twyford by Mr. Thomas, Secretary for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for cruelly beating and ill-treating one of his horses.

Mr. Peter Wright, a solicitor residing in the Temple, about four o'clock on the 16th inst. was in Carey Street, where he saw the defendant whipping one of his horses, which refused to go. He at first thought it was a stubborn horse; but in a few minutes afterwards, when it was taken out of the vehicle, he discovered that the shoulders upon which the collar must have pressed were completely raw; and when he spoke to the defendant about it, he was abused by him for interfering. He considered the defendant's conduct wanton and cruel.

Mr. Charles Dickens (author of the *Pickwick Papers*, etc.) said he thought Mr. Wright had understated the facts. When he came up the horse had fallen down, and when it rose the defendant lashed it about the head in the most cruel manner to make it go. He perceived the shoulders of the horse to be in the state described by Mr. Wright, and it was quite unable to go.

Mr. Twyford asked Mr. Dickens if he considered, from the appearance of the horse, that it ought to work at all.

Mr. Dickens said it was quite unable to work. The defendant said that the raw part was not more than the size of a penny-piece. He put the horse in the omnibus merely to try how it would go, having only bought it that morning. He intended to drive it round Lincoln's Inn fields, but it would not go, and was not in the omnibus more than five minutes.

Mr. Dickens said that there was a very large portion of the horse's shoulder completely raw, and he had no doubt but that the defendant intended to work it in that condition.

The defendant repeated that he did not intend to work the horse. He only intended to try it previous to sending it to his father's farm in the country, and had got pads made for the purpose of preventing the collar from injuring the shoulders. He could prove that he did not cruelly beat or in any way ill-treat the horse.

The defendant then called a person who was present when the horse was put into the omnibus, and saw it lie down. The defendant only struck it once, and witness did not consider that it was ill-treated.

In answer to a question from Mr. Twyford, Mr. Dickens said he had no doubt the defendant intended to work the horse.

The defendant was then fined 20s. and costs.

The Flapper of to-day is merely the Lavvy Wilfer of seventy years ago, with shorter hair, and in shorter frocks, but in all other respects her true lineal descendant.—EDWIN PUGH in *John o' London's Weekly*, 3rd April, 1926.

SELECTED LETTERS

(III) A TYPICAL LETTER DURING THE READING TOURS

SHREWSBURY.

Thursday, August 12th, 1858.

MY DEAREST MAMEY,

A wonderful audience last night at Wolverhampton. If such a thing can be, they were even quicker and more intelligent than the audience I had in Edinburgh. They were so wonderfully good and were so much on the alert this morning by nine o'clock for another reading, that we are going back there at about our Bradford time. I never saw such people. And the local agent would take no money, and charge no expenses of his own.

This place looks what Plorn would call "ortily" dull. Local agent predicts, however, "great satisfaction to Mr. Dickens, and excellent attendance." I have just been to look at the hall, where everything was wrong, and where I have left Arthur making a platform for me out of dining-tables.

If he comes back in time, I am not quite sure but that he is himself going to write to Gad's Hill. We talk of coming up from Chester *in the night to-morrow, after the reading*: and of showing our precious selves at an apparently impossibly early hour in the Gad's Hill breakfast-room on Saturday morning.

I have not felt the fatigue to any extent worth mentioning: though I get, every night, into the most violent heats. We are going to dine at three o'clock (it wants a quarter now) and have not been here two hours, so I have seen nothing of Clement.

Tell Georgy with my love, that I read in the same room in which we acted, but at the end opposite to that where our stage was. We are not at the inn where the amateur company put up, but at The Lion, where the fair Miss Mitchell was lodged alone. We have the strangest little rooms (sitting-room and two bed-rooms all together), the ceilings of which I can touch with my hand. The windows bulge out over the street, as if they were little stern-windows in a ship. And a door opens out of the sitting-room on to a little open gallery with plants in it, where one leans over a queer old rail, and looks all downhill and slant-wise at the crookedest black and yellow old houses, all manner of shapes except straight shapes. To get into this room we come through a china closet; and the man in laying the cloth has actually knocked down, in that repository, two geraniums and Napoleon Bonaparte.

I think that's all I have to say, except that at the Wolverhampton theatre they played "Oliver Twist" last night (Mr. Toole the Artful Dodger), "in consequence of the illustrious author honouring the town with his presence." We heard that the device succeeded very well, and that they got a good many people.

John's spirits have been equable and good since we rejoined him. Berry has always got something the matter with his digestion—seems to me the male gender of Maria Jolly, and ought to take nothing but

Revalenta Arabica. Bottled ale is not to be got in these parts, and Arthur is thrown upon draught.

My dearest love to Georgy and to Katey, also to Marguerite. Also to all the boys and the noble Plorn.

Ever your affectionate Father.

FOR THE DICKENS COLLECTOR

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT *OLIVER TWIST*

O*LIVER TWIST* is a particularly interesting book from the collector's point of view, as it went through so many different phases in nomenclature, and Dickens wrote for it no less than three prefaces.

The book first appeared as a serial story in "Bentley's Miscellany," of which Dickens was the Editor. It ran from February, 1837, to March, 1839, but did not appear in June, 1837, owing to the death of Mary Hogarth. It bore the title "Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress, by Boz," and the opening of the story was laid in Mudfog.

The first publication in book form was in 1838, when it appeared in three volumes, still bearing the title of "Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress, by Boz," and dated 1838. There were two issues of this first edition—(1) with "Fireside" plate; (2) with substituted "Rose Maylie and Oliver" plate.

The second edition appeared the same year, and was the first to acknowledge Dickens as the author, and the first to use the shorter title: "Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens, author of 'The Pickwick Papers.'"

A third edition was published in 1841, reverting to the larger title, but still retaining the name of Dickens without any reference to his previous work: "Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress, by Charles Dickens." This edition contained a new preface dated from Devonshire Terrace, April, 1841.

In January, 1846, an issue of *Oliver Twist* was commenced in monthly parts, and continued until the following October. For this the new title was "The Adventures of Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress, by Charles Dickens," and it was further announced as "a new edition revised and corrected." It reprinted the preface to the third edition of 1841.

In 1850 the first cheap edition was published, first in weekly parts, and then as a bound volume. The title was again altered to "The Adventures of Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens," and had a new preface dated Devonshire Terrace, March, 1850.

A revised preface appeared in the Charles Dickens Edition issued in 1867.

In this and in subsequent editions issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, notably in the National Edition edited by B. W. Matz, and in the Centenary Edition, the title has always been the larger one as used for the publication of 1846 in monthly parts.

A. T. FORE.

	HOW
CAPTAIN	BOZ
MARRYAT	WAS
AND	INFLUENCED
DICKENS	BY HIS
	FRIEND'S
	BOOKS

By J. W. T. LEY.

THE DICKENSIAN has a special interest in Captain Marryat. Of all Dickens's friends I do not believe it is possible to name one so similar to him in temperament—in sheer hearty boisterous appreciation of life for its own sake. Forster, writing of Dickens's delight in children's parties, tells us: "There was no one who approached him on these occasions except only our attached friend, Captain Marryat, who had a frank delight in dancing, especially with children, and of whom and whose enjoyments he was fond, as it became so thoroughly good hearted a man to be."

And that similarity of spirit and temperament appears in an extraordinary degree in the books of the two men. Very often attention has been called to similarities between characters and incidents in Dickens's books and in books of other writers, but in this regard I have never seen mention of Marryat. It happens to have been my lot during the last few months to take a complete course in Marryat—after a hiatus of thirty years or so—and I have been struck over and over again by the extraordinary affinity between the Marryat and Dickens spirit and atmosphere. One must not be misunderstood as being so foolish as to accuse Dickens of anything in the nature of plagiarism, but the influence of certain writers is palpable in his books—Fielding and Smollett, for instance. It is strange to me that the obvious influence of Marryat has never (so far as I am aware) been noted.

In this respect, it is important to note the dates at which Marryat's principal books were published. "Peter Simple" and "Jacob

Faithful" appeared in 1834; "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "The Pasha of Many Tales," "The Pirate" and "Japhet in Search of a Father," in 1836; "Snarleyyow," in 1837. In other words, all his best work had been done before Dickens commenced to write; his full popularity had been attained when *Pickwick* was commenced in 1836, and I am confident that a re-reading of them will convince anyone that my view is right, that Marryat exercised more influence upon the young Dickens than any other writer.

I cannot hope to go to any extent into detail, but a few points that occur to me more or less off hand may be noted. Take "Jacob Faithful," published two years before *Pickwick* was commenced. How extraordinarily reminiscent (if that is the word) are the relations between Old Tom and Young Tom (Old Tom, by the way, introduces at least one "Wellerism"—"However, she got used to it at last, as the woman said when she skinned the eels"). And then Old Tom's snatches of song—resist thoughts of Dick Swiveller and Silas Wegg if you can. We have Old Beazley saying, "Very true, master; and so here's to your health Mr. Dominie, and may you never want a pretty girl to talk to, or a glass of grog to drink her health with." Surely Captain Cuttle might have said that in the Midshipman's back parlour! And Old Tom has two wooden legs, as well as a penchant for bursting into song. Wegg had only one wooden leg, and his voice was not melodious, and he was a villain: I know all that; but still, is there nothing tangible in all these points I am suggesting? We have Old Stapleton with his eternal references to "human natur"—very reminiscent of Dickens's trick of the ever-recurrent phrase. Read the same character's story of his wife and her death, and Dr. Marigold will force himself upon your mind. Read of Mary Stapleton's treatment of Young Tom, and you will not be able to resist thoughts of Dolly Varden and Joe Willet, and in this same connection surely Sarah Drummond is suggestive of Emma Haredale.

"Japhet in Search of a Father" appeared in the very year that *Pickwick* was commenced. Bear the fact in mind, and then read the account of the hero's life in the apothecary's shop, and—and try to keep "Sawyer late Nockemorf," out of your mind. Then listen to this: "Very odd—same nose—same face—same age, too—very odd—like as two pills—beg pardon—made a mistake." And this: "Japhet—verily—thee has done well—money coming in fast—settle Japhet—marry—have children—and so on—Susannah nice girl—good wife—pop question—all right—sly puss—won't say no—um—what d'ye say—and so on." Mr. Jingle? Indeed no, just Mr. Cophagus!

Japhet went as a travelling circus performer with Num, the idiot boy; Nicholas Nickleby joined a touring theatrical company with a simple boy named Smike. Mr. Masterton, the lawyer, might easily have lost his way out of one of Dickens's books, and Mr. W. L. Courtney has mentioned Tim in the same breath with Sam Weller for his faithfulness, lightheartedness and ready wit.

"Mr. Midshipman Easy" was published in the very same year—1836. We can at least say this, that Mr. Nicodemus Easy, with his

cranky notions of equality, is entirely Dickensian, and if poor meek Mrs. Easy does not really bring a dozen Dickens characters to the mind of any reader I shall be surprised. What of the famous scene in which Sarah is examined as to her suitability as a nurse for young Easy? Truly Dickensian! And Dickens might well have drawn Mr. Oxbelly and his wife—both so fat without realising it—"I never quarrel with anyone—only my wife, and only with her at night. She will take up more than her share of the bed, and won't let me sleep single."

"Newton Forster" was published in 1832. Here is an extraordinarily melodramatic coincidental plot of just the kind Dickens gave us in his early years. And the book is in chapter after chapter reminiscent of Dickens. Mrs. Nicholas Forster is a low comedy Mrs. Gargery. The way in which she is bluffed into going to a lunatic asylum is in the true if most boisterous Dickens spirit, though certainly a little crude. We have her simple Caleb Plummer-cum-Newman Noggs-cum-Mr. Jellyby of a husband, who, owing to her constant turbulence interfering with his plans, mentally puts off everything to be considered a moment until Mrs. Forster shall be dead. Mr. John Forster, Newton's rich bachelor uncle, is a Ralph Nickleby regenerate.

Will somebody name in any book whatsoever a more truly Dickensian character than Mr. Chucks in "Peter Simple" (1834)? The boatswain who aspired to be a gentleman, and, if he had only known it, was that essentially already. "Vanity's a confounded donkey, very apt to put his head between his legs and chuck us over; but pride's a fine horse who will carry us over the ground and enable us to distance our fellow travellers"—a capital piece of Dickensian philosophy. In this character we have another of those persistent oddities of speech of which Dickens was so fond—"Allow me to observe—in the most delicate manner in the world, just to hint, that you are a d—d trencher-scraping, napkin-carrying, shilling-seeking, up-and-down-stairs son of a —, and take this for your impudence." Captain Kearney, the absurd but persistent liar; Mr. Muddle with his philosophy—and some of the names are as Dickensian as those chosen by Dickens. Mr. Chucks, left for dead on the sinking ship, turns up years afterwards as Count Shucksen.

Which fact, Dickensian enough in itself, leads to mention of another characteristic possessed by these two writers in common. "Ah! those final chapters of Dickens!" exclaims George Gissing. "No-one is forgotten, and many an unexpected bit of happiness calls aloud for gratitude to the author." We might say the same of Marryat. Look at the last chapter of "Peter Simple." All the characters we are really interested in turn up, including Chucks and Mrs. Handycock who owed gratitude to Peter, and Peter and Terence both marry happily. Like Dickens, Marryat tried to shake off this very good habit. Dickens tried in *Great Expectations* but failed—yielded to Lytton's persuasion. Marryat had no Lytton at his elbow when he was writing "The King's Own," and so carried his intention through. The result was about the most disappointing ending ever given to a novel. If Dickens

had left Pip as he had intended it would have been consistent and artistic (the gods forgive me for the use of the word !); the death of the hero of Marryat's book is hopelessly inartistic, in no sense inevitable, a positive offence, but it is interesting as showing again how similar in temperament were these two writers. Naturally there were protests against the ending, and so the next book finished up with two weddings, and Marryat exclaimed: "And now most arbitrary public, I consider that I have made the *amende honorable*, and that we are quits; for if you were minus a happy marriage in the last work, you have a couple to indemnify you in the present."

The most striking parallel, however, is that between the death of Jacob's mother in "Jacob Faithful" and the death of Krook in *Bleak House*. Apart from the fact that Marryat writes a crude and horrible description, which will not bear comparison with Dickens's account, the cases are on all fours. From the deck of the lighter Jacob hears screams in the cabin; is conscious of a strong smell of something burning, and in a moment his drunken father rushes on to the deck and jumps overboard. Then there is "a strong empyreumatic thick smoke" ascending from the hatchway. That clears, and he goes into the cabin to find nothing burned except that there is "a blank mass in the centre of the bed." He puts his hand upon it, and it is "a sort of unctuous pitchy cinder."

Then Marryat proceeds to do what Dickens did years later—seeks to justify himself. But whereas Dickens does it in his preface, and quotes what he regards as authentic instances, Marryat simply makes a round assertion, and does it in the body of the book itself.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that she perished in the very peculiar and particular manner which does sometimes, although rarely, occur to those who indulge in an immoderate use of spiritous liquors. Cases of this kind do indeed present themselves but once in a century, but the occurrence of them is well authenticated. She perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*, an inflammation of the gases generated from the spirits absorbed into the system.

Bleak House appeared some twenty years after "Jacob Faithful." Marryat, of course, was roundly challenged, and some of the critics (G. H. Lewes, for instance, as per Dickens's preface) imagined that they had conclusively shown that there could be no such thing as death by spontaneous combustion. Twenty years later, Dickens, after careful examination of records, declared that his friend was right.

It would be easy to lengthen this article considerably, but I content myself with little more than suggestion. I think I have said enough to indicate that Marryat has a peculiar interest for all Dickensians, quite apart from the fact that he and Dickens were such friends (unconscious on his deathbed, Marryat held imaginary conversation with Dickens). The author of "Peter Simple" is, I suggest, the most Dickensian author in respect of sheer hearty fun, and if what I have written should turn any one back again to his books, I know I shall have their gratitude.

TRABB'S BOY

By MARY CATCHPOLE

THE fat boy we all know. Do we all know Trabb's boy? I doubt it. Well! though he but briefly and fitfully figures in *Great Expectations*, a few remarks on his personality may not be out of place.

Trabb's boy—it is his only appellation—did not, to my mind, fulfil the promise of his youth. He should have “arrived”—made good. But he fizzled out. When we make his acquaintance he impresses us as “a character.” Did he not, while engaged in sweeping Trabb's shop, get all the aggressive noises possible out of his broom, and in a spirit of self-expression do his best to sweep over the brand new capitalist, Pip? No cringing at the feet of riches for him, let Trabb, the Master, do what he would.

We part from him as “Trabb's over-grown young man” pocketing a tip from the same capitalist, Pip, and thus he fades out of the picture.

“Most lame and impotent conclusion”; but between this promising entry and sorry exit there is material for my belief that Trabb's boy might have achieved greatness.

The first view we get of him suggests a coming street corner agitator—one who would, in these days, be heard of, say, at the Marble Arch.

Again, it is on record that he was an “unlimited miscreant,” and “the most audacious boy in all that countryside.” Think of it! emphasis on each word please, and an extra on “boy.” What more in the way of personal equipment could be needed to set up in business as brigand chief or pirate king?

But the sphere in which he should have shone is, I think, that of the Drama, and for this opinion the evidence is ample. Did he not, in the public street of Rochester, improvise, dress, stage, and act a drama of three scenes to a delighted audience, and, which was his object, to the immense embarrassment of poor Pip. He counterfeited, with the greatest success, the phases of surprise, mock terror, sham humility and insolent swagger. That “don't know yah! Pon my soul don't know yah!” brought down the house.

And, in the finale, note his versatility. Being what he was, doubtless he could produce all the hideous and unnatural noises which delight the soul of the human boy.

For his closing scene he elected to *crow* after the retreating form of Pip—not, mind you, the normal crow of a healthy fowl, but of one in the lowest possible state of dejection. Again—poor Pip!

I like to fancy a variety show run by some of Dickens's boys.

The programme I have in mind would include the following:—

TOM SCOTT.

The boneless wonder and world-renowned equilibrist.

MR. BAILEY, JUNIOR. Raconteur.

JACK DAWKINS.

(By kind permission of Mr. Fagin, engagements permitting), Prestidigitateur and

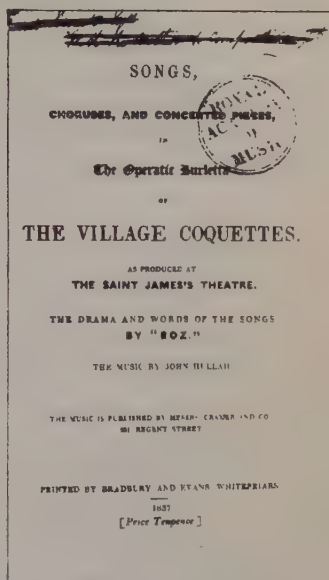
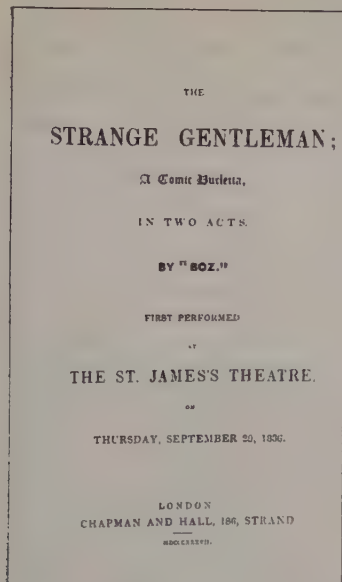
TRABB'S BOY.

Character impersonations from Dickens.

Success would surely attend such an all star cast!

THE GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON SALE

By A. A. HOPKINS



First Editions of Two Early Plays which were sold for \$1000 and \$670 respectively.

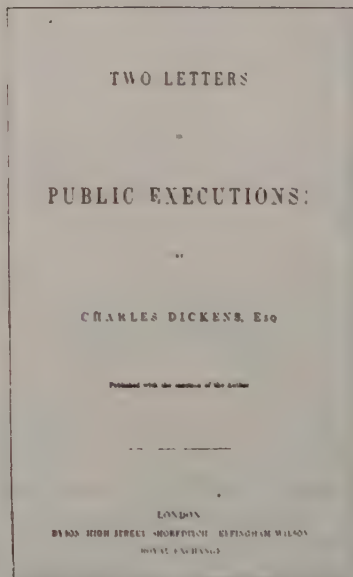
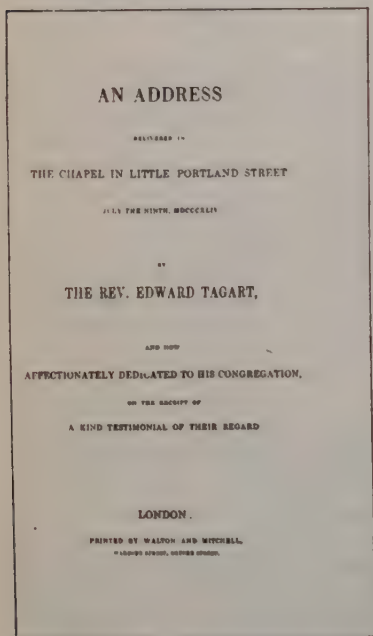
THIRTY-FIVE thousand and eleven dollars for 329 lots ! Seven thousand dollars for a *Pickwick*. This indicates a sale of large calibre, and it was ! It is seldom that a first-class novelist is a first-class bibliophile as well. The creator of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions" and "Purple Parasol" is also a first-class bibliographer, as his detailed comparison of eight celebrated *Pickwick's* shows. Through the courtesy of Mr. Swann, the Director of the Department of Books and Prints of the American Art Association, we are enabled to present a number of reproductions of title pages. The catalogue was a masterpiece, fourteen pages being given to the *Pickwick* collation alone. The sale took place in New York in the gallery of the well-known institution mentioned above on April 21st and April 22nd.

The two outstanding features of the sale, which included very valuable Thackeray items, was the fact that a world-famous *Pickwick* and a world famous "Vanity Fair" were sold within twenty-four hours of each other ; the former brought \$7,000 and the latter \$2,425. So we can be proud of our great Master even at the auction block.

In a sale of this magnitude it is necessary to differentiate sharply between manuscripts, association items and books of rare bibliographic interest. The latter is by far the most interesting, as the former two are largely a matter of money. Taking up the three classes in order, we find some very choice manuscripts. The first number sold was an

original autograph manuscript excerpt from "Burlesque on Othello," 250 words, with certification of authenticity from John Dickens. This sold for \$540 (it had been obtained from the Read Sale, a few months before, for \$625. The other manuscript material need not detain us, as we must pass to the Association items.

A copy of *Sketches by Boz*, with a pencil sketch and a bombastic letter by George Cruikshank, in which he attacks "Phiz" and Crowquill,



Two very rare Pamphlets which were sold for \$160 and \$220.

brought \$450. Another copy of *Sketches by Boz* (First Octavo Edition), with an autograph note by Dickens, brought \$930. A presentation copy of Songs, Choruses, etc., from *The Village Coquettes*, with a semi-obliterated inscription by Dickens (see cut) sold for \$670. A copy of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, with an inscription to George Cruikshank, fetched \$1,450. *The Haunted Man and The Ghost's Bargain*, with an inscription to Thomas Beard, fetched \$920. A *David Copperfield*, inscribed to Charles Kent, sold for \$600. The first cheap edition of the *Christmas Books*, given to Augusta Dayton from "her affectionate friend Charles Dickens," sold for \$520. *Mrs. Gamp*, as condensed for reading purposes, was the copy used in Boston for Dickens's readings in Boston, and was given to Mr. Ticknor, the publisher. This valuable item sold for \$1,800. We must not tire our readers with more of these fascinating items.

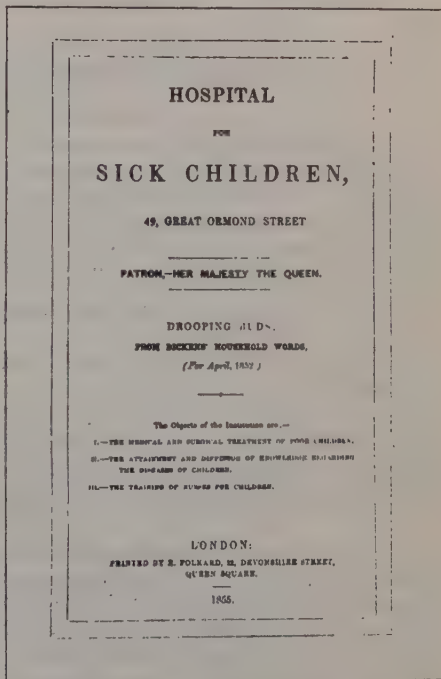
When we come to the straight copies of the printed works of Charles

Dickens we come to some of the choicest bibliographical material which has ever come into the Dickensian book market. The crown jewel was, of course, the *Pickwick*. It is a splendid copy, with practically every known advertisement and, of course, all "points." John F. Dexter and Frank Sabin have pronounced this copy to be well nigh perfect. The collation in the catalogue is of great value to every student. When the bidding began the interest was tense, and was not relieved until we knew \$6,000 had been passed. Space forbids the consideration of more than three or four more items.

The Battle of Life brought \$1,975. This was the first issue of the first edition. It was without the cupid or scroll below, and had the publisher's full imprint and date. Of the real first issue there are but few copies known to be in existence. "The Gadshill Gazette" consisted of twelve numbers and two supplements. This is believed to be the most complete file known. Of course, the criticism might be made that this is a Dickens dilution, for the work of the children cannot be compared with the work of the Master, but the "Gazette" is a great rarity, and must be considered as such. *Great Expectations*.

A Reading, privately printed, circa 1866, brought \$1,025. Probably not more than two or three copies are in existence. One more item and we finish our all too brief summary of a few limelight items.

The Strange Gentleman, even though it was bound, brought one thousand dollars. It would be problematical what a copy as issued would bring. The following is an example of the bibliographical notes in this remarkable catalogue:—



"Drooping Buds." Believed to be the only perfect copy known with the date 1855. This fetched \$360, although only a portion of it—some 31 lines on pages 5 and 6 were written by Dickens. The remainder was the work of Henry Morley.

"By holding the title-page to the light it will be noticed that the first syllable of London in the imprint lacks by at least one eighth of an inch of overlapping the word 'Boz' on the recto, and the termination of certain lines in the text conform to the requirements

of a Genuine First Issue, as distinguished from the facsimile of 1871 (see entry No. 226).

"The following comparison between the original and the reprint, with the original date, may be of interest :—

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Original.</i>	<i>Facsimile.</i>
33, line 2 and 3.	Take him away.	Take him away.
40, line 30.	return immediately.	return imme- diately.
41, line 17.	innoculated.	innoculated."

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

Charles Dickens (he added) used to take notes of names which struck his fancy and he had that morning looked up in the Telephone Directory the names of Snodgrass and Winkle. It would have been open some years ago to any gentlemen of those names to have issued a claim against Charles Dickens for having held them up to ridicule.—**LORD GORELL** in the House of Lords.

* * * * *

Unlike Micawber, he (Mr. Churchill) does not recommend living within one's income, however small; but in making one's income look larger by turning a blind eye to one's debts.—*Evening Standard*, 4th March.

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Mr. Lloyd George, when he again rose, directed his wrath against the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "the real Artful Dodger," as he called him. There was much cheering and laughter when the Artful Dodger presently strolled in.—*Daily News*, 1st May.

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We are so apt to think of London's traffic problem as being of very recent date, that it is illuminating to read a fake advertisement in Charles Dickens's journal, "All the Year Round," under date of May 21st, 1859. "Wanted. Room enough to get along in by all the vehicles in all the principal streets of the City of London."—*Daily Mirror*, 6th March.

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It will be recalled that on an historic occasion Mr. Pickwick came to the conclusion that the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus were very easily amused. In a like manner one fancies that the constituents of— are very easily satisfied if they rest content with his speech on Saturday explaining his present political position.—*Daily News*, 8th March.

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But, of course, no one living in these bustling times can ever hope to attain the Fat Boy's proficiency in the art of eating. We have our business to attend to, whereas that celebrity made gastrology a full-time occupation.—*Daily Mirror*, 13th March.

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Some time ago I confessed that when I tarried in the precincts of the Tower I always thought rather of Mrs. Quilp's tea party on Tower Hill than of Anne Boleyn or Lord Lovat. I advanced in explanation the theory that the great characters of Dickens are pure essences,

whereas actual human beings are mixed ; iron ore as compared with fine steel. I am confirmed in this view by the fact that a few days ago a certain illustrious personage in Dickens was twice referred to in strangely different circumstances. In the one case it was a question of an Elizabethan writer, Dekker, whose play, "The Blacke Rod and the White Rod," was sold at Sotheby's for £1,150. "He certainly was a Micawber," says the describer of the sale. The other instance deals with a Georgian bankrupt, a gentleman who waited and hoped for something good to turn up."

The Official Receiver : "Rather a Micawber attitude ?"

The Bankrupt : "Yes."

I estimate that Mr. Micawber was born somewhere about 1785. How many people born much later are as alive as he to-day.—A. MACHEN in *The Observer*, 21st March.

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The inspector reminded him (Judge Parry) of Mr. Squeers. The master should pour out the acid and show the boys how to be careful.—*Daily Mirror*, 25th March.

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"My friends," said Mr. Chadband on a celebrated occasion, "why cannot we fly ?" "No wings," murmured Mr. Snagsby. It is true, and it is sad ; but there is no reason for allowing it to be assumed that this unfortunate deprivation is confined to one (political) party only ; it is common to all.—*Daily News*, 28th May.

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We gather that the proper phrase for this is "the substitution of physical sensation for visual experience." Was it perhaps this form of art at which Mr. Pecksniff prophetically hinted when he urged his desire to see Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg ? Not her power of representing the article, but the effect which the thought of it had upon that admirable woman must have been in his mind.—"Art for Art's Sake" in *Daily Telegraph*, 31st March.

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The only schoolmaster I have ever heard of who attended systematically to the health of the children under his care was the much reviled Mr. Squeers, and he has been held up to ridicule and contempt in consequence.—Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE, 5th April.

* * * * *

The tone of their deliberations was not unfitted to the gravity of the crisis, although certain forms of words crept in as inevitably, and as incongruously, as the subject of King Charles's head insinuated itself into the philosophical writings of David Copperfield's friend.—Leading article in *Daily Telegraph*, 30th April.

* * * * *

In her latest effort she had an argument with a man about a bottle of port. Marion complained that the man, like Betsy Prig, had not "drunk fair," so she took him, with the aid of a disapproving constable, to Vine Street Police Station.—*Daily Mail*, 15th May.

LA BRUYERE AND MICAWBER.—La Bruyere seems to have anticipated Micawber's comparison between income and expenditure in the following : Celui—là est riche qui recort plus qu'il ne consume ; celui—là est pauvre dont la dépense excède la recette ("Three French Moralists," by Edmund Gosse, 1918, p. 93).

REPORT OF THE EIGHTH NORTH AMERICAN INTER-BRANCH CONFERENCE IN BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A., MAY 16, 17 AND 18, 1926

By the Secretary, MRS. A. LINCOLN BOWLES

WHEN we realise that Vancouver (British Columbia), Winnipeg, half-way across this great continent, Montreal (Province of Quebec) and Toronto (Ontario), as well as Maine, California and "points between" were represented at the Eighth North American Inter-Branch Conference, we feel that we were highly honoured. Two of these Branches had never before been represented at these delightful gatherings—Oldtown-Orono, Maine, and Chicago, Ill. From these twelve groups came twenty-six members, a small showing if one thinks of the striking attendance at "big business" conventions, but when the urge was one of sentiment alone, and add to that the tremendous distances that some of these friends travelled to reach the city beloved of Dickens, the occasion assumes real significance.

The programme was carried out exactly as planned, but to do it full justice would tax the space of *The Dickensian*. The writer confesses to a feeling that, however interesting all the details might be, she must be content with giving only a brief summary of the business side of this very successful function.

Although the Conference proper started on the Sunday, the business session was not until Monday morning, when reports of Branches summarized activities which would delight the heart of the author who inspired them. Toronto easily takes the lead in its work for Tiny Tims and other children, for it has a membership of 1059 and a group of gifted players who earn thousands of dollars for that purpose. Its chief ambition for the coming summer is a building at a fresh air camp. Full details of these reports will be sent to the secretaries of every American Branch, as well as to London.

Mr. J. K. Thompson, Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch, who conceived the idea of these Inter-Branch meetings, and who had the first two in his home city, was unanimously chosen as a delegate from the North American Inter-Branch Conference to the Annual Conference of the whole Fellowship in St. Albans, the first person to be thus elected. This will add another link to the chain that binds us.

A special reference must be made to the souvenir programme, the work of artistic printers, and presented to the Boston Branch as a memorial by the four sons and daughter of Mrs. B. F. Sherrill, an enthusiastic charter member of the Boston Branch, who died recently. There should also be mention of various business houses who co-operated by having window displays—S. S. Pierce, whose store is on the site of the Tremont House, where Dickens was a guest in 1842; Houghton and Dutton Company, where the Albion Hotel stood, and where the ten-course dinner was prepared and later served at Papanti's Hall, and Penn, the florist, occupying the same building in which Ticknor and Fields had their book store, and where people stood all night long

waiting to buy tickets for the readings during the second visit to America. The Pilgrim Press and De Wolfe and Fiske also had exhibits, and there was a valuable collection in the Public Library.

There were invitations from Toronto, Canada, and Bethlehem, Pa., for the conference next May. It was decided to accept the last-named, and we feel sure that a hearty welcome awaits us there. We have already been entertained in "the City of Brotherly Love," settled by the Quakers. This visit will give us an opportunity of learning more about the Moravians, a community of which too little is known. We shall also be able to enjoy at least a part of the famous Bach Musical Festival, held at that time.

The following were the delegates to the Boston conference:—Vancouver, B.C., Miss Wilhelmina Dudgeon. Winnipeg, Man., Dr. W. T. Allison, president of the Canadian Authors' Club, founder and past-president of that Branch. Toronto, Ont., Mr. Leslie R. Hopper, Mr. Harry Tasker, Mrs. Tasker, Master Billy Tasker, Mrs. Alma A. Vail. Montreal, P.Q., Mr. J. Bruce Jordan, Mrs. Jordan, Mr. R. H. Mainer, Mrs. Mainer, Mr. A. T. Price and Mrs. Lawrie Archer. Pasadena, Cal., Mrs. C. B. Clapp. Chicago, Ill., Mrs. O. M. Barr. Philadelphia, Mr. J. K. Thompson and Mrs. John Van Miller. New York, Dr. Howard Duffield, Mrs. Duffield, Mr. A. A. Hopkins, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Mary Wray and Mrs. A. B. T. Beecher. Chester, Pa., Mrs. H. R. C. Robinson and Mrs. Elva S. Pennington. Bethlehem, Pa., Mrs. Charles D. Kreider. Nazareth, Pa., Miss Josephine Kreider. Orono, Maine, Professor C. S. Stevens, Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, University of Maine.



MRS. A. LINCOLN BOWLES, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Taken at the "Wayside Inn" of Longfellow, South Sudbury, Mass.

BOSTON

1926



MR. EDWARD F. PAYNE

President of the Boston Branch

AN
APPRECIATION
BY A
NEW YORKER

WHEN we drifted into the Bellevue Hotel, Boston, that cold, dreary Sunday morning, through a pelting rain, we felt lonesome and disconsolate. In the twinkling of an eye all was changed; for the magnificent New England hospitality (a lineal descendant of the hospitality of *old* England) was awaiting us, and in a few minutes we were at home.

It might well be asked *why* a New Yorker should presume to "write up" even the literary angles of the Conference. There is, however, a good and sufficient reason, the same as that which prompted the removal of dear Matz from the editorial chair for a month some years ago in order that Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross could publish the nice things about him that his friends wanted to hear. Boston will never tell how much it did, so the most gorgeous Dickens party ever held must be chronicled by alien hands.

To begin with, the Hotel Bellevue, which was "Headquarters," was where Louisa May Alcott finished her book "Little Women." Now, just what is the relation of this great classic for girls to Dickens? The little plays which Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy gave were very often Dickens plays, and *Pickwick* was a prime favourite. This resulted in many thousands of young people—boys as well as girls—being introduced to the works of the Master. The plays were actually given by the earthly prototypes. We saw their costumes carefully preserved at Orchard House, which we visited later.

Sunday afternoon we went in private cars to "Craigie House," in Cambridge, the home of Longfellow, where we were received by Mrs. J. G. Thorpe, the poet's daughter—"Allegra"; and Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, a grandson. Mr. Dana read some of the correspondence between Charles Dickens and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It gave us a real thrill to sit in one of the poet's chairs

in the room where he opened those precious letters from his friend beyond the sea.

Our next stop was at the Widener Library, which contains one of the finest Dickens collections in the world. The star exhibit was undoubtedly *Edwin Drood*, with Sir Luke Filde's drawings facing the printed illustrations. It has been the writer's privilege to examine this book in detail on another occasion. The drawings are exquisite. Crisparkle is finer, Jasper is more subtle and Durdles wreaks more of gin than in the printed cuts.

After the Library came a trip through Mount Auburn Cemetery. It seems as though all literary people either die in Boston or are brought there to be buried. It is like a part of Mr. Ley's "Dickens Circle" turned to stone, the pitiless rain making the inscriptions more legible. Mr. Milton J. Stone, a former President of the Boston Branch, has written an article on the subject which will appear in the next num^l er.

Passing over the Sunday evening reception at the Canadian Club, and the first business session on Monday, we come to the "walk." This part of Boston is located on a hill crowned by the State House, and practically all Dickens's interests were confined to this locality. There are steep streets and lanes, old houses, old squares, old everything. It might be a section of old Chelsea, and must have delighted Dickens and reminded him of home. We stopped at the old Aldrich house on Pinckney Street, where Fields called one Thanksgiving Day, and where he found the dinner table so attractive that he rushed back to his home to get Dickens to go to see it. Later that day Dickens dined with Longfellow at Cambridge. Lovely old Louisburg Square, where Jenny Lind was married, where the Alcotts and the Howells lived, was circumnavigated. Farther up the hill, on Mount Vernon Street, in a newer house, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich received us most graciously. In this house often were congregated the great literary luminaries of the nineteenth century.

The great event for which Mr. Payne was responsible was Monday evening—the dinner—the finale of which was dramatic in the extreme. On a dais, facing the diners, was a table set for eleven. The curtains parted, and in walked the "young men" of Boston, clad in the habiliments of 1842, and their guest of the evening. Maclise's portrait came to life; the intellectual face of Dickens filled with emotion gave us a most weird and pleasurable shock. The hands of time had, indeed, been turned back. It was Charles Dickens. The applause was wildly enthusiastic and prolonged. We then followed Mr. Pickwick's advice and partook of a most excellent dinner. Suddenly the lights went out, with the exception of spot and flood lights, which illuminated the dais, giving the impression of an oil painting of an early Victorian banquet, in a shadow box. It was an exact reproduction of the dinner given to Dickens in 1842. Not one word was spoken that was not said at that time. Several of the speakers were direct descendants of those who actually spoke at that dinner at Papanti's Hall, February 1st, 1842; for example, Mr. Richard H. Dana took the place of the author of "Two Years Before the Mast"—his father. The references

The Reproduction by the Boston Branch of The Dickens Fellowship on 17th May, 1926, of the Dinner given to Dickens at Boston on 1st February, 1842



F. W. C. HERSEY
as
Washington Allston

H. G. DONNELLY
as
T. Colley Grattan

F. C. PACKARD
as
"Boz"

E. F. PAYNE
as
Josiah Quincy, Jr.

G. WILSON
as
Dr. Bigelow

H. H. GAY
as
Josiah Quincy, Sr.

Groups to the left and right of the picture on previous page



HERBERT L. JACKSON

as

Major Chapman

J. F. VANCE

as

Oliver Wendell Holmes



V. A. FIELD

as

J. T. Stevenson

R. H. DANA, JR.

as

R. H. Dana, Jr., his father

L. DADMUN

as

Joe Field

to topical matters, local conditions, songs, international copyright, all seemed very much in order, and not at all archaic. The impersonation of Charles Dickens was ably rendered by Mr. Frederick C. Packard, Junr., a young and brilliant professional actor of the "Great God Brown" company. The writer sat very close, and was able to watch with much pleasure the exquisite facial expression which supplemented his lines. When he (Dickens) was listening to the other speeches, and kind mention was made of him and his works, he would look down shyly, or, at some sentence he would turn and make a remark to his companions, all so life-like. Nowhere else could this scene be reproduced with such great fidelity and with roles played by descendants of those who plowed through the ponderous ten-course dinner of the original event. Some of the participants wore the very garments worn by ancestors on that occasion, and the hostesses of the various tables were also dressed in the quaint garb of their grandmothers.

On Tuesday there was a most delightful ride to South Sudbury, through the prettiest country one could wish to see, and in part along the route of "The Great International Walking Match." Here is the original "Wayside Inn," of Longfellow. Even in England the like of this Inn is becoming a rarity, and its peer does not exist in America. Fortunately, he who makes motor cars by the million now owns it and spends much time there. Though always well kept up Mr. Ford has restored it to perfection. The highway is to be diverted in order to obtain a more retired position for the Inn. In the room to the left of the entrance were told the Tales, the fiddle was played, and the songs were sung as narrated in "Tales from a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. It was amusing to see Mr. Dana, a grandson of Longfellow, buy a copy



Photo by]

GROUP OF DELEGATES AND FRIENDS

[E. F. Payne

Taken at Longfellow's "Wayside Inn"

of this book to give away. This was carrying coals to Newcastle with a vengeance.

Dinner over, we made a run to Concord, about an hour away. Here we stopped to view the battlefield and to take our hats off before the stone marking the graves of English soldiers. Happily now we are united by unalterable bonds of love, sympathy and devotion to common ideals largely fostered by the example set by Charles Dickens, who has done more than anyone else to advance comity between the English-speaking nations. Next we visited "Orchard House," the home of Louisa May Alcott. Every nook and corner of this modest cottage is endeared to those who love "Little Women," and its creator. Tea followed in the home of Mrs. Richard F. Wood.

Several Boston merchants had window displays appropriate to the occasion; for example, a florist had a beautiful array of scarlet geraniums around a Dickens portrait on the spot where tickets had been sold for the Boston readings. Every stone in this part of Boston was hallowed by the probability that Dickens may have trodden on it, as he spent much of his time while here in this crooked little portion of the old city, which looks like a cross section of Boston with a steep hill thrown in for good measure. We can never forget the exquisite literary flavour of the early Victorian period which our Boston friends created for us in the three happy days, now a treasured memory, nor their boundless hospitality which was theirs to bestow and ours to receive.

A. A. HOPKINS.



MR. F. C. PACKARD

as Dickens in 1842

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

By W. LAURENCE GADD

V.—THE HULKS

"THAT'S the way with this boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Joe, "Answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen, directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right 'cross th'meshes."

On the ten or twelve miles of coast line, from Higham Bight to the Yantlet Creek, there are only three possible places at which a prison-ship could have been moored, and Dickens would no more be guilty of placing the hulk on a sand bank than of putting it on the marsh itself. These three places are Higham and Cliffe Creeks, in the Lower Hope; and Egypt Bay in Sea Reach.

The old battery was on the short stretch of shore between the two creeks; and the beacon was close by, on the tongue of land at the north side of the latter inlet; hence these two places at once become extremely improbable. Further, from the book itself, it is abundantly clear that the hulk was, at least, three or four miles *east* of the old battery, and of the churchyard, which effectively disposes of the first two positions. There remains only Egypt Bay, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Cooling; 5 miles north-east of Lower Higham Church, and 4 miles east of the old battery.

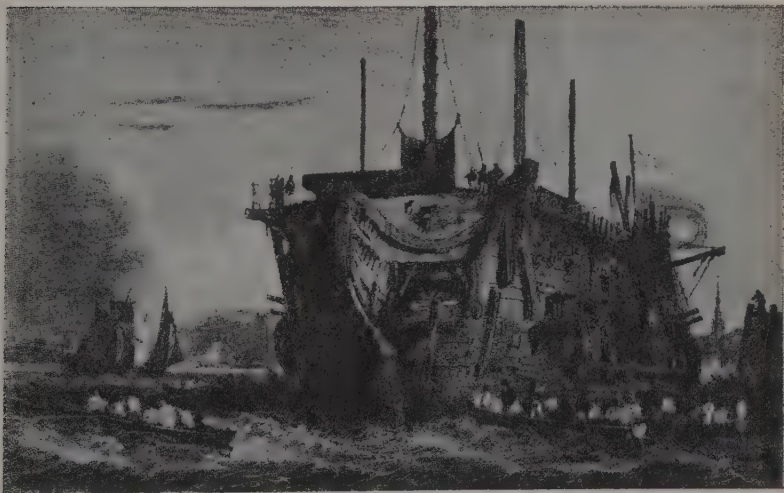
In chapter 5 of *Great Expectations* Dickens gives us a most graphic description of the route taken in pursuit of the convicts. Starting from the village of Lower Higham, this can be literally followed to-day, with the certainty of arriving at Egypt Bay, at which place there actually was a coast-guard station, consisting of a hut, a landing place, and a floating hulk, in the days when Dickens knew the marshes. The hulk was not a prison-ship, but was obviously utilized for that purpose in the story.

The soldiers, followed by Pip, Joe, and Wopsle, started from the village at dusk, on a winter evening. They were joined by no stragglers from the village, for the way was dreary, the footing bad, and darkness coming on. They passed the finger-post and held straight on to the churchyard, where the graves and the porch were searched. From here they struck out on the open marsh, through a gate in the churchyard wall, and proceeded *northwards* towards the old battery, which, together with the beacon and the gibbet and the opposite shore of the river, were plainly visible before them, under the low red glare of the sunset. Still moving north in the direction of the old battery, they suddenly stopped; for there had reached them, on the wings of the east wind and the rain, the sound of shouting. It was at a distance to the east, so the party turned to the *right*, where the east was, and made for the sound "at the double," charging over the banks, and splashing through ditches, straight over the marshes, until they came upon the two convicts struggling in the bottom of a ditch.

The capture effected, they all went on—still clearly eastwards—mainly on the sea-wall, where there was a reasonably good path,

and, after an hour or so of this travelling, came to the hut, the landing stage, and the hulk, moored a little way off from the mud of the shore, and looking like a wicked Noah's Ark.

Now, in this, the book gives an absolutely clear and graphic description of the whole way from Lower Higham village to the churchyard, and thence across the marshes to Egypt Bay. It is minutely correct as to the direction first taken, the turn and race to the east, over the marsh and off any track; the party then making for the sea-wall, where there was "a reasonably good path, mostly on the edge of the river;" and the distance travelled before they arrived at the hut and the landing place. Taken in conjunction with the fact that Egypt Bay was the only possible place for the hulk to be moored, there can



CONVICT-HULK "DISCOVERY" AT DEPTFORD

be no reasonable doubt that this is where Dickens placed the prison-ship in his grouping of the various objects described in the book.

I have already said that the hulk actually at Egypt Bay was not a convict-hulk, therefore Dickens must have had some other ship in his mind.

There was a prison-ship, the "Warrior," at Woolwich in 1846, and another at Deptford in 1824. I am indebted to Mr. T. W. Tyrrell for the information that the latter hulk was the "Discovery," in which Captain Cook made his last and fatal voyage. She was brought from New Zealand to Sheerness in 1780, and eventually taken up to Deptford and converted into a convict-hulk.

There were also the "Euryalis," and the "Canada," prison-ships in the Medway, off Upnor Castle, when Dickens was a boy at Chatham. It is probable that the description of the hulk, and of the convicts also, were derived from recollections of his boyhood when he used

to visit his father at Chatham Dockyard. But, for the purpose of *Great Expectations* he utilized the existing coastguard hulk at Egypt Bay, on the Thames.

VI.—THE LIME-KILN AND SLUICE-HOUSE

If the lime-kiln and sluice house, particularly mentioned in chapter 53 of *Great Expectations*, were actual buildings (as I believe they were) and not purely imaginary ones, they must be looked for in the neighbourhood of Cliffe. Certainly as to the lime-kiln, because where there is a kiln there must be chalk to be burned, and, in the *Great*

Expectations country, the chalk abuts on the marshes only in that vicinity. Almost as certainly as to the sluice-house. There are many small sluice-gates in the dykes and ditches on the marshes, but sluice-gates large enough to be singled out, and to have a sluice-house attached, could only be on the canal which in 1860 ran across the marsh from a chalk quarry, about a mile west of Cliffe village, to Cliffe Creek, an inlet from the Thames, and navigable at high water.



OLD LIME-KILN, CLIFFE MARSHES

Prior to the building of a cement factory there, about 1863 to 1866, the quarry had long been used for lime-burning, the lime being transported along the canal, in horse-drawn lighters, to the creek, and there loaded into sailing barges. When the cement factory was built, a former lime-kiln on the site was converted into one of a block of cement-kilns, and it has been identified by an official of the present owners as Kiln No. 39. It was demolished quite recently, in September, 1924.

Kiln No. 39 appears to be the only old lime-kiln of which there is any official record, but I am credibly informed that there were six or seven such kilns at the quarry, and this is highly probable, for the reason that a single kiln would not have justified the construction of a canal, nearly a mile long, for the transport of its product.

Approaching from the direction of Cliffe, as Pip appears to have done, these kilns were beyond the canal; and, as there were several of them, it is hardly likely that Dic'ens was referring to these when he spoke of the lime-kiln near the sluice-house.

About half-way between the quarry and the village there still

stands the relic of an isolated lime-kiln which agrees better with the book. Until recently this almost forgotten structure was so completely buried in bushes and undergrowth as to be totally invisible at a distance of six feet ; and although I have repeatedly passed within a few yards of it for several years, I did not suspect its existence until a few weeks since. By the kindness of the farmer on whose land it stands, the undergrowth has been cut down and the kiln exposed to view.

It is a flint built lime-kiln, with attached lime-house, fallen into ruin, but enough remains to show its character and purpose, and I am assured that it was certainly in use in 1860. It stands under the chalk face, a few yards from what was the old, deeply-rutted cart-track, which skirted the marshes from Cliffe to the quarry, and then struck across the open marsh alongside the canal to the creek. This cart-track followed the line of the ancient Roman road to a pottery, from the site of which a number of vases and urns of Roman make have been recovered.

As shown on old maps, the canal did not actually connect with Cliffe Creek, but came to an end, closed by sluice-gates, a few yards short of the tidal water, the intervening space being occupied by a culvert, passing under the mud sea-wall, by which surplus water was discharged from the canal. On the bank of the creek there was a wharf, still known as the "Town Wharf," from which the lime-barges were loaded. The canal itself was filled up many years since, and the sluice gates have disappeared or been buried, but the remains of the wharf, and the opening from the creek to the culvert, can still be traced.

Near the sluice-gate end of the canal, on its east bank, there are the broken down remains of a flint-walled building which originally had a tiled roof, and next to it there is an old and dilapidated wooden hut, on brick foundations, which I am told was never a habitable place, but merely a "shanty" used as a shelter by the man attending to the sluice-gates. The great age of this building is testified by various residents, who say it was very old forty years since ; and there is the direct evidence of the man who worked the sluice-gates until the canal was filled in. He is still living at Cliffe, where he has resided during the whole of his 85 years of life, and he states that the hut was in existence when he first went to work there, sixty odd years



SLUICE GATE HUT, CLIFFE MARSHES

ago. This takes us back to about the time when *Great Expectations* was written, and it may well be that we have here the actual original of the sluice-house Dickens described. Its character, appearance, and position exactly agree with the book. It is right out on the bleak marsh, and, at night, must have been a desolate and abandoned place.

A short distance beyond the lime-kiln, approaching the canal from Cliffe, there used to be a path, over the marsh, which cut off a considerable bend in the cart-track. This path was closed by gates at each end, and as Pip mentions opening and closing certain gates, he may have taken this path on his way to the sluice-house. The description of the way he took, however, whilst answering to the real direction, seems to be typical of crossing the marshes at night in a general sense, rather than a precise account of the particular route traversed by Pip.

In the book, Dickens placed the lime-kiln much nearer to the sluice-house than it actually is. Orlick wrote: "If you are not afraid to come to the little sluice-house by the lime-kiln"; and Pip's reference to the smoke of the kiln creeping ghost-like towards him, is to the same effect.

It is very unlikely that there was a lime-kiln out on the marshes, they were always built close to the chalk, for obvious economic reasons, and I have found no evidence, as yet, of any lime-kiln having been near the creek end of the canal. The same difficulty arises with regard to the little stone quarry "hard by" the lime-kiln. There is no stone anywhere in the neighbourhood of the marsh country, but reading *chalk* for *stone*, the little quarry would be quite right, hard by the existing kiln, but not so if the latter were out on the marshes, where there is neither stone nor chalk, but only alluvial mud.

That the sluice-house itself was near the tidal creek is clearly indicated by the words: "and how the *mud* and *ooze* were coated with lime"; and it can only be surmised that Dickens placed the lime-kiln near it, partly, perhaps, to have it in a more solitary position, and partly because he simply wanted it close to the sluice-house, as Orlick intended to dispose of Pip's body in it.

ESSEX STREET CHAPEL

A NOTE ON DICKENS'S ATTENDANCE THERE

By WILLIAM J. ROFFEY

SOME prominence has been given in recent issues of *The Dickensian* to Dickens's interest in, and attendance at, the Unitarian Chapel in Little Portland Street. His interest in this body, however, commenced earlier, as is shown in a booklet of 16 pages entitled "Parables of Fiction: A Memorial Discourse on Charles Dickens," by J. Panton Ham, published by Trübner and Co., 60 Paternoster Row, E.C., 1870.

It was a sermon delivered in Essex Street Chapel, Strand, on Sunday, July 3rd, 1870, and as a voice from the pulpit on the moral and religious worth of the literature of fiction, it may, perhaps, have some public interest. The author explains that he considered there was some propriety in his preaching a memorial discourse on the eminent novelist, as the subject of it had been one of the regular attendants at Essex Street Chapel.

This chapel was opened in 1775 with Benjamin Franklin present, and was demolished in 1886. I am informed that a portion still exists, incorporated with the present Essex Hall.

The text was taken from Matthew xiii. 34, 35. After some reference to the parables of Christ, the preacher said :—

“I ask you, then, to honour the vocation of the novelist, if his works are pure if they exalt virtue and degrade vice because also, he is a moral instructor by means of parables, and an imitator of the Great Preacher.

“ Among these stands that inimitable and unapproachable writer of parables, Charles Dickens, whom everyone admired and loved, and whose death every English-speaking people deplored as the loss of a personal friend. . . . The Christian pulpit may properly honour the memory of a man who has probably by his writings done more than any other man to humanize society. . . . Every Christian preacher may consider it an honour to place an unfading garland on the grave of Charles Dickens.”

Then follows an extract of twenty-five lines from chapter 47, *Dombey and Son*, and next some comparisons between Christ's parables and Dickens's works, in which *The Old Curiosity Shop* and “that exquisite creation of Little Nell” are specially mentioned :—

“The novels of Dickens have done, and are doing, Christian work—ever preaching to the people in parables of wisdom, truth, and love.” “The aim of these observations has been to show that Charles Dickens belongs to the Christian Church, as well as to the republic of letters. You will not, I am sure, care to ask, *what* section of the Church. He was of no section, but of the universal church. . . . *He once worshipped in this chapel* (the italics are mine) *in the time of my predecessor; and afterwards attended, and, for a longer period, the ministry of the predecessor of the Rev. James Martineau, at Little Portland Street Chapel.* He never ticketed himself with any sectarian name. Let no one presume to label him. . . . Charles Dickens worshipped here, and he worshipped there, and he worshipped somewhere else.”

Then follows an extract from his will, and finally :—

“It is fit that all that is mortal of such a man as Charles Dickens should lie in the national mausoleum of the Abbey Church of Westminster. His parables will never be buried while the English language is spoken, but will remain in all their freshness and force, like older parables than his, to interest, instruct and improve mankind.”

OUR CHAIRMEN

THERE are, undoubtedly, many members of The Dickens Fellowship who claim a likeness to the immortal Pickwick. Well, in Mr. S. J. Rust, the Chairman of the Council, we are proud to notice a very

striking resemblance. And he is a bachelor too! And a man of business in a sense, being the principal of two schools of commerce, one of which is situated in the Hampstead Road not far from Wellington House Academy, Johnson Street and Bayham Street; and a prodigious explorer in town and country. Mr. Rust came into prominence during the later years of the London Branch, which existed from 1913-1919, then to be merged once again in Headquarters. He is an indefatigable worker in the cause of the Fellowship, a Trustee of The Dickens House, and a jolly good fellow to boot. Although his



MR. S. J. RUST

year of office is ended, his endeavours on behalf of the Fellowship are unlikely to show no signs of diminution. He is followed in his office—the highest executive position the Fellowship has to bestow—by a lady.

Miss Annie Bennett, of Birmingham, is the first lady to become Chairman of the Council of the Fellowship. It is strange that after 24 years' existence, particularly as it has a preponderance of ladies in its membership, The Dickens Fellowship should not hitherto have elected one to that high office. Miss Bennett served on the special committee elected by Conference

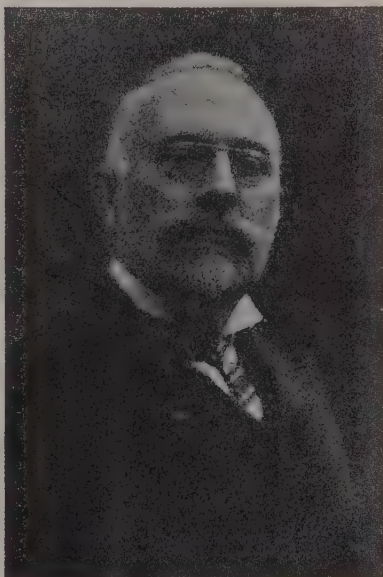


MISS ANNIE BENNETT

in 1919 to revise the constitution of the Fellowship. She has attended the majority of the Conferences and knows what The Dickens Fellowship stands for. It is to her that we owe the suggestion, now in its third year, that the whole of the Fellowship shall consider one and the same book each season, the effect of which is already being felt. Miss Bennett joined the Fellowship in 1902, and has been Hon. Secretary of the Birmingham Branch since 1919, and was Chairman of the Council of the Branch in 1910. Miss Bennett's hobby (The Dickens Fellowship) reflects but her daily task, for she is the headmistress of the School for Physically Defective Children under the Education Committee of the City of Birmingham. She has been President of the National Special Schools Union, and has held a similar office in the Birmingham Branch of that Society for several years.

When, as in the case of Mr. Rust, the Chairman of the Council of the Fellowship is also a member of the Executive Committee, it is a curious anomaly to find him sitting on this committee under another chairman. But when that chairman is Mr. W. B. Warren, who is there, but does not rejoice in the honour! Mr. Warren is a born chairman; not only does his commanding figure adorn it, but his wise and generous outlook on life and the experience of his seventy years make it specially fitting that he should occupy such a position.

Seldom has a society been blessed with so competent a member of committee. A business man, he is senior partner in the old established firm making the well-known "Neptune" Fountain Pen. He brings to our counsels twenty years' experience as Chairman of the Advertisers' Protection Society, from which he resigned in 1921. He was for fourteen years Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Stationers' Association, and for the past fourteen years has been a member of the Council of the Bribery Prevention League. He has two hobbies—Dickens and Billiards (he has been Chairman of the Billiards Committee of the Aldwych Club since 1910). But Dickens must surely be his first love: at any rate, we have had his invaluable co-operation for many years, and in a man so sought after, this means much.



MR. W. B. WARREN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSE

SIR.—Can you tell me why, in all references to the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, connected with *Little Dorrit*, it is said to be next door to the Church?

My mother, who was born there, has always understood that it was the corner house two doors from the Church—now Messrs. Hope Brothers.

Mr. Samuel Lovegrove, mentioned in the article on the Horn Coffee House, was her grandfather.

Mr. Lovegrove was also proprietor of the Ship Hotel, Greenwich, mentioned in *Our Mutual Friend*.

Yours truly,

GERTRUDE TOPLIS.

[I am glad Miss Toplis has given me the opportunity of amplifying the information given in all the books I have consulted. The building at No. 42, Ludgate Hill, next door to the Church of St. Martin Ludgate, which calls itself "Ye Olde London Coffee House," is only a small portion of what the London Coffee Tavern was until 1867. It then occupied Nos. 42, 44 and 46 (which prior to renumbering in about 1860, had been Nos. 24, 25 and 26), and extended to the corner of Old Bailey. A large scale map of 1864 to which I have referred at the Guildhall Library, makes the position of this building very clear.—THE EDITOR.]

WHAT IS A WAGERBUT?

SIR.—In *Our Mutual Friend*, Book 4, Chapter 1, paragraph 3, Rogue Riderhood, in response to a cry, "Lock Ho!" finds "it was an amateur sculler well up to his work though taking it easily in so light a boat that Rogue remarked 'A little less on you, and you'd almost ha' been a *wagerbut*.'"

Can you or any of your readers throw any light on the meaning of this term?

Yours faithfully,

"INTRIGUED."

"THE PICKWICK PAPERS" AMONG THE PIONEERS

SIR.—A passionate lover of Dickens, I easily forgive him his longing in his early twenties to leave the "hideous and dreary Mississippi," which he hoped he might never see again. Yet to me it is the most entrancing of all rivers, for my family to the sixth generation still lives on its shores, and in its waters my brother took his first swim.

My grandfather, a highborn boy from Maryland, pioneered in Iowa, and with a young cousin built the first sawmill within a radius of over 100 miles.

When *Pickwick Papers* appeared in serial form in 1837, as fast as the numbers came to America, Grandfather's eastern relatives sent them out to Iowa, then a part of Wisconsin Territory, where, to quote his obituary of 1875, "They were read with great eagerness by these two young men of twenty, in the doorway of their logcabin mill, by the light of the setting sun, or inside, by their fireplace by candlelight."²

These early *Pickwick Papers* travelled over 1000 miles by stage, canal boat and horseback, with a very few miles of railroad in the

beginning of their journey, before they reached the boys in the wilderness—350 miles from even the nearest bank where a cheque might be cashed.

I thought these experiences of 1837 might be of interest to your readers.

Kewanee, Ill., U.S.A.

Very cordially,

LILLIAN HAYES FISHER.

FURTHER FUNGI

SIR.—I was so much interested in the letters mentioning fungi in Dickens that I made a hasty survey of some of his works and found the following:—

In *The Old Curiosity Shop* there is a reference to “many a summer-house grottoed at the seams with toad-stools and tight-sticking snails.”

In *American Notes*, he speaks of passing a spot “where poisonous fungus grows, and sprouts like witches’ coral.”

In *Little Dorrit*, when Arthur Clennam returned home after twenty-five years’ absence, he found in the cellars “empty wine-bottles with fur and fungus choking up their throats.”

The Uncommercial Traveller, in his wanderings, sees an empty tool-house, “encrusted with toad-stools” and also receives enlightenment “touching the mushrooms of the marshes.”

When Micawber, Traddles and David Copperfield grilled the mutt, in Copperfield’s apartment, “Mrs. Micawber heated and continually stirred some mushroom ketchup in a little saucepan.”

Yours sincerely,
Old Town, Maine. (MRS.) W. O. CHASE.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

SPECIAL NOTICE TO BRANCH SECRETARIES

As the next number of *The Dickensian* will be published on the first of September next, reports cannot be inserted in that issue if arriving after August 12th. Will Branch Secretaries kindly note to send particulars of their September-November Meetings to arrive not later than the above date.

LONDON (HEADQUARTERS).—The last meeting of the session was held at the Memorial Hall on Wednesday, April 21st, and took the form of an Annual General Meeting, followed by an Essay Competition, Mr. W. B. Warren presiding. The chief business was the reading of the Annual Report by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Edwards. This showed a very satisfactory state of affairs, and appeared to please the members, who showed their appreciation by re-electing the present fifteen members of the Committee *en bloc*. Three prizes were offered for essays by members on any subject connected with *Great Expectations*. This proved a very popular event, as no less than twenty-two essays were sent in. The quality was excellent, and the Selection Committee had no easy task in picking out eight to be read to the audience. These all gave much pleasure, and the voting which

followed resulted in the first prize being won by Miss Peggy Webling, the second by Mr. Tinsley, and the third by Miss Ruth Whittaker. The evening concluded by the Chairman reading, for the first time at Headquarters, his excellent and witty skit, "Muffins v. Crumpets," which was greatly appreciated. On June 9th and 11th a special version of the famous Bardell v. Pickwick trial was given at the King George's Hall in aid of the funds of the Dickens House.

BALHAM.—A very interesting meeting took place on 9th April, when four essays on *Great Expectations* were read, the President also reporting upon seven sets of answers to questions submitted by him. After some interesting comments on the latter, he awarded prizes to Mr. W. Kent, Miss C. L. Kennedy and Miss L. Wiegand. The essays were judged by the votes of those present, and the successful competitor preferring to remain anonymous, the prize was awarded to Miss J. Kennedy. The Annual Meeting was held on 14th May. The balance sheet revealed a small deficit and the annual report a diminution of membership. It was felt, however, that much good work had been done and that the prospects of the Branch were bright. A tea service was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Walker on the occasion of their marriage. Both have done the Branch excellent service. On 29th May Mr. H. Wrench conducted a very successful ramble to Chaldon Church.

BATH.—The Session opened with a social meeting in October, 1925, when the Dramatic Section, under the able management of Mrs. Gedge,



MR. T. STURGE COTTERELL

gave a number of scenes from *Great Expectations*. The principal characters were well sustained by Mr. W. W. Bell as Joe Gargery and Miss Violet Gandy as "Pip." On November 10th Mr. G. A. Adams, of Gloucester, gave an excellent paper on "Schoolmasters and Education in Dickens"; a paper from the President, Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, entitled "The Inns in Dickens," followed in December. The annual teas to poor children of Bath in December was again a great success; over 600 were provided for. 1926 commenced with a masterly rendering of scenes from Dickens in the Grand Pump Room, by the Rev. A. R. Runnels-Moss, which was largely attended, not only by the members, but by the public. Dickens Birthday Commemoration Dinner took place on February 7th, the principal speakers being Rev. C. S. Cockbill and "Wardle of Bath," Mr. F. D. Wardle,

J.P., formerly Town Clerk of Bath. During the same month, Miss F. Tylee gave a paper, "Some of Dickens's Landladies." On March

10th, Mr. Frank Richards gave a learned exposition, which was followed by a lively discussion on *Bleak House*, pointing out that Walter Landor, a literary celebrity, who resided in Bath during the earlier part of the last century, was the prototype of Boythorn. Landor was a friend of Dickens, who often stayed with him. The annual meeting was held on April 13th, and the reading and discussion of *Great Expectations* closed the session. Mr. Thomas Sturge Cotterell, J.P., whose portrait appears on the previous page was the founder of the Bath Branch, and has been its President ever since. The Fellowship is particularly fortunate in having the co-operation of Mr. Cotterell, for not only is he famous in the Dickensian world for his great knowledge of Bath and its Dickensian associations, particularly in connection with the Pickwick family, but he has been one of Bath's most respected City Councillors for 21 years, and a Justice of the Peace for the same period. Although Mr. Cotterell is a very busy man (he is a director of several companies in the West of England) the Dickens Fellowship has never had to appeal to him in vain when requiring either to tap his great store of knowledge, or to enlist his personal services, so sincere is his love of Dickens and interest in the Fellowship.

BETHLEHEM, PA.—The Branch has had a very pleasant year, meeting every third Monday in the month from October to May inclusive. The usual programme was to begin promptly at eight o'clock with the business meeting, which was always short. Then Miss Clara Hess, chairman of the committee on music, provided several selections of music. Then the Reverend F. E. Lennox, chairman of the committee on reading, assumed charge. Three or four persons for each meeting were appointed to read designated selections from *Great Expectations*, about twenty minutes in length. Frequently at the end of these readings a few members commented on the portions or gave other short pertinent talks. Besides this customary programme there were special features at some of the meetings. At the December meeting *A Christmas Carol* was read, accompanied by stereopticon views of the story. Christmas carols were sung by a chorus, and a playlet, "A Christmas Eve with Dickens," was performed. At this meeting the Branch always gives a donation as a Christmas present for a poor little child. Such a programme, always rendered at the December meeting, ushers in the spirit of Christmas in Bethlehem. During February and March an excellent course of lectures was given. At the April meeting special music was rendered by a chorus. One of the selections was "The Ivy Green." At this meeting, also, the Vice-Presidents of the Branch, who are women, delighted the members by serving coffee and cake, and inspiring a social time. Several times throughout the year voluntary contributions were received, as customary, for the endowment of the Branch of the Tiny Tim Fund at St. Luke's Hospital, the interest of which is used to help pay for braces for poor crippled children. This charitable fund amounts to \$1250. At the end of the year the members of the Branch felt that another very pleasant and profitable season had been spent with Dickens and in good fellowship.

CINDERFORD.—During the Spring Session the study of *Bleak House* has been continued. Meetings have been well attended, and many items discussed. The session was brought to a close on 28th April, when each member was asked to come prepared to read a short passage from *any* book of Dickens. The result was most interesting,

for in a short space of time incidents grave and gay were portrayed. There was a full attendance of members. The proposed visit to the Dickens House, Doughty Street, during June, has had to be postponed owing to the shortened train service.

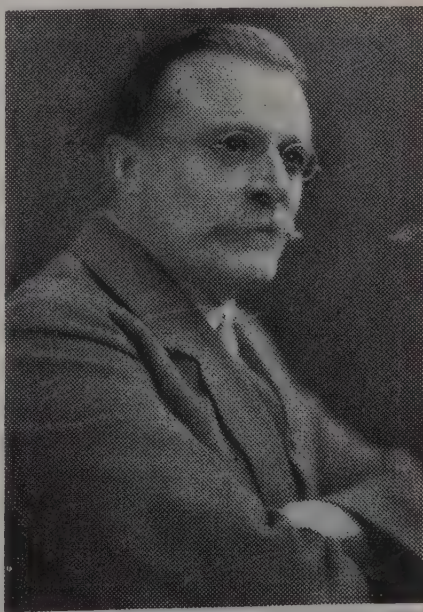
EAST BAY (CALIFORNIA).—Outstanding events of the spring season have been the Birthday Dinner and the production of *The Strange Gentleman*. At the dinner the speakers were Mr. Addison Schuster, of the "Oakland Tribune," and Mr. George Cummings, actor and playwright. The toast to the Immortal Memory was proposed by Dr. Lionel Stevenson. A number of the members were in costume. Lionel Stevenson was elected President for the coming year. On May 6th, *The Strange Gentleman* was produced with outstanding success, under the direction of Miss Edith Skemp. As a curtain-raiser, two scenes from *David Copperfield* (directed by Miss Elise Dufour). *The Strange Gentleman* proved to have a strong appeal to a modern audience, and the farcical situations were fully appreciated. The title role was taken by Dr. Lionel Stevenson, and the other important parts were: Overton, G. Dundas Craig; Julia Dobbs, Helen John; Mary Wilson, Vera Wilson; Fanny Wilson, Marie Onions; John Johnson, Boyd Hore; Charles Tomkins, G. B. Reesor; Mrs. Noakes, Mabel Rose Stevenson; Tom Sparks, Calvin Townsend. In electing a new executive, the members expressed their gratitude to the former officers for their generous services, and particularly to Mrs. E. E. Skemp, the retiring President, who has been largely responsible for the original founding and subsequent growth of the Branch.

EASTBOURNE.—The winter session closed with a visit from the Brighton Branch on the 11th March. The members from Brighton presented their readings of *A Tale of Two Cities*. There were numerous scenes, all of which were well rendered and much enjoyed. The Annual General Meeting was well attended. The reports of the Council and the Tiny Tim Guild were read and adopted, as were the accounts and balance sheets. Officers and members of the Council for the year were elected. The summer programme is now in course of being framed, and several excursions are expected to take place.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—On 12th March an admirable lecture on Rudyard Kipling was given by Mr. W. J. Saunders, B.Sc. Last session Mr. Saunders dealt with Kipling's verse, and in this lecture he considered him as a prose writer. The meeting was very successful and greatly enjoyed by every one present. The annual dinner took place on March 27th. The President, Mr. J. H. Mahoney, was in the chair, and the guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. T. J. W. Hill and Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller. Mr. J. H. McNulty gave the toast of "The Immortal Memory." He spoke of the two sides of Dickens's works, the high ideals, and the love of ordinary human pleasures. Emerson had once written, "Hitch your waggon to a star." Dickens certainly did this, but he took good care the waggon should be well provisioned for the journey. The problem put before us by Kipling—"It is hard to mix with kings yet not lose the common touch"—had been solved by Dickens, but his novels obtained the highest praise from the kings of thought, the great critics, the master minds, and they were equally loved by the ordinary reader. With Dickens, genius was not an infinite capacity for taking pains but rather an infinite capacity for giving pleasure. Dickens never foretold the immortality of his works, but we might apply to him, with little alteration,

the words of Horace, "I have built a monument more lasting than brass, which neither the passing years nor the flight of time shall ever overthrow." Mr. H. Mills proposed the toast of "Our Guests," to which Mr. Miller and Mr. Hill responded. Mr. D. Emery gave "The Ladies," and Miss Catchpole replied in a characteristically witty speech, while the toast of "The Fellowship and The Chairman" was entrusted to Mr. J. J. Thompson. An admirable concert, arranged by Mr. J. S. Maxwell, followed. The annual meeting was held on 23rd April, Mr. H. Mills presiding. The proceedings opened with an eloquent and humorous lecture on Tom Hood, given by Mr. E. Payne, and a lively discussion ensued. At the business meeting which followed, Mr. H. Mills was elected President and Miss Patmore, Chairman. Miss Catchpole was re-elected Hon. Secretary, and Mr. J. S. Maxwell Hon. Treasurer. The finances of the Branch appeared to be in a satisfactory condition, and the membership shewed a slight increase. Thus a successful and enjoyable session came to a pleasant close. On July 17th there will be a visit to Lambeth Palace. Meet at Old Palace Yard, Westminster (by Cœur de Lion Statue), 2-15 to 2-30. Those intending to be present should communicate with Miss Catchpole not later than 10th July.

GLOUCESTER.—This Branch owes so much to the indefatigable work of their Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. Kendall Pearson, that we are pleased to be able to make him better known to the wider circle of *Dickensian* readers, and to congratulate him on his thirty-seven years connection with the Editorial department of the "Gloucester Journal" and "The Citizen," of which he is now News Editor. Mr. Pearson joined the Fellowship in 1906, and was President of the Gloucester Branch in two successive years, 1915-6 and 1916-7. He is tireless in his work, not only for the Branch, but for the welfare of the Fellowship as a whole, and is a very welcome contributor to the pages of the official organ. Like Dickens's friend and manager for the reading tours, George Dolby, Mr. Pearson is a "Man of Ross," and was instrumental in getting the tablet placed in the Royal Hotel at Ross to commemorate the meeting there of Dickens and Forster in September, 1867, when Dickens decided on his much debated American reading tour of 1867-8.



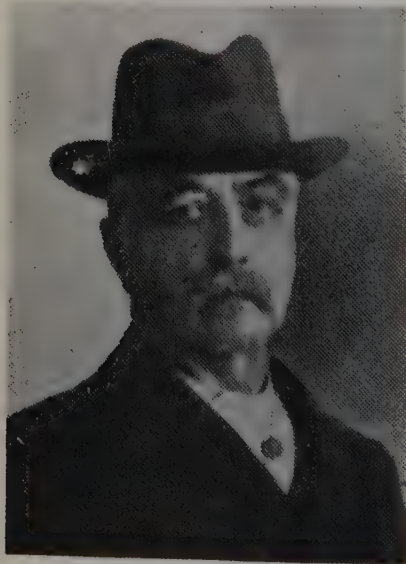
MR. E. KENDALL PEARSON

(Block kindly lent by the Proprietors of
"The Citizen," Gloucester.)

LEYTON.—The annual general meeting was held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Leyton, on April 28th, when there was a good attendance of members. Mr. A. T. Wintersgill presided. The Hon. Secretary presented his annual report, which proved a very satisfactory one, a large increase in members having taken place during the year. The Hon. Treasurer's report, too was very satisfactory, a substantial balance being carried forward to next session. Both reports were adopted, and the two gentlemen concerned were cordially thanked for their services during the year. The Chairman announced that Mr. Councillor Waller, J.P. (Chairman of the Leyton Council) had accepted the Presidency for the session 1926-7, and also had kindly granted the Branch the use of the Council Chamber for the monthly meetings, which will commence on Wednesday, September 29th. The election of officers then took place, all being re-elected, with the exception of Mr. Leslie C. Staples, who had acted as assistant Hon. Secretary during the past year, removal from the district preventing his continuing in office. Mr. Staples will be missed by the members of the Branch, as during the short time he has been at Leyton he has proved himself to be an energetic and enthusiastic worker. Mr. E. W. Brown, who started the Branch in 1922 and has acted as Hon. Secretary since that time, will continue in that office. An attractive programme is being arranged, and there is every prospect of a successful session.

MANCHESTER.—At the annual meeting on April 9th, with the

retiring President, Mr. D. J. Parry in the chair, the election of officers and council for the ensuing session took place, Mr. C. M. Farmer being elected President, and Mr. W. F. Nicholson elective Vice-President. The Secretary's report noted an increase in membership, and the varied activities of the Branch were indicated. The Treasurer's financial statement showed a small credit balance. The business meeting was followed by a programme of songs and recitals. The summer rambles, a popular feature between the winter sessions, have been renewed this summer, the first taking place on May 1st to Whalley Range, under the leadership of Mr. S. Sutton. The Branch has lost a true friend in the sudden passing of Mr. Richard Bagot, who was President of the Branch in 1920-21. He united



THE LATE RICHARD BAGOT

with his profession of a wood engraver, a love of literature and the stage, and had a great number of friends in the city. As a speaker

and a lecturer he was particularly in request, and his recent lecture, "Dickens and his Illustrators," was a study of one who loved art for art's sake. The Dickens Fellowship was represented at the funeral, and to quote the "Manchester City News," whom we have to thank for the loan of the block, "he leaves a memory full of fragrance, and a life's work worthily accomplished."

MELBOURNE.—Dickens's birthday was celebrated on 4th February by the first meeting of the year. There was a full attendance of members, who had adorned themselves with scarlet geraniums and ivy leaves, Mr. McMicken, librarian at Prahran, gave an address and quoted Sir Philip Gibbs's appreciation of Dickens. Mr. A. H. Spencer spoke on "Romance in the Life of a Bookseller in Melbourne," telling many interesting facts. He showed a well-bound volume of *Pickwick*, a pirated edition printed in Hobart 70 or 80 years ago. Mr. Spencer possesses also the Hobart publication of *Pickwick* in its original monthly parts. He had to emulate Mr. Micawber in waiting for part after part to turn up until he could complete the set. Members of the Dramatic Club ably rendered scenes from *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Songs by Mr. Leslie Hollands and piano playing by Miss A. Shields filled up an excellent programme. Mr. J. H. Crowther presided, and Mr. Southwell, Hon. Secretary, read a letter from the President, Mr. W. A. Callaway, who is on a world tour. On 4th March, Mr. Crowther presided. Miss Frances Fraser's lecturette, entitled "Spirit Forms in Dickens Land," was much appreciated, an added interest being afforded by a map of London, on which the lecturer pointed out the spots in which the imaginative wanderer might see, in his mind's eye, the spirit forms of Dickens's wonderfully real personalities. Mr. Crowther delivered a short Birthday Address, postponed from the previous meeting, and gave a paper on "Dickens as a Public Speaker," describing the fascinating power of his oratory. A well-managed scene from *Martin Chuzzlewit* was performed by Mr. Arthur Coppin as Sairey Gamp and Mr. Bates as her unhappy patient. At the meeting on 1st April Mr. Arthur Coppin, a Vice-President, took the chair. In the absence of an expected reader of a paper, Mr. Southwell, Hon. Secretary, read from the *Dickensian* "Those Wonderful Eyes." Mr. and Mrs. Gregory played two scenes from *Oliver Twist*. Mr. Coppin gave three recitations, Miss Gladys Smith sang, and Miss Shields presided at the piano.

MONTREAL.—We have this year completed the eighteenth season of our existence. During the year 153 new members were added to the roll, which now stands at 483 members. Last year we had to record with sorrow the death of two members, Mr. E. A. Mumford and Miss Mary Armitage. While benefiting our minds and enjoying one evening a month during the past winter, we have also been able to remember those less fortunate than ourselves, and distributed at Christmas, to purchase gifts for the children, to the following worthy objects: Montreal Dispensary, \$25; Montreal Children's Hospital, \$25; Children's Memorial Hospital, \$25; Emergency Unemployment Fund, \$100; Grace Dart Home, \$20; Comforts for the boys at Ste. Anne's Military Hospital, \$20. On May 28th an evening of entertainment, with refreshments, was given to the inmates of the Old People's Home at Longue Pointe. The proceeds of the concert given by the officers and crew of H.M.S. "Calcutta" were distributed to the

following worthy institutions: Naval Benevolent Fund, \$22; Ste. Anne's Military Hospital, \$45; Sailors' Institute, \$40; Catholic Sailors' Club, \$20; Grace Dart Home, \$44.50; Navy League of Canada, \$45. At our December meeting we had Tiny Tim present in person to receive gifts of both articles and cash for our Tiny Tim Fund. This resulted in our receiving 480 articles and \$105.75 in cash, which were distributed to the School for Crippled Children, the Montreal Foundling and Sick Baby Hospital, and \$50 for Social Service Work. This made a grand total of \$557.25 distributed to charity during the year. In addition, a donation of £20 was sent to London for the Doughty Street House, and also £1 to provide for a wreath to be placed on the tomb of Charles Dickens on June 9th. Our President, Prof. Nevil N. Evans, presided at all meetings. These were held in the ballroom of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, and we look back on our year just closed with satisfaction and many happy memories.

NEW YORK.—The March meeting was held, as usual, in the main gallery of the National Arts Club. A new procedure was instituted in having Mr. Cavanaugh to preside, which he did in a most capable manner, thus leaving our President, Dr. Duffield, free for the main address. Mr. Clarence Prince read a fine "Toast to Dickens," and then Mr. Cavanaugh spoke on the first editions of several of the novels exhibited in the gallery. Dr. Duffield delivered a scholarly address, "Dickens as a Traveller." He called attention to the great Italian, Flemish and other paintings with which we were surrounded in the gallery, and said that the pictures Dickens drew interpreting life hung in the hearts of millions of people; he had a wander-lust, and travelled for "the great house of Human Interest Bros." in the broad land of dreams as well as in the great homeland of the heart where love and peace and sympathy abide. At our April meeting Mr. Frank Wilmot, a newspaper man of London, told us something about Dickens's experiences as a shorthand reporter in Parliament. Dr. Duffield's discourse was on "Dickens as a Critic of the Social Order." He referred to the novels as reports of a trained newspaper man, but with this difference, that he mixed his ink with heart. He spoke of the delays and inequalities of the law as illustrated in the chancery suit of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*, and of the Podsnaps in real life. The annual meeting, closing the season, was held on May 21st. Dr. Duffield continues as our very able and efficient President, but he will be relieved of some of the burdens of his office by an Executive President, Mr. Cavanaugh. Mr. Cavanaugh reported that \$300 of the \$1,000 needed has been subscribed for a monument to be erected to the memory of Alfred Tennyson Dickens on the grounds of the Church of the Intercession, New York, where each year, during the Christmas holidays, interesting ceremonies are conducted over the grave. Dr. Duffield, as one of the delegates to the Inter-Branch Conference of the Fellowship at Boston, reported on that event, which he described as the most interesting Dickensian affair he had ever attended. Some beautiful dances were given by a group of children furnished by Mr. Albert A. Hopkins. The evening closed with a short address by our President on *Edwin Drood*.

PLYMOUTH.—A large and appreciative audience were entertained by Mr. G. F. H. McCluskey on March 16th with his lecture, "Some Dickens Characters and their Originals." A musical programme, arranged by Mrs. W. W. Vinson, was contributed by the Misses May

Taylor and Queenie Edgecombe, Mrs. Waterfield, Messrs. Wellington and Minchinton. Mrs. Annear gave an amusing monologue, and some humorous tales were told by Mr. Kennedy. Miss Vera Axford accompanied. On March 30th a programme arranged by Mrs. E. Harvey was a great success. Mr. Harry Green gave two recitals. Musical items were contributed by Misses Winifred Ball and Florence Hoyton, Mrs. E. Harvey, Miss Louie Bowden and Messrs. Sanders and Maddock. At the Annual Meeting held on April 15th, the Hon. Secretary reported a very successful year, and stated that a sum of £120 had been collected for charity, £50 for the Tiny Tim's Tea in the Guildhall and £70 for local charities. Mrs. J. C. Pryor was elected President in succession to Mr. A. E. Coleman, who had held that office for five years. Mrs. J. R. Pedrick, Mrs. Annear and Lieut. Commander J. Hoskin were added to the Committee.

ROCHESTER.—The December meeting was of great interest, Mrs. Prall, our President, giving a most interesting paper on the unsolved Mystery of *Edwin Drood*, a book she had studied all her life. Mr. Harris gave a very welcome and interesting paper on the late Mr. B. W. Matz. It was greatly appreciated as a happy memory of a very loveable personality. On the 20th January was the Presidents' Party. Few societies possess two Presidents. None with two so appreciated as Mr. and Mrs. Evans Prall. A number of the guests were in costumes of the Dickens period, and a most happy evening was spent. The Mayor and Mayoress and the ex-Mayor and Mayoress were also present. On 17th February Colonel Gadd gave his lecture on "The Topography of *Great Expectations*," a subject of which he has made himself a master. On Thursday, 18th March, Mr. Smetham read a short paper on the cathedral organist whose seas of music is recorded in *Edwin Drood*. Mr. Harris gave a narrative "Richard Watts' Almshouses at Christmas." The April meeting was held at the Carlton, where three happy hours were spent. The Mayor's Reception, indeed a red letter event, was held in the beautiful Guildhall, built by Sir Cloudesley Shovel. The civic regalia—the mace being the second in beauty of design, size and age of all in England; the first City Charter, dated 1189, and a wonderful old seal, absolutely unique, dated 1200, were also exhibited. In voicing thanks, the Hon. Secretary said it was the first official civic recognition the Branch had received. It was happy in inspiration and in experience.

ST. PANCRAS.—The members' meeting in April fully maintained the standard of past years, when some delightful papers on *Great Expectations* were given by Miss Cook and Mr. Roffey, while the dramatic section again added to the enjoyment of the evening by some sketches. An interesting discussion was raised on the proposal that, by increasing the yearly subscription each member shall in future have *The Dickensian* supplied through the Secretary. The younger members were enthusiastic for the increase, although some of the older ones opposed it because they feared the younger ones would not be able to afford it! The proposal was carried by a large majority. The general strike restricted the numbers of those who could take part in the ramble to Greenwich in May; but through the careful arrangements made by Mr. Wickens, and the help given by Mr. J. W. Kirby, M.A., of the Greenwich Antiquarian Society, those who were present had a most enjoyable time. In June a visit was paid to the Labrador

Mission Ship, the *Harmony*, in London Docks, when the members were delightfully entertained by Captain Jackson.

SOUTHAMPTON.—An excellent programme was greatly enjoyed on March 15th. Mr. A. C. Hallett gave an interesting lecture on "The Music of Dickens's Time." He described the music and songs of that period, and to show how the novelist was responsible for one of the most popular, read a scene from *Dombey and Son*, illustrated by the duet "What are the wild waves saying," sung by Mrs. Cheverton and Mr. A. G. Harrison. Another scene from the same book was illustrated by "The Bay of Biscay," and in *The Pickwick Papers* were scenes connecting Mr. Wardle with "A Fine Old English Gentleman." These two songs were effectively rendered by Mr. Reg. Fry. Mr. R. H. Plascott read "The grandfather at the grave of Little Nell," and this suggested the song. "They told him gently she was dead," sung by Mrs. Cheverton. Recitations were given by Mr. F. Cook, mostly taken from *Sketches by Boz*. At the annual general meeting on April 19th, the reports were read and adopted, and officers and committees elected. The summer outing to Hindhead was held on Saturday, June 12th.

TORONTO.—The final meeting of the season 1925-1926 was held in Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute on April 8th. Reports of the season's activities were made by the various officers, and the election of officers resulted in Hon. Justice W. R. Riddell being re-elected as Honorary President. The various Executive officers were also re-elected for the season 1926-1927. The speaker of the evening was Dr. W. J. S. McCullough, M.O.H., and his subject *Great Expectations*. The dramatic portion of the programme consisted of Dickens's play *The Lamplighter*. While the players were greatly handicapped owing to illness of two of their cast, they gave a very creditable presentation. Arrangements are being made for the opening of "The Charles Dickens Dining Hall" at the Neighbourhood Workers' Camp at Bolton. This hall is being built by the Toronto Branch, at a cost of \$2,600, and will be dedicated at the end of June, when a special treat will be given the children in honour of the occasion. Negotiations have been entered into for the purchase of the library of the late Mr. E. S. Williamson, founder of the Toronto Branch. This will be valuable, not only for sentimental reasons, but the fact that it contains many items of Dickensiana now unobtainable.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—In March a debate took place on the point "Resolved: that Dickens excelled more in depicting women than men in his characters." This proved an entertaining item. Mrs. G. W. Edwards was the leader for the affirmative, while Mr. Harry Farmer took the negative. The judges decided that the negative was on the winning side. "Dombey Night" proved a pleasant evening. "What are the wild waves saying?" was effectively rendered by Mrs. Link and Mrs. Russell, and Mrs. Stanley Anderson read "Miss Blimber's Analysis of the Character of Paul Dombey." Another outstanding feature of the season was the account given by Mr. J. W. Morgan of his visit to London last year, the laying of a wreath from the Vancouver Branch on Dickens's grave and the opening of 48 Doughty Street by Lord Birkenhead. Miss Wilhemina Dudgeon, a member who was visiting friends in Eastern Canada, was a representative at the inter-Branch Conference at Boston, Mass., in June, and Miss Peggy Webling,

of London, represented this Fellowship at the St. Albans' Conference, her sister, Mrs. W. G. Edwards, being a valued member here. In April the Dickens Players presented three sketches, viz., "Pickwick's Dilemma," "Recalled to Life," and "The Reign of Miggs," dramatised by Mrs. Hugh Wilson. At the General Hospital the furnishings of a "Little Nell Cot" have been given by the Fellowship. Mrs. J. D. Watts has been acting secretary for the past few months, Mr. V. Ackroyd being absent from the city most of the time on business.

WINNIPEG.—*Oliver Twist* was the subject for the March meeting of the Branch. The programme, which was in charge of Prof. Aaron J. Perry, consisted of papers on "The Plot and Structure," "The Humanitarian Element," and "Fagin and the Picaresque Element," by Miss Evelyn McNally, Miss Hilda Kinney, and Miss Rosalie Fogel—three fourth year students at the University of Manitoba. Prof. Perry introduced the subject in a brilliant fifteen-minute talk. The annual meeting took place on the 8th of April, when Prof. D. C. Harvey, M.A. (Oxon.), was elected President for the ensuing year. A paper on "Dickens as a Critic of Victorian Life" was read by Prof. A. S. P. Woodhouse, in which the speaker showed that Dickens, by caricature, offered keen criticism of the school system, the workhouses, the delay of the law, insolence of office, pride of wealth, the tendency to allow self-seeking to masquerade as idealism, and other prominent wrongs.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

Charles Dickens, Shorthand Writer, by W. J. Carlton (illustrated). 5s. Cecil Palmer.

The Greatest Book in the World, by A. Edward Newton (illustrated). 20s. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.

Dickens in Hertfordshire, by Walter Dexter. 1s. net. Cecil Palmer.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Dining with Dickens," by Helen Hopkins (illustrated). *The Quiver*, March.

"Scott and Dickens," by A. W. Williams. *Scottish Country Life*, March.

"Pickwick: a Birthday Homage," by Sir Ludovic J. Grant. *The Scotsman*, 31st March.

"Did Dickens invent the Flapper," by Edwin Pugh. *John o' London's Weekly*, 3rd April.

"The National Dickens Library," by W. Pett Ridge. *John o' London's Weekly*, 13th March.

"The Immortal Pickwick." *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, 31st March.

"Two more of our invisible Hosts" (includes Dickens at Johnson Street), by Sidney K. Phelps. *Nineteenth Century*, May.

"The Chronology of Pickwick," by F. D. MacKinnon. *Cornhill Magazine*, May.

"Charles Dickens as Journalist," by Robert Lynd. *Daily News*, 26th May.

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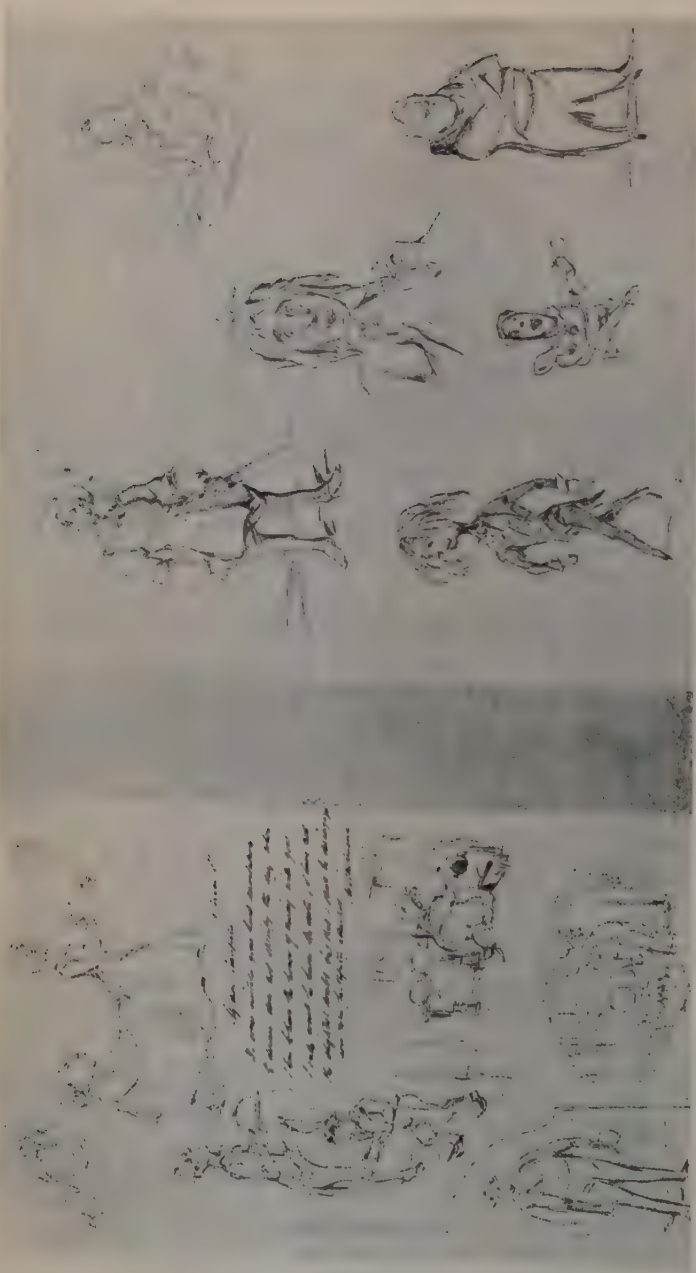
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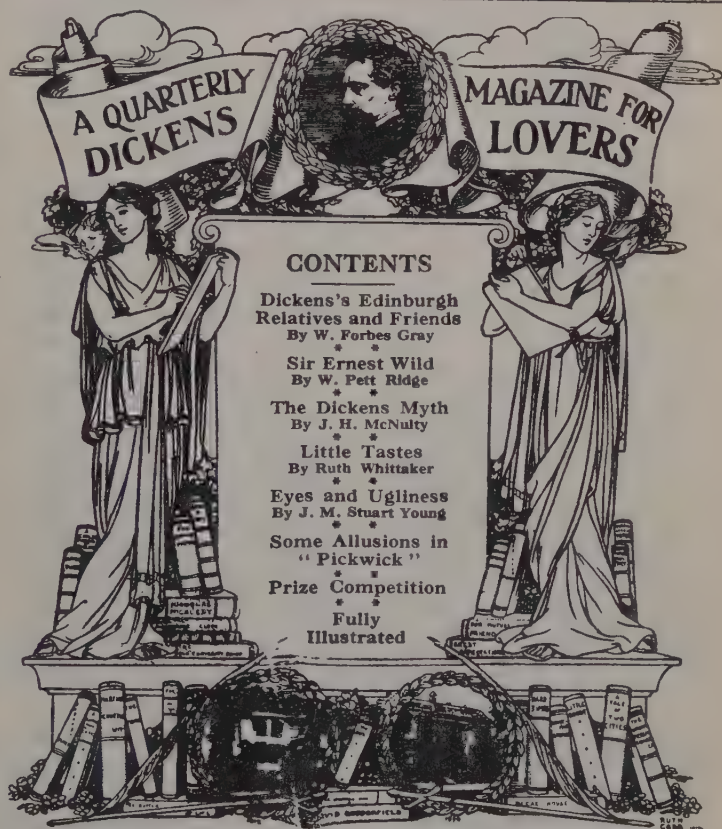
A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED THACKERAY LETTER

(See page 217)

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and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XXII.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1926

No. 4

WHEN FOUND—

Two Hundred. Another milestone has been reached by the publication of the present number (the two hundredth) of this magazine, which marks the completion of our twenty-second year. In addition, it will be noticed from the cover that *The Dickensian* is now published direct from The Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street. After over twenty years of wandering, the permanent establishment of The Dickens Fellowship at 48 Doughty Street has enabled the Committee to accomplish what has long been their desire, to publish their own magazine from their own offices.

* * * * *

Dickens's Early Work. The existence of an early work by Dickens, in the form of a play, "The Stratagems of Rozanza," which has received a full share of publicity in the press during the past two months, has been known for some considerable time, and it is hoped to give a fuller account of it in these pages at a later date. Unfortunately, the MS. is not in Dickens's handwriting: it is probably that of his mother. The name of the author is given as "C. J. H. Dickens"—the full initials which were not used on any subsequent occasion.

* * * * *

Sale Notes. Proof sheets of *Our Mutual Friend*, with Dickens's corrections in blue ink, fetched £490 at an auction in London in June last. Dickens's acting copy of "Uncle John" realised £240, and a first edition of *Great Expectations*, presented by Dickens to Lady Olliffe "with truest and best regards," found a purchaser at £370. £185 was paid for *David Copperfield*, also a presentation copy to Lady Olliffe, and her copy of *Dombey and Son*, inscribed "Charles Dickens wishes he had given this book to Lady Olliffe," was sold for £140.

* * * * *

Dickens and the Scriptures. An interesting Dickens letter was sold by action in London in July, and fetched £40. Whether or not it was Dickens's last letter—as it was said to be—cannot be definitely stated, but it was written on the day of his fatal seizure, and was addressed to Mr. John M. Makeham, who had evidently written complaining that Dickens was guilty of irreverence in some of his books. The novelist was acutely sensitive to

such a charge, and his letter bears evidence of how keenly he felt the imputation.

"It would be quite inconceivable to me but for your letter that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake.

"I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of Our Saviour, because I feel it, and because I re-wrote that history for my children—everyone of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak; but I have never made proclamation of this from the house tops."

* * * * *

The Penny Pickwick. Mr. Gordon Roe's interesting article in the last number attracted a deal of attention on all sides. Mr. W. Miller, whose store of knowledge as well as Dickensiana is always at the disposal of our readers, sends me from his collection two of the original wood blocks used in this publication, from which the two pictures on the opposite page are printed. Mr. Miller writes:—

"Having been a collector of these trashy imitations and plagiarisms of Dickens's works for many years, these publications have had almost as great a fascination for me as the original works they imitated, and during many years of collecting Dickensiana I have picked up many curious items dealing with this side of Dickens lore; but perhaps the most curious are two of the original wood blocks used to illustrate 'The Penny Pickwick.' The paper used in the production of these vile works was the worst possible, and the illustrations were of the crudest kind to match."

* * * * *

The Signs of Dickens Inns. I wonder how many of my readers know that the effigy of the White Hart which adorned the Bath inn of that name when Moses Pickwick was the proprietor, is now to be seen outside the White Hart Tavern at Widecombe, a suburb of Bath; or that the Black Bull which represented the name of the inn on Holborn, where Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig nursed turn and turn about, is now over the doorway of Sir William Bull's house in Hammersmith. It is good to hear that these old landmarks have been preserved.

* * * * *

Our Competition. It is hoped that every reader will enter for the competition announced in this number. The value of the first prize is not great, but it is of sufficient importance to recompense any competitor for the time spent in answering the series of questions raised on points in *Great Expectations*: and should any reader not care to enter into a competition when a money prize is offered, there is always the Dickens House to think of, and a donation of five guineas to its funds will be warmly welcomed.



The Doyen Among Secretaries. It was a great pleasure to all the delegates at the St. Albans Conference to welcome Mr. J. K. Thompson, of Philadelphia. The choice of the American Branches in selecting Mr. Thompson as their first delegate could not have been better expressed, for he is the doyen of Branch Secretaries, having occupied that office in Philadelphia since 1908; a record

in the whole Fellowship. His wholeheartedness for the cause is clearly seen from the admirable speech which he made at the Conference Dinner, which is reported on another page. Mr. Thompson joined the Fellowship in London in 1903, and helped to form the Philadelphia Branch in 1907. He suggested and organised the first conference of North American Branches in 1919, and has been a delegate at each such conference. As an actor he has shown remarkable versatility in such parts as Sam Weller, Trotty Veck, and Silas Wegg. Mrs. Thompson, who accompanied her husband, is a zealous sharer in all his work. It was a peculiar pleasure to meet these friends again—it was fourteen years since they were in London last—and I sincerely hope a much shorter space of



MR. J. K. THOMPSON

time will separate their next visit. Meanwhile we wish them both the fullest share of health and prosperity.

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Some Dickens Women. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written an interesting foreword to Mr. Edwin Charles's book: but good wine that it is, it really needed no bush! He is a brave man who, out of the bottomless pit of Dickens's women characters, would select a dozen which did not include such giants as Mrs. Wilfer, Agnes, and Bella Wilfer: but Mr. Grigsby has performed that feat, and in confining himself to a round dozen of well-chosen types he has shown not only courage, but wisdom. To every reader of *The Dickensian* I can confidently recommend this book (which I trust is but the precursor of many others on similar lines), because each chapter puts before the reader in clear fashion the whole of the story of the woman selected: and in order that one who is not already familiar with the story may understand the abundant selection of Dickens's own words which the author has made, a list of characters, with short explanation, is given at the commencement of each sketch. I have

already spent in company with this book more than one happy hour in perusing the life stories of women who are often more real to us than the great ones who have lived and moved about, and I know I shall turn to it again and again. It must find a place on your shelves.

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Our Youngest Branch. Here is a portrait of the Hon. Secretary of the youngest and heartiest



ALDERMAN JOHN POTTER

branch of The Dickens Fellowship—Blackpool, to whom I must send my congratulations on his recent election as an alderman of that famous borough. The branch was founded by Alderman Potter a couple of years ago, and is making a strong appeal to all sections in Blackpool. It is only enthusiasm that can make a branch a success, and Alderman Potter certainly possesses that quality for our author, and as it is the busiest amongst us that finds most leisure, so does Alderman Potter amidst his many social activities (by profession he is an accountant) never fail to find time to pursue his hobby of Dickens and the Fellowship.

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Sir Andrew Taylor. I wish to offer heartiest congratulations to my fellow trustee of The Dickens House, Sir Andrew T. Taylor, L.C.C., on the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by His Majesty.

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Mark Lemon. "Uncle Mark" was for a very considerable period one of the staunchest friends of Dickens, and an interesting set of eighty letters from Dickens to the first editor of "Punch" has just crossed the Atlantic. "The Times" of August 7th published a lengthy account of the letters and a facsimile of the most interesting of all, a draft drawn up by Dickens on Lemon's behalf asking the proprietors of "Punch" for an increase in salary and a share in the proprietorship of the paper.

It is dated April 1st, 1853, and as "The Times" remarks, "this is only one of the many instances in which Dickens cheerfully undertook to share the burdens of his friends." Whether the letter ever got beyond the draft stage only the archives of "Punch" can reveal. But the appeal of Lemon, if it were delivered, must have had a satis-

factory result (although not a partnership), since Lemon retained the editorial chair until his death. 17 years later, only a few days before Dickens himself passed away.

Lemon began to edit "Punch" at a salary of thirty shillings a week. For some years before he died his salary was something like £1500 a year! Although he has not yet reached the 30s. stage, the editor of *The Dickensian* is still an optimist!

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St. George's Church. "Little Dorrit's Vestry" at St. George's Church in the Borough, where she slept when as a child she found herself locked out of the Marshalsea Prison and separated from her parents, is to be redecorated and hung with Dickens pictures. It is open daily to the public, and is extensively used by working girls, who take their lunch there and are provided with free tea.

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The Incorrigible Senti-mentalists. In reply to some recent remarks of Dean Inge concerning "incorrigible sentimentalists" and the long delayed settlement of the Coal Strike, Mr. Robert Lynd, the well-known essayist, wrote in "The New Statesman" for August 7th:—

There was an "incorrigible sentimentalist" named Charles Dickens, who put off the embroidered robes of the artist in order to attack cruelty in the workhouse, the shop, the factory, and the school. "Can all our troubles be cured by warm hearts," asks Dean Inge, "or do we need cool heads as well?" To Dickens such a question would have been almost meaningless. He saw no essential opposition between a warm heart and a cool head. He certainly did not wait until his head was feeling cool before pouring out the warmth of his heart in pity and indignation. He clearly took the view, indeed, that unless a man had a warm heart it did not much matter whether he had a head at all. If a warm heart is no substitute for a cool head, it is equally true that a cool head is no substitute for a warm heart, and if a man has a warm heart, why on earth should it be a crime to let it influence his politics?

Never was the pen of a Dickens needed more than it is to-day!

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Huffam. A descendant of the Huffam family, now living in Nelson, New Zealand, was very interested in the late editor's account of Dickens's god-father, Christopher Huffam, given in the July, 1924, issue: he wants four more copies for what he calls "the Huffam tribe in this locality," but, unfortunately, the number is out of print. If any reader has a copy to spare and will send it to the Secretary at Doughty Street, the Huffams of New Zealand will be truly thankful.

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The Pickwick Centenary. I feel it a great honour to be associated with the original publishers of *The Pickwick Papers* in an endeavour to celebrate the centenary of the famous pilgrimages undertaken by Mr. Pickwick which com-

menced in May, 1827. The volume, which will be entitled "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages," will be ready in the autumn.

* * * * *

The Book for 1927. The book for the season now commencing is *A Tale of Two Cities*. The resolution of the last Conference referring to *Little Dorrit* is in respect to the year following, 1927-8. The choice of the book is made thus far ahead as many branches of the Fellowship fix their season's meetings before Conference, and, therefore, wish to know well in advance the name of the book chosen for special reading. Once again it is felt necessary to emphasise the great good that can result from one single book having the attention of the whole of the Fellowship during the season.

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Books for Dickensians. "With Charles Dickens in the Borough" is the title of one of the handy booklets of "Lunch Time Rambles," issued by the Homeland Association at sixpence each. It is the work of Mr. W. Kent, the Hon. Secretary of the Balham Branch, and no Dickensian rambler should be without it, as it not only gives a concise account of the great Dickens interest in the district, but also briefly refers to the other interesting historic landmarks for which the Borough is famous.

Another Kent book which I have received this month is devoted to motoring in that Dickens county and in Sussex adjacent. Mrs. Rodolph Stawell is well known for her motoring articles, and has here given us a very handy guide to "Motoring in Sussex and Kent" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). The information concerning Dickens and Kent is concise and accurate, and the visitor on holiday in these home counties should not fail to slip this handy volume into his pocket.

"The Boy through the Ages" is a piece of work of which the author, Miss Stuart (D.M.S. of "Punch"), may well be proud. Boyhood and Dickens go hand in hand, and Miss Stuart has devoted quite a large portion of the chapter on the nineteenth century boy to Dickens, and has done her work exceedingly well.

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Finis Vol. XXII. I cannot close the twenty-second volume without a personal word of thanks to my many contributors who have kept me so abundantly supplied with interesting articles on all phases of our subject; and to those behind the scenes whose work is not apparent to the ordinary reader, yet without whom this magazine would, I fear, present but a sorry spectacle: in this category may I mention Miss Kate Woodfield and Mr. A. C. Rogers: the latter fell readily into the breach in July, 1925, and temporarily filled the role of advertisement manager—with excellent results. To Mr. W. Miller and Mr. T. H. Tyrrell—bulwarks from the very first number in regard to pictorial requirements—my best thanks are also tendered, likewise to my old friend, Mr. A. E. B. Cross, who has zealously continued to read the proofs of each number, and to assist me with much valuable advice.

WALTER DEXTER.

OUR PRESIDENT

1926-27



AN APPRECIATION OF SIR ERNEST WILD

By W. PETT RIDGE

I BELIEVE that at the French Academy the new member is welcomed by the colleague who happens to be his immediate predecessor in election. It is a real joy for me to be doing this in regard to the President, for the year, of The Dickens Fellowship.

A better or a wiser choice could not have been made. I recall speeches made by Sir Ernest Wild at the old Boz Club dinners: I bear in mind the talks he and I have had regarding the works of the great novelist, and I can declare that you have selected a Dickens enthusiast who will bring genuine interest and a well trained mind to the subject of the Fellowship. I congratulate you on the opportunities that will arrive of enjoying his stimulating companionship.

Sir Ernest has been Recorder of London since 1922, and he has

gained a high reputation in administering the law with infinite pains and considerable mercifulness. Looking on, in his court, I have noted his gentleness with agitated and perturbed witnesses; I have listened to many a lucid summing up, and I have heard him denounce in good, set terms, and punish in an adequate way, offences which include the element of brutality. It never ceases to amaze me that judges and magistrates can preserve their urbanity when the evidence and the arguments are conflicting; the bench manner is something that most of us would fail to achieve. I suppose training helps, and Sir Ernest Wild, before his appointment, had years of experience in the courts, and became known as a highly successful counsel. You remember the part he took in the Peasenhall case, when, in three trials, he defended one Gardiner who was eventually acquitted.

He represented Holborn on the London County Council, and as member for a division of West Ham he sat in Parliament for four years, making a name there which is not yet forgotten. A question arose when the City Aldermen appointed him to the Recordship, and it was argued in certain quarters that membership of the House of Commons and the carrying out of the judicial task should not be imposed on one man; Sir Ernest solved the difficulty by applying for the Chiltern Hundreds. I daresay that when a test match occurs in the House, he rather wishes he were back there to take his place in the team. Any Prime Minister would be glad of his help as wicket-keeper.

The President has a deft hand in verse-making, and I recommend to your attention his charming volume of poetry issued a few years ago. You will discover too—if the circumstance is not already within your knowledge—that he can be numbered amongst our few really good speakers, with a polished eloquence denied to many, when the occasion comes for expressing thoughts. Here again the usefulness of practice, I suppose, comes in, and from the days of Jesus College, Cambridge to the years of the Old Bailey, opportunities for public speech have come his way. There is no one to whom I can give an ear with greater delight.

I sincerely hope Sir Ernest Wild will enjoy his presidency as much as I have relished mine. He will find himself making the acquaintance of a body of entirely congenial men and women, whose friendship—let me add this in all sincerity—whose friendship I, who write these words, shall value for the rest of my life.

CRUELTY TO THE CRICKET

“THE Boston Herald” of July 23rd reports from Baltimore as follows:—The city having just succeeded in squelching thousands of crickets which infested a residential section—the horde was oil-soaked, burned and buried—Mayor Howard W. Jackson today received a protest against “the cruelty of killing those insects that Charles Dickens immortalized in *The Cricket on the Hearth*.”

ON EYES AND UGLINESS

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG

OUR eyes have been described, and rightly described, as the windows of the soul. From Dickens's description of those "windows" alone, through which his puppets gazed upon the world, the sensitive reader might instantly penetrate to the hidden soul. Do you doubt? Turn to a few characters—

Of Daniel Quilp, he said: "his eyes were restless and sly and cunning." The eyes of Creakle, the tyrannous schoolmaster, were "small, and deep in the head." Those of Rigaud, the adventurer and swindler, appeared "sharp rather than bright—pointed weapons with little surface to betray them."

Mrs. Pipchin, little Paul Dombey's stern guardian at Brighton, was drawn from Mrs. Roylance. With that lady the embryonic author lodged during his father's incarceration in a debtor's prison. How that impressionable youngster must have studied, line by line, the forbidding features of his landlady, to have brought away so vivid a picture as the following—

"An ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered on an anvil without sustaining any injury."

I read *Dombey* for the first time when I was eleven. Through life I have carried that eye of Mrs. Pipchin with me; and I regret to have found it in all parts of the world. Had he sought from Boston to Baku and back, young Dickens could not have hit upon a more universal illustration than that of the hammer and the anvil, to describe the outward impenetrability of an unsympathetic soul.

This penchant for the ugly on the part of the Master had never before been equalled in any known literature. Dickens possessed a most acute sense of the incongruous. It was so probingly keen that he makes us see repulsiveness by a few vivid strokes, where less sure hands would fumblingly fill pages of description. Most people have reasonable pretensions to good looks, as may be proven by the most casual examination of a crowded field at any form of Open Air Sport. Only Disease and Mutilation and Vice distort. Handsome people are therefore described by phrases that have become worthless as worn-out counters. Even the most bewilderingly beautiful of women, as depicted by the popular story-writer on the magazine press, has to be characterised by "gleaming eyes," or "glossy hair," or by the ubiquitous "pure complexion, of ivory and rose." Heroes, in the same way, have to be brawny and strong and youthful-looking, unless, out of sheer perverseness, they assume the repellant masterfulness of an Ethel M. Dell brute-human, the glorified "primordial male."

It ought, therefore, to be counted for unusual power to Charles Dickens that his puppets are so intensely real in our memories as to supersede our very intimates in real life.

Even so ugly a man as Micawber—and Wilkins was undoubtedly ugly from the artistic point of view—becomes lovable, after we have learned to laugh at him. That amazingly large, bald head of his, “with no more hair upon it than there is upon an egg,” becomes a ridiculously intriguing bladder of lard—a pair of twinkling eyes gaze from the front, and a pursy mouth near the base,—an intriguing mouth from which emerges the most exhilarating form of nonsense conceivable . . . as when he declared he would “take a right gude willie-waught,” and although he had not the slightest notion what it meant, was affected unto tears !

II.

I have been told that Dickens’s characters are not real, because of this exaggeration of their outward appearance. Firmly I differ. He was a great lover of Humanity—of Humanity in all its forms. To describe his Cockney types alone would be inordinately to describe *homo sapiens*. By the sunny alchemy of that charming humour of his, he made even a Bill Sikes tolerable, and an Artful Dodger ecstatically funny.

Vice disappears in contact with his sympathetic pen. Crime becomes amenable to the laws of progress. Humanity emerges from the deepest folds of perversity. “Cleanliness and Decency” might more reasonably be applied to the work of Charles Dickens than ever “Sweetness and Light” to the work of Matthew Arnold.

A story that illustrates the value of “facial” observation with the Master himself as “subject,” is related by Sir John Robinson in his “Fifty Years of Fleet Street,” published half a century ago.

The novelist was acting as scorer at a cricket match. His interest in amateur sports was always of the warmest ; and as he sat in the tent, hard at work on the score, we may conceive that he was in one of his happiest moods.

A sergeant of the line entered the tent, and made a bow.

“Is Mr. Charles Dickens here ?” he asked politely.

“Yes,” answered Dickens. “I am he !”

The soldier was silent for a space, and then he asked a little bashfully whether he might stand aside and *look* at the great author.

“Why surely,” answered the Master, with a breezy laugh, though he must have been somewhat disconcerted by so unusual a request. “If you do not mind, I will go on with my work here.”

The soldier looked at him long and earnestly. Then he said, haltingly, “And might I ask, sir, for a shake of your hand ? It would be a great honour.”

For answer Dickens extended his palm. “There you are,” he said cordially. “And take with it all the luck in the world that I could desire you.”

“Good-bye, sir, and God bless you !” then said the soldier simply. “I am going to India this week.”

Amid the arid wastes of Great Britain’s vast overseas dominion is it not probable that the features of our greatest novelist were etched

on that sergeant's memory with an equal vividness that we build up for ourselves, the outward presentment of David Copperfield, of Philip Pirrip, and of Nicholas Nickleby? Sir John Robinson affirms that no greater compliment could have been paid to "the Inimitable." He spoke most freely of the incident afterwards, and always with great feeling.

III.

It was because Dickens loved Humanity in all its forms that he so clearly perceived deviations from the normal. Anything grotesque or misshapen struck him into a shocked silence when in company. The ultimate describing of every tiny detail of such observed *grotesqueries* may indeed have been his method of ridding the sub-consciousness of an Ugliness complex. To say that he had no eye for the Beautiful is merely absurd. He had immense reverence for all that was lovely and sweet and true.

And if you need the other side of the shield, observe how Dolly's cherry-coloured ribbons in *Barnaby Rudge* "brighten her mischievous eyes." Turn to gaze into the true face of Agnes Wickfield, in *Copperfield*, her quiet eyes, beneath a brow turned thankfully upward." Or peep in at Bella Wilfer, nursing her first-born, with her "brooding eyes, full of love and joy."

It is this sort of spiritual insight which makes Dickens dear to our hearts; and which serves to shield us from any form of self-consciousness when we are told our idol of childhood is "old-fashioned—mid-Victorian—obsolete!" Out of date, forsooth! We are new men and women, with brighter perceptions, a keener zest for life, and a more purely religious impulse toward Better Things, every time we touch hands with him. He gives us eyes to see, and ears to hear. His humour, harmless as summer lightning, transforms the workaday world into one of Romance and Ideality.

It is that transfiguring power of Humour which saves us from detesting even the most evil of the hundreds of types he delineated. They are all too intensely real to be put beyond the pale of reclamation. Whenever Sairey Gamp, that Nurse impossible, so utterly impossible to our own day, when Hygiene is enthroned from pole to pole, enters the room, do we forcibly eject her? We sit back and observe, with a quiet smile of happiness upon our lips. For we remember some quaint piece of symbolism like this—"A peculiar fragrance, borne upon the breeze, as if a passing fairy had hic-coughed, and had previously been to a wine-vaults."

And the egregious bumptiousness of Simon Tappertit is always redeemed by our remembrance of those remarkable legs, "perfect curiosities of littleness," with which Dolly's heart must at least be conquered, had it not already succumbed to the power of his eye. For his was a veritable eye of eyes; a long range eye; an eye that could smite the impressionable Miggs at a distance measurable from a top bedroom window to the street pavement at the dead of night, always provided that the lamp-post was in perfect alignment. For Sim

believed that he could quell the haughtiest beauty by simply "eyeing her over."

And whilst on the subject of eyes, may we not assume that, had the story-telling Bagman in *Pickwick* possessed *two* eyes, the tales of his uncle's adventures would have been doubly wonderful. Even Bull's-eye in *Oliver Twist* was a dog apart, for he could wink with both eyes at the same time.

What child is there, of what nationality, but having laid aside *Barnaby Rudge* (with an idiot for hero), or *The Old Curiosity Shop* (with a hideous little dwarf for protagonist), or *Oliver Twist* (with thieves and harlots as principal actors), or *Pickwick* (with a rum-imbibing Stiggins, travesty of no known form of nonconformist religion)—what child is there but brings away only fragrant and loving memories? Of what other novelist may this be said? Of Fielding— or Smollett? Of any *living* writer of romance?

The glowing secret of the Art of Charles Dickens was Love.

THACKERAY DINES OUT WITH DICKENS

IT is perhaps a pity that Dickens, when a young man, rejected the offer of Thackeray to become his illustrator. Such a merry partnership must have produced some first class fun.

From Thackeray's pencil we are enabled, by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Walton, of Eltham, to reproduce as the frontispiece to this issue comic likenesses of himself, John Forster and Charles Dickens.

The letter reads as follows:—

13 CORAM STREET.

MY DEAR STANFIELD,

By some mistake your kind invitation to dinner does not specify the *day* when I am to have the honour of dining with you. I only wait to know the date; I have not the slightest doubt but that I shall be disengaged.

Ever your faithfully attached,

WILHELMINA.

Round the margin of this epistle are drawn the adventures of the viands on their journey upstairs, from kitchen and cellar to the scene of the feasting. Quite a fine portrait of Thackeray, as he arrives at the house, adorns the bottom corner of this page, whilst the next shews Mrs. Stanfield (who at the time was confined to her room) smiling over the letter. Below her stands rugged John Forster with folded arms, and opposite is a quick-stepping, dandified young man with hair hanging untidily in long exaggerated locks, who is certainly Charles Dickens. The host, Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., the mutual friend of Thackeray and Dickens, may be the fourth corner figure, represented in some stage part. The interpretation of the two central caricatures we must leave to the skill of our readers, who will be interested to know that Mrs. Walton (to whom the original belongs) is the granddaughter of Thackeray's host on this occasion.

P. T. C.

THE EDINBURGH RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF DICKENS

By W. FORBES GRAY.

"I believe I shall never hear the name of the capital of Scotland without a thrill of gratitude and pleasure. I shall love while I have life her people, her hills, and her houses, even the very stones of her streets; and if, in the future works which may lie before me, you should discern—God grant you may—a brighter spirit and a clearer wit, I pray you to refer it back to this night, and point to that as a Scottish passage for evermore."

THESE words may seem a trifle florid, but they were spoken by a young man in a great moment of emotion. The young man was

Charles Dickens, and the occasion was the first public recognition of his literary worth. As he faced, on a summer evening in 1841, a company of Edinburgh intellectuals assembled to do him honour, Dickens felt that his hour had come, and so spoke out of a full heart.

Both time and place were propitious. Dickens was experiencing the first glow of literary enthusiasm. *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* had taken the reading public by storm, while *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*, though still incomplete, were paving the way to greater triumphs. Among novelists he was still the young hopeful—the writer who had done meritoriously, though apparently he had not yet reached his full stature. The Dickensian sun

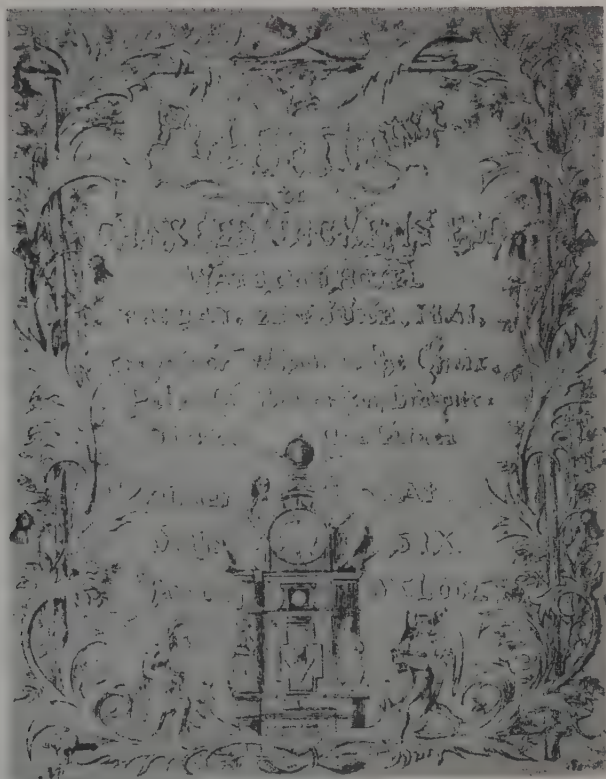


GEORGE THOMSON

had undoubtedly risen, but the zenith was still some distance off.

It is a fact of singular import that a novelist so distinctively English in character and outlook should make an irresistible appeal to the Scots temperament. However we may explain it, Scotland came under the spell of Dickens's genius as early as England, and as completely. Long before Dickens had become a household name, a band of literary Scots, led by Francis Jeffrey and Henry Cockburn, acclaimed the writings of the rising novelist. Edinburgh, on Dickens's own showing, was the first city to give him public welcome on the strength of his literary reputation, the first to make him an honorary burgess in respect of the charm and influence of his books. Edinburgh was also the

scene of some of his greatest successes as a public reader of his own works. But closer ties bound him to Scotland, especially to its capital. His wife was an Edinburgh lady, and through her he could claim to be a link with both Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. No wonder that the novelist should have exclaimed in an ecstatic moment: "Coming back to Edinburgh is to me like coming home."



THE DINNER TICKET

Catherine Hogarth, whom Dickens married in 1836, was the granddaughter of George Thomson (1757-1851), who did more to revive the national music of Scotland than any man of his time. He published collections of airs, for which Burns, Scott, Byron, and other poets, wrote new words, and Beethoven and Haydn provided accompaniments. Burns contributed about one hundred and twenty songs, and a considerable correspondence passed between poet and editor.

There seems to have been some intimacy between Thomson, the "cleaned-brushed, commonplace old gentleman in a scratch wig" referred to in Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, and his young kinsman,

Charles Dickens. In 1841 Mrs Thomson died in London, while visiting her daughter, the mother-in-law of the novelist. Writing, shortly after, to a friend, Thomson mentions his wife's burial in Kensal Green Cemetery, and adds that her last resting place is "on the spot next to that which belongs to Charles Dickens, Esq." The novelist appears to have bought ground in this cemetery in the year following his marriage. At any rate, it was then that his wife's sister, "poor dear Mary," died, and she was the first to be buried in the newly acquired ground. Soon after Mrs Dickens's brother George also died, and he was laid to rest in the same grave.

Dickens was much averse, however, to opening his sister-in-law's place of interment, and in one of his letters he writes pathetically :—



WATERLOO HOTEL, EDINBURGH

"It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave—greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the catacombs and saying nothing about it ; but then I remembered that the poor lady (*i.e.*, Mrs. Thomson) is buried next her at her own desire, and could not find it in my heart, directly she is laid in the earth, to take her grandchild away."

Over his wife's grave Thomson placed a stone, but, dissatisfied with its horizontal position, he was permitted to raise it "like that of Mr. Dickens," as well as "assimilate it with that of our kinsman." Thomson died in 1851, and his remains were laid beside those of his wife. The inscription on his tombstone is from the pen of Dickens, and is as follows :—

"The family grave of George Thomson, Esq. Sacred to the memory of Katherine Miller, for sixty years the beloved wife of George Thomson, Esq., of Edinburgh. Her sweetness of disposition

endear'd her to all around her; while her conjugal and maternal affections, her cheerful and humble piety, realis'd to her husband and children the purest domestic happiness. Born at Kelso, the 2nd of July, 1764. Died at Brompton, the 13th day of October, 1841. Also George Thomson, the affectionate husband of the above, who



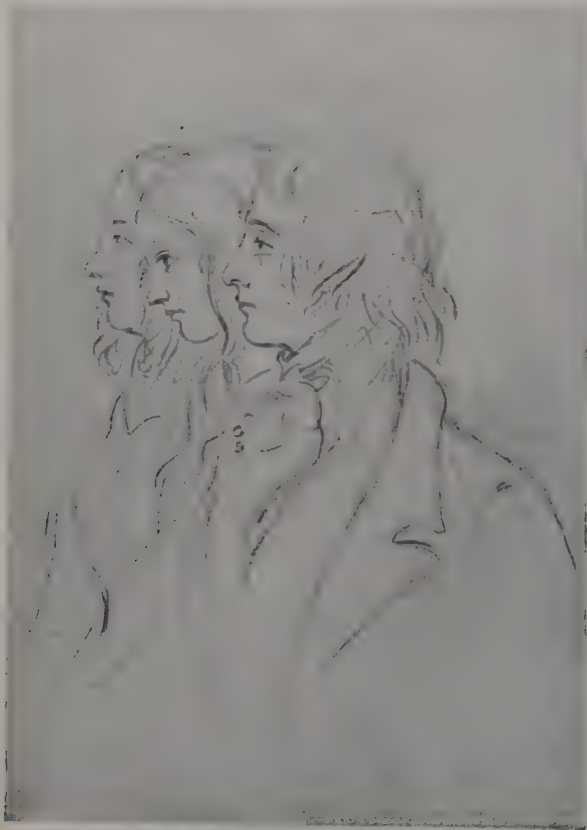
MARY HOGARTH

From a drawing by Phiz

died at Edinburgh on the 18th February, 1851, in his 94th year. Tenderly united in life, it was his desire that his remains should be brought to be laid beside his beloved wife in this last resting-place."

Thomson's daughters, of whom there were several, are said to have been "pleasant and accomplished women." In 1814 Georgina married George Hogarth, then a lawyer in Edinburgh, but subsequently a

London journalist, author, and musical critic. These were the parents of Catherine Hogarth, who became the wife of Dickens. Born in Edinburgh in 1783, Hogarth was far more closely identified with music and literature than with the law. Writing of his early acquaintance with Scott, Lockhart mentions that he occasionally met the poet at the house of James Ballantyne (Scott's printer), where, among a select



CHARLES DICKENS, HIS WIFE AND HER SISTER

company, was Hogarth, "a gentleman well known in the literary world; especially by a 'History of Music,' of which all who understand that science speak highly."

Hogarth's sister married James Ballantyne. In this way Dickens's father-in-law became intimate with Scott, Lockhart, and other noted men of letters, who were living in Edinburgh at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Scott confided much in Hogarth, and when the commercial crash came in 1826, he wrote in his Journal under date January 17th:—"I have seen Cadell, Ballantyne, and Hogarth.

All advise me to execute a trust of my property for payment of my obligations."

Removing to London about 1831, Hogarth threw himself wholeheartedly into journalism. He came to have a controlling interest in the "Morning Chronicle." With this journal was allied the "Evening Chronicle," in the columns of which he printed, in 1833, a series of sketches of London life by a youthful contributor, who, three years later, became his son-in-law. These sketches were the first literary efforts of Dickens, then a youth of twenty-one.

Hogarth and Dickens were closely associated for many years in journalistic and literary work. When Dickens became editor of the "Daily News" in 1846, his father-in-law was appointed musical critic. Hogarth was also associated with his relative in the compilation of the "Household Narrative," an adjunct to "Household Words." By a remarkable coincidence, both men died in the same year. In January, 1870, when he had reached the age of eighty-six years, Hogarth met with an accident, from the effects of which he died in the following month. In June his son-in-law ended with tragic suddenness a career of almost unexampled literary success; he was only fifty-eight.

Of Hogarth's fourteen children, three were inseparably associated with the fortunes of Dickens—Catherine, Mary, and Georgina. He married Catherine Hogarth in the very month in which the first of the *Pickwick Papers* appeared. Mary died in 1837, an event which so unmanned the novelist that the writing of *Pickwick* had to be suspended. In a letter he writes disconsolately of his "dear young friend and companion, for whom my love and attachment will never diminish, and by whose side, if it please God . . . my bones, whenever and wherever I die, will one day be laid." On Mary's gravestone in Kensal Green Cemetery may be read an epitaph composed by the grief-stricken novelist: "Young, beautiful, and good, God numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen." And the memory of Mary Hogarth was abiding. Long years after, Dickens wrote: "She is so much in my thoughts at all times, especially when I am successful and have greatly prospered in anything, that the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart is."

After Dickens's return from America in 1842, Georgina Hogarth became, as she remained till his death, an inmate of his household. She is alluded to in the novelist's will as "the best and truest friend man ever had." To his sister-in-law Dickens left £8000, together with most of his "personal jewellery," the familiar objects from his writing table, and his private papers.

(To be continued)

P. C. TWIST

At Richmond, Surrey, in July last, a thirteen years old boy was charged with stealing three furs from a motor car. The name of the police constable in charge was Oliver Twist.

THE DICKENS MYTH

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

By J. H. McNULTY

CERTAIN scholars have questioned the existence of Homer, and doubted whether he could have written the poems attributed to him, there are others who believe that Bacon wrote the Plays of Shakespeare. A few hundred years hence, it seems possible, that *learned* critics may doubt whether Dickens wrote his novels. We shall not be here to listen to their arguments, but we may anticipate them, and imagine that in the year 2500 or thereabouts the following account may appear in the Government Press.

"THE DICKENS MYTH"

"A Paper read before the International Cosmopolitan Society of Literature, on the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Society, 10th of the 10th, 2501.

Fellow Students.

Among the events of recent years one thing is becoming more and more evident, it is that the study of dead languages is still capable of assisting the cause of truth in literature. Historical students well know that when in the year 2000, after long and careful preparation, Simplex was adopted as the Universal tongue, there was a group of persons who advocated that the study of ancient languages should still be retained at the Universities, the wisdom of these farsighted people has been amply vindicated. If there are still any who think that a life spent in such study is wasted, our answer to them is the important announcement I have the honour to make to-night, the discovery of the great Dickens Myth. These books are now read and enjoyed equally by all the world. The adoption of Simplex and the abolition of all national tongues threw open to the whole world all the treasures of literature, and it is a small price to pay for this, that some of the nuances and shades of meaning may have been lost. This, of course, is inevitable it was only by translating all old books into Simplex, and forbidding new books to be written in any other language, that this great reform could be made world-wide.

In the first place, we must remember, that in the early 19th century, when the Dickens Novels appeared, machinery was in its infancy, and books had to be written laboriously by hand. Hand-writing is now extinct, but in the 19th century it was a necessity, and undoubtedly many writers from continual practice attained great dexterity in using pen and pencil, but allowing for the greatest possible speed, say 500 words a day, an outside estimate, it is clearly impossible for Dickens to have written all the novels attributed to him. Genius can do many things, but it cannot do impossibilities. Leaving that point for a moment, we are met with another difficulty. The author of these books, whoever he was, was a man of wide culture and splendid education, who wrote English with great purity and elegance, but Dickens, as depicted by Forster, was a man of no education at all. At a very early age he was working in a blacking warehouse. Later in life,

with improving circumstances, he may have received some tuition, but no subsequent teaching would enable him to overcome so completely the deficiencies in early training, as to write faultless English. Neglect of education in early years can never be remedied.

Further, the author of these books wrote much of what was then called the "upper classes," but he always did so with a sneer, while his sympathies were with the needy and the poor. Now it is only a poor man, or a member of the old aristocracy, who would do this:

An aristocrat might feel a certain malicious pleasure in maligning his own order, and might possibly admire the virtues of those far beneath him. A very poor man might delight in making fun of the gentry, and would certainly appreciate the humble virtues of the oppressed. Dickens was neither, he was a self-made man, the last person in the world to sneer at the rich and sympathise with the poor. Such persons invariably spurn the humble associates of their early years, and are ever ready to look with contempt on those beneath them; on the other hand, they are only too prone to flatter the wealthy and the titled into whose ranks they have with difficulty obtained admission. Therefore it is certain that the traditional Dickens cannot have written the novels.

The argument deduced from style, however, is conclusive, and it is here that the expert opinion of the Professors of ancient English comes into play. It is perfectly certain, they say, that the same hand that wrote *Oliver Twist* could not possibly have written *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, nor could the man who wrote *Pickwick* have written *A Tale of Two Cities*. This is obvious, even to the general reader; how much more obvious is it to those whose knowledge of English enables them to read the books in the original language.

Professor Stultus asserts definitely that at least a dozen persons were engaged in producing these books; he goes further, and says that several hands are visible in one volume; the man who wrote the English scenes of *Martin Chuzzlewit* did not describe the American episode. With his unrivalled knowledge of the period, he points out what is not generally known, that one of the earliest of these books was published under the name of "Boz." This is obviously not a real name, and is probably the same word as coz, an abbreviation of the English word cousin, b and c being interchangeable. In the 19th century the word uncle frequently did not express any blood relationship, but was applied indiscriminately to a whole class, those who lent money to poor people at a high rate of interest. He suggests the word cousin, coz or Boz may have been similarly used. Nor is the word "Dickens" a proper name, but a mild expletive, "What the dickens do you mean?" "Who the dickens are you?" were common colloquialisms of the period. And in Browning, a contemporary poet, we find "What's music the dickens?" What then is our conclusion?; that "Dickens" and "Boz" were both pen names assumed by the various authors of these books. Why, it will be asked, should they desire to remain unknown, and how did they keep the secret; how can Forster's life be explained?

The authors desired to remain unknown on account of the revo-

lutionary propaganda contained in the books, thinly veiled by respectable sentiment.

This is not the first time that secrets of this kind have existed. For close on three hundred years after the death of Shakespeare, no one doubted that he was the author of the Plays published under his name. The Dickens secret has been kept longer, because greater care was taken to preserve it. Forster's life was simply a clever piece of fiction concocted by these conspirators of genius, in order completely to conceal themselves, though here, as in the Bacon-Shakespeare affair, are hints for those who can appreciate them. There are also many suggestions in the books themselves.

The large number of imaginary persons mentioned are all guides to those who are wise enough to use them. Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris, is a case in point "I don't believe there's no sich a person" says Betsy Prigg. Why introduce her then, except as an indication that there is "no sich a person" as the supposed author. In *Bleak House* a character is named "Nemo," no one; why? Because no one person wrote the books.

Now for the final proof which settles all doubts—the name of the unfinished Novel. The mystification of Drood's disappearance, whether he is dead or not, if so who killed him, is merely a subterfuge to hide the real object.

The real mystery of Edwin Drood is the mystery of the hidden authors. It was deliberately left unfinished to symbolize the unsolved, and up till now unsuspected, mystery.

The problem of the names of the true authors presents many difficulties, but there is reason to hope that before long this very interesting problem will also be solved.

Never was there an age when critical discernment was keener, never a time when exact scholarship was in a more flourishing condition, nor an epoch when truth was sought for and worshipped with greater devotion.

A KENTISH LANDMARK LOCATED

THE Christmas number of "All the Year Round," entitled *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, is supposed to be related by one Gill Davis, a private of Marines. He was a foundling child, picked up somewhere or another, and always understood that his Christian name was Gill, although he recalled that he was addressed as Gills when formerly employed to frighten birds at Snorridge Bottom, betwixt Chatham and Maidstone.

At that early time he lived with a shepherd (possibly his father), who roamed the hill-sides by Snorridge Bottom with a long staff and a rough white coat in all weathers, and who gave him so little of his victuals, and so much of his staff, that young Davis ran away from him, to be knocked about the world in preference to Snorridge Bottom.

Snorridge Bottom is not marked on any map, that I have seen, and, I believe, has never been identified, although it was mentioned as a possible Kentish landmark in Langton's "Childhood and Youth of

Dickens." It furnishes another instance of Dickens's local knowledge, and his topographical accuracy in the use of place names, so that it is of interest to Dickens Topographers to know exactly where it is.

Snorridge Bottom is literally "betwixt Chatham and Maidstone," as Gill Davis said. It is a long, deep valley or gully, between two ridges of high ground, on the east side of the Chatham-Maidstone Road, about a couple of miles outside Chatham.

The valley is mainly grazing land for cattle and sheep, but with an orchard or two dotted here and there.

The real name of the Bottom is "Snowledge," but it is spoken of locally both as "Snolledge" and "Snorridge," the latter being a



Photo by]

SNODHURST FARM, SNOWLEDGE BOTTOM

[W. L. Gadd

corruption, possibly due to the correct name having been imperfectly heard. I hazard this explanation, for the reason that twice in one afternoon I asked the question "Is this Snorridge Bottom?" and was answered "Yes," but on repeating the word more deliberately, was told it should be "Snolledge Bottom."

Snodhurst Farm stands in the Bottom, at the foot of a dip in the steep road leading to Boxley, about half a mile beyond Huntsman's corner, on the main Maidstone road. According to the farmer and his man, the original name of the valley was *Snodhurst*, but it has been known as Snolledge Bottom as long as they remember.

This farm is quite old enough to have been the very farm where Gill Davis's supposed father was employed as the shepherd, and one may still picture him tending the sheep on those steep hill-sides, dotted with hawthorn trees, while young Davis frightened the birds away from the cherry orchard behind the farm.

W. LAURENCE GADD.



EATING AND DRINKING IN "PICKWICK"

By A. A. HOPKINS

SOME years ago I was interested in making certain analyses of manners and customs in *The Pickwick Papers*, and one of the most interesting bits of information related to the food and drink. The latter was specially interesting to one who lives in a prohibition-ridden country. A short time ago a New York publisher submitted a manuscript to me dealing with directions for making drinks mentioned in the works of Dickens. I was obliged to tell him that under our absurd Volstead Law it is illegal to sell or *give away* a formula for making anything having an alcoholic strength of more than one-half of one per cent. !

But this is getting away from *Pickwick*; well here is the list :—

FISH.		MEAT.	
Soles	1	Chops	1
Flat Fish	1	Tongue	1
Oysters	6	Veal	2
Lobsters	1	Ham	6
Cod Fish	1	Bacon	1
Finnan Haddocks	1	Steak	3
Kipperd Salmon	1	Lamb's Head	1
Unclassified	1	Haggis	1
		Saveloys	2
VEGETABLES.		Beef	1
Potatoes	6	Mutton	4
Salad	1	Unclassified	1
Turnips	1		
Beans	1		
Unclassified	1		
PIES.		FRUITS.	
Pigeon Pie	1	Apples	2
Meat Pie	1	Cherries	1
		Oranges	1

BREADSTUFFS.

Biscuits	4
Bread	2
Muffins	1
Tart	1
Sandwich	1
Cake	1
Crumpets	1

MALT BEVERAGES.

Ale	8
Beer	6
Porter	11

WINES.

Madeira	2
Port	6
Sherry	3
Champagne	1
Not specified	9

SUNDRY.

Cold Grog	2
Punch	12
Negus	2
Wassail	1
Bishop	1

POULTRY.

Fowls	4
Capon	1

SUNDRY.

Eggs	1
Butter	1
Sugar	1

CIDERS.

Cider	1
Devonshire Cider	1

SPIRITS.

Brandy	16
Gin	6
Rum	4
Dantzic	1
Whiskey	3
Pineapple Rum	5
Cherry Brandy	1
Not specified	17

NON-ALCOHOLIC.

Tea	7
Coffee	2
Milk	1
Mineral Waters	2
Soda Water	2

In going over *Pickwick* twice to check this list, tobacco was neglected, so that here is another field for the searcher in that inexhaustible mine, the depths of which will never be plumbed.

LITTLE TASTES

By RUTH WHITTAKER



IN Dickensland the streets are full of hungry people bearing covered basins or steaming dishes from the bakehouse, and loading the air with savoury smells. Where are they all now? The bakehouse seems to have disappeared entirely, and if one does see a child carrying a basin, which ought to contain tripe or pettitoes, it is usually only pickles. Muffins and crumpets are still with us, but have you ever seen a hot-pie man? I have not, and he looks so jolly in the pictures. Selling tasty little pies should, of course, make everyone jolly,

and it is very saddening to read of the deplorable specimen of Sam Weller's acquaintance, who, when "fruits was out" of season, made pies out of cats, and seasoned them for beefsteak, veal or kidney, according to the demand. Kitten pie. . . . When I meet a pieman, I hope it will be in summer time, when cats is out.

The muffin problem appears to have been very acute in those days, for in *Nicholas Nickleby* we read of some philanthropist who had actually "visited the homes of the poor in the various districts of London, and found them destitute of the slightest vestige of a muffin, which there appeared too much reason to believe these indigent persons did not taste from year's end to year's end. He had found that amongst muffin sellers there existed drunkenness, debauchery and profligacy . . . he found the same vices among the poorer classes of people who ought to be muffin consumers, and this he attributed to the despair engendered by their being placed beyond the reach of that nutritious article which drove them to seek a false stimulant in intoxicating liquors."

I had no idea muffins played such an important part in the lives of the poor! According to Sam, when a man is poor he rushes out and buys oysters. I wonder if he would find muffins more sustaining? Personally, I like crumpets better than muffins, because they have more little holes for the butter; theirs is the distinction, too, of having been the subject of Sam's anecdote about the clerk who had eaten four crumpets every night for fourteen years on principle, and ended by eating three shillingworth and blowing his brains out immediately afterwards to support his principle that crumpets were wholesome. Fashions may change—hot pies have disappeared, muffins may too, but crumpets never will, because Sam Weller has made them immortal. Besides, as the man with the principle said, they're so cheap, and so very filling at the price!

Someone has written, "Only a few men can ever be artists, but every one of us can make one picture in this world—he can put a light in his room at dusk, and leave the curtains undrawn. . . . For in every lighted window is the beginning of romance." That is a lovely idea, and how much pleasanter a muffin man's life would be if he could peep into the houses and see the destination of his wares! This had not occurred to Dickens, for in the *Sketches* we read: "Dining parlour curtains are *closely drawn*, kitchen fires blaze brightly up, and savoury steams of hot dinners salute the nostrils of the hungry wayfarer, as he plods wearily by the area railings. In the suburbs, the muffin boy rings his way down the little street . . . (and) Master Peplow darts down the street with a velocity which nothing but hot buttered muffins in perspective could possibly inspire."

If only the curtains had not been drawn, and the muffin boy could have seen rosy-cheeked Master Peplow bending over the blazing fire, gradually turning the white, pasty, clammy, unattractive-looking articles into the golden, luscious, juicy, crisp, hot-buttered muffins!

In the *Carol* Dickens shows us how the Ghost of Christmas Present, standing in a baker's doorway, sprinkled incense on the dinners as their bearers passed, and blessed them. In some such way must Dickens have transformed the little feasts his characters enjoyed, for the poorer the home, the more savoury does the "little taste" become; the more appealing its odour. It's the seasoning as does it! How we delight to sniff with Toby at Meg's dinner basket, trying to guess the contents, though we know we should hate most of the things he relishes—trotters, liver, polonies, cock's heads, sausages, pettitoes. Pettitoes certainly do sound good, and Mrs. Bardell evidently appreciated their delicacy, for on one occasion we read of "a little warm supper of a couple of sets of pettitoes and some toasted cheese. The cheese was simmering and browning away most delightfully in a little Dutch oven before the fire; the pettitoes were getting on deliciously in a little tin saucepan on the hob; and Mrs. Bardell and her two friends were getting on very well also in a little quiet conversation about and concerning their particular friends and acquaintances."

The Tetterbys, too, seemed to find their simple peas pudding and roast pork far more appetising than were the grandest dinners ever given in the world of fashion, or Podsnappery, which merely consisted of "getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the city at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven." They, you see, missed supper altogether!

Not that everybody's supper was as appetising as Mrs. Bardell's, or that veal cutlets were a common occurrence in the Wilfer household, "where a monotonous appearance of Dutch cheese at ten o'clock had been rather frequently commented on by the dimpled shoulders of Miss Bella. Indeed, the modest Dutchman himself seemed conscious of his want of variety, and generally came before the family in a state of apologetic perspiration."

I think the most delightful meals of all were those in the Micawber household. What a tale their frying pan could tell! Of the times when its artful treatment of lamb's fry and similar delicacies had caused Mr. Micawber, coming home with a flood of tears and the declaration that nothing was now left but jail, to go to bed making a calculation on the expense of putting bow windows to the house! And when Mrs. Micawber, being thrown into fainting fits by the king's taxes at three o'clock, would eat lamb chops, breaded, and drink warm ale at four!

Someone with not too much to do has counted how many times Windsor chairs and blacking bottles occur in Dickens's books. A collection of his frying pans would surely be much more interesting. Wherever cheery, striving hearts are found, there is sure to be a frying pan! In fact, the frying pan would make a very good emblem of Dickensian hospitality, and might, I suggest, be placed above the door of every household where his spirit reigns.

PRIZE COMPETITION

AN EXAMINATION IN "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

FIRST PRIZE—FIVE GUINEAS.

Five Copies of "THE ENGLAND OF DICKENS," by Walter Dexter, will be given as *Consolation Prizes*.

Below are the rules of this competition, in which it is hoped every reader will participate. The questions require but brief answers, which can be found by referring to the book.

RULES.

- (1) The Competition is open to all, and no limit is placed on the number of individual attempts.
- (2) Replies must be written on one side of the paper only, and the coupon at the bottom of the last advertisement page must accompany each attempt.
- (3) Each set of answers must bear a *nom de plume* in the right-hand top corner, which *nom de plume* must be repeated on the outside of a sealed envelope in which the competitor's full name and address must be enclosed.
- (4) No correspondence can be entered into respecting this competition.
- (5) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and competitors entering will be deemed to have accepted this condition.
- (6) The latest date for receipt of replies is the 31st December, 1926; the result will be announced in the issue of the 1st March, 1927.
- (7) Replies must be addressed:

"Competition."

The Dickensian,

48 Doughty Street,

LONDON, W.C.1.

QUESTIONS.

1. Mr. Wopsle "died amiably at Camberwell, and exceedingly game on Bosworth Field and in the greatest agonies at Glastonbury." To what do these refer?
2. What connection was there between Miss Havisham and Magwitch?
3. Give Mrs. Joe Gargery's full names before her marriage.
4. Enumerate all the Bridges mentioned in the Book.
5. What were the names of the Landlord and the Waiter at the "Blue Boar"?

6. Who described himself once as being "upon the whole, the weakest pilgrim going," and to what has this reference?
7. Where did Magwitch learn to read and write?
8. Where in the book is there a reference to Dickens's employment as a boy?
9. Who was it "had a drop," and what were the circumstances in connection with it?
10. On what occasion were pork and greens served for dinner? and who had two mutton chops for breakfast?
11. What characters represent: (a) An Insect. (b) A Serpent?
12. What is "Everyman's business"?
13. Who was described as "the most cunning imposter in all London," and by whom so described?
14. Briefly state the occasions on which fungus is mentioned in the book.
15. What was the other meaning of "In trouble"?
16. State the direct evidence given in the book, to prove that Rochester was the market town in which Satis House was situated.
17. What places or persons in the story do these represent?
 - (a) INTSPKO.
 - (b) CERKRALRI.
 - (c) BULBHE.
 - (d) ELAVRANDGREW.
 - (e) CLIKOR.
 - (f) COEKTP.
 - (g) LURDEMM.
18. What reminded Pip of old banners hanging in Cathedrals?
19. What was called "a stinger," and by whom?
20. What character was given to Government?
21. Who had a mouth like a fish? and who on one occasion posted fish?
22. Whose action was likened to the bull in Cock Robin?
23. Name the characters speaking the following lines:
 - (a) "If you want a subject, look at pork."
 - (b) "He don't want no wittles."
 - (c) "I'll show you a wrist."
 - (d) "Will you never take warning?"
 - (e) "Give me number four, you?"
 - (f) "A bit of savoury pork pie would lay a'top of anything you could mention."
 - (g) "Do this look like a forge?"
 - (h) "I have very often hoped and intended to come back."
 - (i) "Work, swamp, mist and mudbank."
24. Name some of the "monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world."
25. Give particulars of the occasion on which three persons made a silent sign of secrecy.
26. State the occasion on which the name of the late Editor of *The Dickensian* is mentioned in the possessive case.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

By W. LAURENCE GADD

VII.—THE FORGE

THERE is no blacksmith's forge in the little hamlet of Cooling, and there never was one, although it has many times been stated that a forge was there in Dickens's time.

Searching enquiries have established the fact that the nearest resemblance to a forge ever at Cooling was a small portable blacksmith's hearth which belonged to Mr. John Murton, of Cooling Castle, and which he kept for a few years on a bit of waste land by the roadside, near the Church. This little "forge" was housed in a rough timber shed, or lean-to, against a wall, and was not attached to any sort of dwelling-house. The man who worked at it was known as "Essex Jimmy"—his real name being forgotten—and he lodged at a cottage some distance away.

The little forge was first placed at the wayside, certainly not earlier than a year or two after the death of Charles Dickens, and some eleven or twelve years after *Great Expectations* was written. It was therefore non-existent when Dickens knew the hamlet.

In the winter of 1880-1881 Mr. Murton removed it, and built in its place a wooden cottage for his gardener, Mr. Bloomfield, to live in. This cottage came to be known as "The forge," probably for the reason that it stood where the little blacksmith's hearth had been; and in "The Dickensland," Snowden Ward gave a picture of it, as the cottage which had been the forge in Dickens's day, although he said he was told it never had been used for the purpose. As it was not built until January, 1881, the information given to Mr. Ward was quite correct.

The cottage called "The Forge" was also the house referred to in certain deeds which have been cited as affording conclusive proof of its former use as a blacksmith's forge, but it was "The Forge" in nothing but name.

Kitten identified Joe Gargery's forge as one of a row of black timber cottages, locally known as the "Poor Cottages," which formerly adjoined the churchyard wall, but I have ample evidence that neither of these three cottages were ever associated with a forge, either in name or fact.

The cottage called "The Forge" was next to these, but detached from them. All four were demolished a few years ago, and a row of neat brick cottages erected in their stead.

I have already given my reasons for locating the village of the story at Lower Higham, three or four miles from Cooling; and, in 1860, there was a blacksmith's forge there, as there is now. Also a windmill, a sawpit and a wheelwright's shop, none of which ever existed at Cooling.

The forge at Lower Higham, however, did not agree with Dickens's descriptions. It did not adjoin the blacksmith's house—he lived in a little brick cottage a short distance round the corner—and in other respects it had no resemblance to the forge where Pip dwelt with his married sister. Dickens must therefore have imported some other

forge from another place, exactly as he imported one or two other features into the marsh country.

From a fairly intimate acquaintance with the district, I can safely assert that the only forge in the marsh country which agrees with the book descriptions, is Mullender's house and forge at Chalk, and this forge agrees with the Novel in every particular. The forge itself adjoins the blacksmith's house, which is a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in Pip's country were; and there was a door in the Kitchen communicating with the forge.



Photo by]

[W. L. Gadd

MULLENDER'S FORGE, CHALK

The roof of the latter is lower than the roof of the house, and reaches down, at the back, to about four feet from the ground. In this connection, it will be recalled that after the robbery of the pantry, on Christmas morning, Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that the convict had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips.

It would be very easy to get upon the roof of the forge, and from that to the roof of the house, but the old wide fire-place and capacious chimney (well remembered by the present Mr. Mullender, who was born and bred in the house) have given place to a more modern fire-place and narrow chimney, so that a convict would now have considerable difficulty in entering the house that way.

The house faces a narrow lane, leading to Singewell and Cobham, and its little garden used to be by the side of the lane. Pip mentions

the garden by the side of the lane in Chapter XIX., and again in Chapter XXXIV.

There are two doors to the house, the front door facing the lane, and another at the south end. In Pip's time, the front door was never opened, except on state occasions, and numerous observations, during the last few years, have led me to conclude that the custom is still adhered to.

There is a third door, from the forge to the yard, where piles of rusty horse-shoes, discarded wheel-tyres from country carts, and various odds and ends of twisted and broken iron, used to be stacked, not so many years ago. The door in the kitchen, communicating with the forge, is now nailed up and papered over, on the house side, so that there is no sign of it in the kitchen; but in the forge it can still be seen intact, with its massive hinges and lock.

The old broad, square chimney at the south end of the house fell down some three years ago, and that end was rebuilt with brick and cement; but in other respects the place is not very different from what it was when Dickens frequently stopped on his walks, and, leaning on the half door of the forge, watched the blacksmith and his assistant at work, as used to be recalled by the late Mr. Mullender, the blacksmith of that time. He was well known to Dickens, and often took part in the cricket matches and sports held at Gads Hill Place. His son still treasures a silk riband, given to his father by Dickens on one such occasion.

In Chapter XII of *Great Expectations*, Pip mentions a song of which Joe used to hum fragments, at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way of rendering homage to a Patron Saint, but he believed that Old Clem stood in that relation towards Smiths. The song referred to, with its refrain:—

“Hammer boys round, Old Clem!
With a thump and a sound, Old Clem!
Beat it out, beat it out, Old Clem!
With a clink for the stout, Old Clem!”

was most likely a recollection of Dickens's early boyhood, for it was a song and chorus which the blacksmiths of Chatham Dockyard used to sing when they walked in procession on St. Clement's Day, November the twenty-third.

VIII.—THE THREE JOLLY BARGEMEN

“Thus we came to the village; the way we approached it took us past the Three Jolly Bargesmen.”

In the part of Lower Higham, known as Chequers Street, there are two inns. In Dickens's time there were three; the third, the “Malt Shovel,” has now disappeared.

From Rochester there are three ways of approaching the village, and by two of them one must pass the “Chequers Inn,” which is at the corner of the lane leading to the Church—a mile further on.

The present “Chequers” is a modern building, erected in 1901, on the site of the old “Chequers,” which was a quaint weather-boarded tavern, with red-tiled roof, such as Dickens delighted in. Its low-ceilinged

rooms, long narrow passages, and homely wooden benches, were just what one would picture from Pip's brief references to the "Three Jolly Bargemen."

There were some chalk scores on the wall by the door, in the bar, which had been there as long as Pip could remember, and had grown more than he had himself; and the common room was at the end of a passage. This was probably the room in which he was given two greasy one pound notes by the mysterious stranger, who stirred his drink with a file, and in which Mr. Jaggers later on denounced Mr. Wopsle.



OLD CHEQUERS INN, LOWER HIGHAM

THE ORIGINAL OF "THE THREE JOLLY BARGEMEN"

From a sketch by W. L. Gadd

The direct road to the Church on the marshes ran past one end of the inn, and at this end there were two small cottages adjoining, and standing a little back from the lane. These cottages were removed when the inn was rebuilt.

At the side of the Church road, the sign of the house was suspended from two tall posts, like an old-time gallows, and, with its jumble of tiled rooves—red and brown, and green and yellow—and its tall chimneys, the old wooden tavern was a picturesque and typical hostelry of the marsh country and its period.

It is not possible, in the space of a short article, to examine all the references to the village inn which are in the novel, nor to give all the reasons which have led to the conclusion arrived at; but I have tested the identification from different points of view, and am satisfied that the original of the "Three Jolly Bargemen" was the "Old Chequers" Inn at Lower Higham.

The name Dickens gave to it in *Great Expectations* may possibly

have been derived from that of a little public house about a couple of miles away, called the "Three Merry Boys"; but inn signs of this triplet character are not uncommon in this part of the country, for example, the "Three Crutches," on Watling Street, near to Gads Hill; the "Three Daws" at Gravesend, and the "Three Gardeners" at Strood, to mention only a few of several.

In *The Uncommercial Traveller* Dickens used a similar tavern name ;

"It does him good, no doubt, but scarcely helps him forward, since you find him lying drunk that same evening in the wheelwright's saw-pit under the shed where the felled trees are, opposite the sign of the Three Jolly Hedgers.

Quite possibly Dickens was here picturing the saw-pit at Lower Higham, which was practically opposite the "Three Jolly Bargemen." Its site is now the yard of the "Railway Tavern."

IX.—THE TURNPIKE GATE

Whichever road be taken, from Rochester to Lower Higham, the way lies, for the greater part, on high ground. This is implied in Chapter XV., when Pip, Wopsle and Orlick were on the way home to the village, and heard the sound of the well-remembered boom from the hulks roll heavily away along the low grounds by the river. The down-hill approach to Lower Higham is also indicated by the reference to the light on the spit of sand, gleaming against a black night sky, when Pip returned to the forge one night after dark. The light on the spit of sand was Mucking Flat Lighthouse, off Lower Hope Point. There was no other light on the river, at that time, except the Chapman, which was much too far down; and going down-hill into Lower Higham, Mucking Light is directly in front, and was plainly visible against the night sky, until the War in 1914, when Mucking Light was extinguished, never to be relighted.

On the night Mrs. Joe was injured by being struck down with a convict's leg-iron, Pip and Mr. Wopsle found Orlick slouching under the lee of the turnpike gate-house. This stood in Strood High Street, at the junction with the Frindsbury Road, and had to be passed through on the way to Lower Higham.

The gate, which was erected in 1768, stood across the High Street, or Watling Street, and the little gate-house with its lamp, which appeared to Pip to be quite out of its usual place, by reason of the fog, adjoined the old "Angel" Inn, on the site of the present "Angel" Hotel.

The turnpike gate was abolished on November 30th, 1876, in celebration whereof a dinner was held at the "Angel" Inn, after which Mr. Thomas Wyles, of Stonehorse Vale, sang a song, written by himself, of which the following is a specimen verse:—

"In the good old days, the coaching days,
Of Chumley, Commodore,
Of Clements, Nightingale and Boakes,
And many who'd gone before ;

All teamed their fours through this gate and street
 Be it Hail, or sun, or snow,
 Blithe cracked the whip, loud blew the horn,
 Let the winds blow high, or low.
 T'was a fine old institution,
 Was the old Strood Turnpike gate.

(Smetham's "History of Strood.")

The Commodore mentioned in this verse was, of course, the famous coach of that name; but the Chumley referred to was a well-known



THE TURNPIKE GATE, STROOD

old coachman, who drove the stage coach daily from Rochester to London and back, and who was confidently identified by some people (including Mrs. Lynn Linton, from whom Dickens purchased Gads Hill Place) as the original of Tony Weller, of "Marquis of Granby" fame.

I have no evidence that Dickens knew old Chumley at the time *The Pickwick Papers* were written, but it is quite possible he did, if Chumley drove the Rochester coach through Chalk when Dickens was staying in that village in 1836.

Other originals of Tony Weller have been put forward just as confidently, and this is, in itself, proof of Dickens's fidelity to type when describing his characters.

The illustration of the turnpike gate is from an old photograph (taken on November 30th, 1876, the day the gate was finally removed), lent to me by Mr. Henry Smetham.

SELECTED LETTERS OF DICKENS

IV. TO HIS FRENCH FRIEND MONSIEUR DE CERJAT

GAD'S HILL PLACE,

HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER,

Tuesday, October 25th, 1864.

MY DEAR CERJAT,

Here is a limping brute of a reply to your always-welcome Christmas letter ! But, as usual, when I have done my day's work, I jump up from my desk and rush into air and exercise, and find letter-writing the most difficult thing in my daily life.

I hope that your asthmatic tendencies may not be strong just now ; but Townshend's account of the premature winter at Lausanne is not encouraging, and with us here in England all such disorders have been aggravated this autumn. However, a man of your dignity *must* have either asthma or gout, and I hope you have got the better of the two.

In London there is, as you see by the papers, extraordinarily little news. At present the apprehension (rather less than it was thought) of a commercial crisis, and the trial of Müller next Thursday, are the two chief sensations. I hope that gentleman will be hanged, and have hardly a doubt of it, though croakers contrariwise are not wanting. It is difficult to conceive any other line of defence than that the circumstances proved, taken separately, are slight. But a sound judge will immediately charge the jury that the strength of the circumstances lies in their being put together, and will thread them together on a fatal rope.

As to the Church, my friend, I am sick of it. The spectacle presented by the indecent squabbles of priests of most denominations, and the exemplary unfairness and rancour with which they conduct their differences; utterly repel me. And the idea of the Protestant establishment, in the face of its own history, seeking to trample out discussion and private judgment, is an enormity so cool, that I wonder the Right Reverends, Very Reverends, and all other Reverends, who commit it, can look in one another's faces without laughing, as the old soothsayers did. Perhaps they can't and don't. How our sublime and so-different Christian religion is to be administered in the future I cannot pretend to say, but that the Church's hand is at its own throat I am fully convinced. Here, more Popery, there, more Methodism—as many forms of consignment to eternal damnation as there are articles, and all in one forever quarrelling body—the Master of the New Testament put out of sight, and the rage and fury almost always turning on the letter of obscure parts of the Old Testament, which itself has been the subject of accommodation, adaptation, varying interpretation without end—these things cannot last. The Church that is to have its part in the coming time must be a more Christian one, with less arbitrary pretensions and a stronger hold upon the mantle of our Saviour, as He walked and talked upon this earth.

Of family intelligence I have very little. Charles Collins continuing in a very poor way, and showing no signs of amendment. He and my

daughter Katie went to Wiesbaden and thence to Nice, where they are now. I have strong apprehensions that he will never recover, and that she will be left a young widow. All the rest are as they were. Mary neither married nor going to be; Georgina holding them all together and perpetually corresponding with the distant ones; occasional rallyings coming off here, in which another generation begins to peep above the table. I once used to think what a horrible thing it was to be a grandfather. Finding that the change falls upon me without my perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man.

Mrs. Watson has bought a house in town, to which she repairs in the season, for the bringing out of her daughter. She is now at Rockingham. Her eldest son is said to be as good an eldest son as ever was, and to make her position there a perfectly independent and happy one. I have not seen him for some years; her I often see; but he ought to be a good fellow, and is very popular in his neighbourhood.

I have altered this place very much since you were here, and have made a pretty (I think an unusually pretty) drawing-room. I wish you would come back and see it. My being on the Dover line, and my being very fond of France, occasion me to cross the Channel perpetually. Whenever I feel that I have worked too much, or am on the eve of over-doing it, and want a change, away I go by the mail-train, and turn up in Paris or anywhere else that suits my humour, next morning. So I come back as fresh as a daisy, and preserve as ruddy a face as though I never leant over a sheet of paper. When I retire from a literary life I think of setting up as a Channel pilot.

Pray give my love to Mrs. Cerjat, and tell her that I should like to go up the Great St. Bernard again, and shall be glad to know if she is open to another ascent. Old days in Switzerland are ever fresh to me, and sometimes I walk with you again, after dark, outside the hotel at Martigny, while Lady Mary Taylour (wasn't it?) sang within very prettily. Lord, how the time goes! How many years ago!

Affectionately Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

REALITIES

WHEN English country people fall out among themselves they almost invariably behave like characters out of Dickens. The recent quarrel between a provincial Mayor and the borough councillor who would not raise his hat to the Mayoress is like a scene from *The Pickwick Papers*. We would almost dare prophesy that some local Mr. Pickwick will intervene with good-natured fussiness to bring about peace.

Dickens, with all his rough and readiness of style, had a deeper insight into the English character than any writer in our language. He had a knack of delineating the permanent qualities of our people. His characters swarm in every street and office. Only their clothes are changed.

From "The Daily Express," 5th June, 1926.

NOTES ON

SOME
ALLUSIONSIN
PICKWICK

By T. J. B.

THE reality of many of Dickens's apparent whimsicalities, which is dealt with by Mr. Kendall Pearson in *The Dickensian* for January, 1926, is a subject worthy of being pursued still further.

Thackeray has said of *The Pickwick Papers* :—

"I am sure that a man who, a hundred years hence, should sit down to write the history of our time, would do wrong to put that great contemporary history of *Pickwick* aside, as a frivolous work. It contains true character under false names ; and gives us a better idea of the state and ways of the people than one could gather from any more pompous or authentic histories."

To illustrate *The Pickwick Papers* as it might be illustrated from actual incidents or customs of the period can only be done by contributions from those whose taste has brought them in touch with the more out of the way literature referring to the early part of last century. The present writer has given some time to turning over such literature with *Pickwick* in mind, and has made various notes, a few of which he ventures to think are new and may be interesting. Some of them will serve as supplementary to Mr. Kendall Pearson's paper.

Chapter II.—Jingle on Rochester Cathedral: "buff jerkins too—matchlocks."

This is a reminiscence of Dickens's childhood, though one would not now look for such articles in a cathedral. Sir Frederick Bridge, in "A Westminster Pilgrim," writes of the time when he was a boy-chorister at Rochester: "and in this same chapel I was often allowed to look at a soldier's equipment, comprising a buff jerkin and a matchlock which were preserved in a case."

Chapter II.—"Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women."

Compare: "Here's Kent—fertile in pheasants, cherries, hops,

yeomen, codlings, and cricketers," in "The Poor Gentleman," by Colman; a play in which is a character, Ollapod, whose style may have suggested the jerky conversation of Jingle.

Chapter XXVI.—"as the housebreaker said to the old lady when he put her on the fire."

Turpin, in one of his robberies, so treated an old woman, to induce her to disclose the hiding place of her money. An illustration of the crime is contained in one of the Catnach chap-books.

Chapter XXVIII.—The outside passengers on the coach drop down, "except those who have no great confidence in their ability to get up again."

The Rev. J. Mozley, in "Reminiscences," relates that about 1820-1825 he travelled on a coach with a woman who, between Edinburgh and London, had not moved, except once to change coaches, because she feared that if once she got down she would not be able to get up again.

Chapter XXXI.—"You don't mean to say he was burked," said Mr. Pickwick (in January, 1828).

Burke was only arrested in October, 1828, and the verb "to burke" only coined at his execution in February, 1829.

Chapter XXXIV.—The trial on 14th February, 1828. "Mr. Justice Stareleigh (who sat in the absence of the Chief Justice, occasioned by indisposition)."

It may be only a coincidence, but "The Times" of 16th February, 1828, states that "The health of the L.C.J. (C.P.) is daily improving. His Lordship, however, is so far debilitated by his last illness that it is not expected he will be able to resume," etc., etc.

Chapter XXXIV.—The chemist juryman: "I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is that Epsom salts means oxalic acid."

The mistake of selling or using oxalic acid for Epsom salts seems not to have been unusual. In "The Times" of 26th July, 1822, there is a letter calling attention to "another instance."

Chapter XXXV.—Mr. Bantam's scent was "bouquet du roi."

An advertisement of J. Delcroix, of 158 New Bond Street, in "The Brighton Gazette," of 4th December, 1828, includes "Bouquet du Roi."

Chapter XLIII.—"The late Lord Chancellor, gentlemen, was very fond of me," said Mr. Pell.

The "late Lord Chancellor" in 1828 was Eldon (L.C. 1801-1827; died 1838), and of him Lord Campbell says in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors": "When he had any leisure in London, he spent it in gossip, preferring the society of inferiors and dependants." Was Dickens, who would have heard all the legal tittle-tattle when he was a lawyer's clerk, having a sly dig at Eldon?

Chapter XLIII.—"In Fleet Street." "It was also found necessary to leave the mottled-faced gentleman behind, to fight a ticket-porter."

Besant, in "Fifty Years Ago" (1888), says that a coachman fighting a ticket-porter was a daily spectacle in Fleet Street.

Chapter XLIV.—Hear him (Mivins) “come the four cats in the wheelbarrow.”

An accomplishment of one of the Bannisters. Mrs. Nollekens cried out: “Nolly, Nolly, come here; there’s old Bannister over the way, who used to mimic the cats in the gutter at Marylebone Gardens when Tommy Lowe was manager.” From “Nollekens and his Times,” by T. J. Smith, 1828.

Chapter XLIX.—The Bagman’s uncle returned to London “by the smack.”

This was one of the celebrated Leith smacks, which were large and beautiful cutters sailing between Leith and London about 1770-1822. The Rev. T. Mozley, in “Reminiscences,” says that in 1820 there were many offices in London, over which handsome paintings of these smacks were to be seen, and where berths were booked.

Chapter XLIX.—At the bailie’s supper there were four “canty old Scotch fellows” (1st Edition).

Why! oh why! is this printed “canny” in most modern editions? “Canny” means knowing, prudent, wary, cautious. “Canty” is cheerful, lively, gladsome. Surely Dickens meant what he wrote.

There are many other similar allusions in *Pickwick* which are well known, and no doubt many more could be found; and it would be interesting to have them brought together. A writer in “Notes and Queries” once said: “We treat *Pickwick* now as the ancient classics are treated, and append notes to every passage.” Would that someone would bring out such a thoroughly annotated edition of the book.

* * * * *

The following letter from Dickens is to be found in the “Westminster Papers” (a monthly journal of Chess, Whist, etc.), London, 1871, Vol. III., p. 41.

To a correspondent who enquired why, in the description of the game of whist with Miss Bolo, of Bath, he wrote “roughed the spade” instead of “ruffed,” Dickens replied.

ADELPHI HOTEL,

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, 15th October, 1868.

MY DEAR —,

To the best of my remembrance I used the orthography in question in *Pickwick*. With the daring of youth, I rushed into the sanctuary of Whist, and assumed that the word was derived from the “rough” nature of the process and its exasperating effects on the feelings of the patient. Now that I have arrived at a more chastened period of life, and have become more cognizant of its many mysteries, I penitently perceive that I may have been quite wrong. I have no means of reference here, but if I were wrong herein, I rather think it was in good company. I am much mistaken if the word were not so spelt by Garrick, in “Prologues and Epilogues,” and by the elder Colman in plays. I think I could find a number of such instances, with ease, in the good dramatic literature of the last century.

Very faithfully, yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

DICKENS'S FAMOUS FRIENDS AT MOUNT AUBURN

By MILTON J. STONE

(Past President of the Boston Branch)

AT beautiful Mount Auburn cemetery, "the Westminster Abbey of America's great departed," there lie buried many famous friends of Dickens; both men and women, pre-eminently distinguished in this country and abroad in literature and the arts, who shone refulgent throughout the "golden age of American literature."

This is no idle boast, but plain fact, as will be seen.

Many of them Dickens visited at their homes when in America in 1842 and 1867-68; and many later received his hospitality in England, where he rode them, to their great delight, in coaches with red-coated postillions, to revive again the good old days ere railways invaded the "tight little isle."

In old Mount Auburn, the first "rural cemetery" in the United States, antedating by several years the famous Greenwood cemetery of Brooklyn, many other famous dead repose, but it is with Dickens's famous friends that we are now concerned, and as we wander in the shady avenues, Grapevine Path, Poplar Avenue, Walnut, Palm and Locust Avenues, Jonquil Path, Acorn, Elder and Greenbrier, and a host of other names of trees and vines, we recall that the original tract of land, known as "Stone's Woods," became "Sweet Auburn," and then "Mount Auburn," and was purchased from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, who had planned it for a garden. It was enclosed and consecrated in September, 1831, and incorporated by the Legislature in 1835.

The beautiful sarcophagus of Longfellow in Indian Ridge Path is the Mecca of thousands. The writer treasures the remembrance of seeing the great man once passing through the gateway of a neighbour. Wearing an old-fashioned, bell-crowned hat and a poet's cloak, the majestic figure is indelibly photographed.

Hard by in a hollow, embowered by foliage, is the Lowell lot with its sombre headstones of slate, always crowned high with lovely blossoms on Decoration Day.

A few hundred feet away on Lime Avenue a snow-white marble stone marks the abode of Helmes, the genial "Autocrat."

Kate Field, the daughter of the famous comedian of the old Tremont Theatre, lies quite near. Her "Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens's Readings" is a classic, in that the intonation of the great reader's voice are given by a series of dots and dashes.

Agassiz on Bellwort Path is charmingly memorialized by a natural boulder. The writer well remembers the famous man at a lecture as he drew with chalk a round, fat fish on the blackboard, and said something in his jovial way to the class about "that leetle feeshie!"

Cornelius Conway Felton, the bosom friend of Dickens, is near his friend Agassiz in death, as in life. The wonderful Dickens-Felton correspondence is a classic.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose "Bad Boy" we all agreed with him "was not such a very bad boy after all," is found on Grapevine Path.

His widow, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, graciously received the Dickens Fellowship, and their guests, on May 17th, at her home on Mount Vernon Street.

Rufus Choate, he of the silvery tongue and the enigmatical handwriting, who used to bring his own manuscripts to his partner to decipher, is buried on Walnut Avenue.

Charlotte Cushman, who was famous for her vivid characterization of "Nancy" in *Oliver Twist*, is found on Palm Avenue.

A memorial of Richard H. Dana is on Jonquil Path, but his remains lie in "God's Acre," next old Christ's Church, near his friend and relative, Washington Allston.

Felix O. C. Darley, the distinguished American artist, illustrated charmingly many of Dickens's works, and he reposes on Locust Avenue.

James T. Fields, who, as much as anyone, brought the novelist to America on his reading tour, and with Howard M. Ticknor was his American publisher, is to be found on Elder Path, with his dear wife, Mrs. Fields.

George S. Hilliard, one of the famous galaxy of the "golden age of American literature," an intimate friend of the novelist, is on Sumac Path.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the champion of Greece as well as of the blind, with whom Dickens formed a lasting friendship when he visited the Perkins Institute in 1842, rests on Spruce Avenue.

Charles Eliot Norton, professor and beloved master of art at Harvard, who, with Mrs. Norton, was present at the famous "international walking match" dinner at the Parker House in 1868, lies on Thistle Path. They were intimate friends.

William H. Prescott, the historian, whose grand-daughter, Mrs. Roger Wolcott, was one of the patronesses at the repetition of the "Boz Dinner" at the City Club, May 17th, is to be found on Orion Path.

Charles Sumner, the great antislavery senator of Massachusetts, is on Arethusa Path. He personally accompanied Dickens to the Perkins Institute in 1842, and hospitably entertained him at Washington.

N. P. Willis, the author, was unable to be at the Boston dinner, but expressed gracefully his regrets. His grave is located in Spruce Avenue.

Howard M. Ticknor of the famous firm of "Ticknor & Fields," was also among the chosen few at the Parker House dinner, and with Mr. Fields, was Dickens's staunch literary champion.

Jonathan Chapman, mayor of Boston in 1842, was well to the front among the many wits who spoke at the "Boz Dinner." He died six years later in 1848, and lies on Geranium Path, a name that would have greatly pleased Dickens.

The remains of the venerable and beloved Josiah Quincy, Senr., are on Sweetbriar Path. Famous Mayor of Boston, and at the time of the dinner, in 1842, President of Harvard, he carried the assembly fairly off their feet by the flow and spontaneity of his wit.

Would that all these dear and famous friends of Dickens could know of this Dickensian pilgrimage to their graves. And perhaps they do.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

IT was in the spirit of adventure that the Council decided to hold the Annual Conference this year in a centre where no Branch of the Fellowship existed, and the charming old city of St. Albans was chosen as the venue. The selection was a most happy one. On the suggestion being submitted to the Town Clerk of St. Albans, it was taken up most cordially, and a small local Committee consisting of His Worship The Mayor, The Town Clerk, Sir Edgar Wigram, Bt., and Mr. W. C. Day (Secretary of the Hatfield Branch) was immediately called into existence to make the necessary arrangements. Their efforts proved entirely successful, and from Friday, 25th June, to Sunday, 27th, the assembled delegates enjoyed a most delightful time. On the Friday evening, The Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. E. W. Hitchcock) held a reception at the Town Hall. This pleasing function afforded delegates the opportunity of making each other's acquaintance, and for the renewal of old friendships. A musical and dramatic programme was provided by the members of the Hatfield Branch.

On Saturday morning, Mr. S. J. Rust took the Chair at the business meeting of the Conference. The Mayor opened the proceedings and warmly welcomed the delegates, expressing the hope that the result of the Conference would be the establishment of a Branch of the Fellowship in that City.

The Chairman, Mr. S. J. Rust, in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the Mayor for the welcome and for his kindness in granting the use of the Town Hall for the occasion, said he did not think they could have found a city in the world that would have appealed more to Dickens. The Mayor having retired, the Hon. Secretary called the Roll of Branches—the response of those present being as follows:—Head-quarters (24), Balham (2), Hackney and Stoke Newington (3), Leyton and District (2), St. Pancras (10), Bedford (2), Birmingham (2), Cheltenham (1), Eastbourne (2), Gloucester (2), Hatfield and Potters Bar (2), Hull (1), Liverpool (2), Manchester (2), Nottingham (4), Southend (2), Edinburgh (2), Brisbane (2), Melbourne (1), Vancouver (1), Bethlehem, Pa. (1), Boston (1), Nazareth (1), New York (1), Philadelphia (2).

In commencing his address, the Chairman referred in feeling terms to the passing of Mr. B. W. Matz, and the Conference paid tribute to his memory by standing in silence for two minutes. Proceeding, the Chairman said that the Fellowship had passed through an important and eventful year in its history. The Dickens House was opened at the commencement of the year, and, though vested in a body of Trustees the actual running of the House was practically in the hands of the Fellowship, and this meant some amount of anxiety for the Council. The loss of Mr. Matz had necessitated a change in the personnel of the officers—a new Editor, Treasurer and Secretary had been appointed. Despite the difficulties that confronted them, he believed there was in the Fellowship a spirit of quiet confidence for the future. The Fellow-

ship had now reached the age of 24. It had outlived the difficulties of infancy, and had reached a lusty manhood, and he believed that, by the year 1950, the improvement in general education would cause Dickens's works to be read far more than they were to-day, and the Town that had no Branch of the Dickens Fellowship would be looked upon as rather more in the backwoods than if it had no cinema.

The Annual Report of the Council was then read by the Hon. Secretary and the Accounts and Balance Sheet presented by the Hon. Treasurer. They were duly received and adopted and ordered to be entered on the Minutes. They are printed elsewhere in this issue.

The following officers were elected for the year:—

President: Sir Ernest Wild, K.C.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., Mr. J. C. Squire, and the existing Vice Presidents.

The following Executive Officers were also elected:—Hon. Secretary, A. W. Edwards; Hon. Treasurer, Percy T. Carden; Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*, Walter Dexter.

The Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney, having again offered their services, were duly elected, with cordial thanks for their services in the past.

The Chairman proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring President, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, which was suitably seconded by Miss Bennett (Birmingham), and carried unanimously, with acclamation.

Little Dorrit was chosen as the book for study during 1927-8, *A Tale of Two Cities* being the book for the coming season, 1926-7.

The invitation of the Birmingham Branch to hold the Conference of 1927 in that city was very warmly received and accepted. Two propositions affecting the alteration of rules were withdrawn on account of the agenda not having been sent out in time.

The proposition submitted by the Cheltenham Branch that the branch entertaining Conference be granted £30 towards expenses provoked a warm discussion, but was defeated by a large majority. Time had passed, and it was necessary to postpone luncheon in order to complete business of Conference, and in consequence the discussion to have been opened by Mr. Walter Dexter on "Advertising the Fellowship" was not proceeded with.

Votes of thanks to the Hatfield Branch and its Secretary, Mr. W. C. Day, and to the Chairman of the Conference, brought the proceedings to a close.

After Luncheon the afternoon was devoted to a motor coach trip to Hatfield, visiting *en route* Wheathampstead, Knebworth, Stevenage and Welwyn. Arrived at Hatfield House, the party was courteously received, and for an hour or more the glories and treasures of this stately old Jacobean mansion—for centuries the home of the Cecils—were explored under the illuminating conductorship of the Rev. W. S. Lovell, curate of St. Etheldreda's Church. The Hatfield Branch provided tea in a neighbouring schoolroom, after which the return journey to St. Albans was made in time for the Conference Dinner reported elsewhere.

Sunday morning saw a very large gathering of Delegates at the Abbey, when a special Dickens Sermon was preached by the Dean (The Very Rev. E. L. Henderson).

After the service, Sir Edgar Wigram, Bt., very kindly conducted a large party round the site of the old city of Verulam, giving us the benefit of his great store of historical and antiquarian knowledge for our enlightenment and entertainment.

Conference time was over, but the memories of the spirit of Fellowship which prevailed will long remain, and it needs but the crowning touch of the establishment of a St. Albans Branch of the Fellowship to make the Conference of 1926 most memorable.

A.W.E.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL, 1926

THE Council has pleasure in presenting the Annual Report and Audited Accounts for the year 1925-6.

The year, in many respects, has been an eventful one. For the first time in many years a complete change in the personnel of the officers has been experienced. The change was necessitated by the course of events to which reference will be made later.

The removal of Headquarters to "The Dickens House" was in itself an event of great moment. Incidentally, however, it has not made for that punctilious attention to secretarial duties that is so desirable in the conduct of a world-wide organisation such as the Fellowship, owing to the oftentimes delightful interruptions from interested and interesting visitors.

The reports to hand from branches shew that the interest in the work of the Fellowship is being maintained in many directions. The variety of plans upon which various branches work shews an elasticity of interpretation in seeking to carry out the objects of the Fellowship that is commendable. The judicious blending of lectures, recitals, readings and dramatic sketches with dinners, dances, rambles and revels makes for the success of the branch both educationally and socially.

Your Council regrets that it is again unable to report the total membership of the Fellowship. So few of the branches send in the requisite information. To those who have done so the Council tenders its sincere thanks, and would again urge upon all branches when sending in Branch Dues to state also the number of subscribing members.

Last year a total of 58 branches was reported—35 home and 23 overseas. It is unfortunate that owing to circumstances over which we have no control, the Newport (Mon.) Branch could not be kept going, and was, therefore, reluctantly struck off the roll. Against this regrettable loss we are glad to say that a new branch has been formed at Pittsburgh, U.S.A., so that the total number of branches remains the same.

Your Council has met four times during the year. Twelve branches only have sent representatives to one or more of the meetings, the total attendances by branch representatives being 26. It is observed that the branches do not avail themselves of the powers conferred upon them by resolution at the Eastbourne Conference to appoint a deputy to attend in the absence of the branch secretary, or, alternatively to appoint some other member of the Fellowship to represent the branch at the Quarterly Council Meetings, and thus keep in touch with the work of the Council. It is hoped that during the coming year this course may be more generally adopted.

It is with much pleasure that we learn of the holding of a very successful Inter-Branch Conference of American Branches at Boston, U.S.A.

Before passing from matters directly affecting the branches the Council desires to emphasize the importance of attention being given to the collecting of material relating to the history of the Fellowship. This was the subject of a resolution passed at the October Council Meeting, and the ideas and suggestions in relation to the matter were embodied in a circular sent to all branch secretaries. The Council would be glad to learn that the matter is not lost sight of—only one branch has submitted any comment on the circular, so that we do not know to what extent the recommendations have been adopted. Next year the Fellowship will complete a quarter of a century, and it is earnestly hoped that a record of the main features of the Fellowship's activities during that period may be compiled and co-ordinated for the use of some future historian of the Fellowship.

During the year the Great Reaper has gathered from our ranks B. W. Matz, Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A., and John M. Patterson. Full tributes have been paid to these three great Dickensians in the pages of our magazine, but it is only fitting that something more than the mere mention of their names should be embodied in this report.

With regard to the first named. His death followed close upon the Conference of last year, and those who were privileged to attend that function will not easily forget the brave show he made and the satisfaction he evinced in the fulfilment of one of the dreams of his life in the acquisition and opening of the Dickens House. One of the founders of the Fellowship, he was also one of its moving spirits. His devotion and enthusiasm were unbounded, and he was looking forward to the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of *The Dickensian* and the completion of the twenty-first volume with considerable pride that this particular child of his had reached maturity. Alas! It was not to be his pleasure. The final number of the twenty-first volume was prepared by other hands, and formed a fitting memorial to the man whose loss we mourn and whose memory we revere.

In the death of Percy Fitzgerald, the Fellowship lost its first President and an ardent and generous supporter of the movement in its early stages. At the advanced aged of 96 he had outlived his generation, and to many of the present day Dickensians his was but a name. He

EXPENDITURE.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Rent, Rates, Taxes, Insurance and Light	...	95 16 3	...	By Profit on <i>The Dickensian</i> for 1925 as per audited accounts	...	15 6 6
Less—Amount charged to <i>The Dickensian</i>	...	20 0 0	...	„ Subscriptions received from Headquarters members	...	325 11 10
„ Printing and Stationery	...	...	75 16 3	Less Amount credited to <i>The Dickensian</i>	...	111 15 0
„ Sundry Expenses—	...	...	52 11 5	„ Subscriptions received from Branches	...	89 12 2
Clerical Assistance	...	60 5 0	...	Less Amount credited to <i>The Dickensian</i>	...	11 16 0
Postages, Telephone and General Expenses, less Hire of Slides, etc.	...	63 17 11½	124 2 11½	„ Donations	...	...
„ Essay Competition Prizes	...	9 0 0	...	„ Receipts for Charity—	...	...
„ Expenses of Meetings, less Receipts	...	25 0 4	...	Interest on National War Bonds	...	1 5 0
„ Expenses of Conference, less Receipts	...	14 18 3	48 18 7	Donations, Collections, etc.	...	109 4 9
„ Charitable Donations—	...	...	...	Less Half of B.B.C. Donation	...	26 5 0
Sundry, Pension, Toys, Christmas Entertainment	...	76 8 8	...	carried forward to next year	...	...
Account	...	15 15 0	92 3 8	„ Donation to Cot Fund	...	82 19 9
Cot Fund	...	...	6 12 3	„ Miscellaneous Receipts	...	1 0 0
„ Depreciation on Library, Pictures and Furniture...	...	...	...	„ Balance being excess of Expenditure over Income carried to Balance Sheet	...	...
			£400 5 1½	Note :—Subscriptions due from Branches, but remaining unpaid, have not been brought into account.	...	85 4 9
						0 19 6
						394 4 9
						6 0 4½
						£400 5 1½

Dr.

BALANCE SHEET, 31ST MARCH, 1926.

LIABILITIES.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Sundry Creditors	...	...	0 0 0	By Sundry Debtors	...	22 15 6
„ Bank Overdraft	...	...	88 2 2	„ Loan to Dickens House	...	250 0 0
„ Life Membership Account	...	...	5 5 0	„ Cash in hands of Hon. Secretary	...	6 4 1
„ Receipts for Charity Account	...	...	26 5 0	„ £25 National War Bonds 5%, 1928	...	25 0 0
„ Balance of B.B.C. Donation carried forward	...	240 18 0½	...	„ Library, pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)	...	58 5 6
„ Income and Expenditure Account	...	...	...	„ As per last Balance Sheet	...	7 17 6
Balance brought forward from 30th April, 1925	...	6 0 4½	234 18 2	„ Purchased during year	...	66 3 0
Deduct :—Excess of Expenditure over Income for Eleven Months to 31st March, 1926	...	...	...	Less :—Depreciation at 10%	...	6 12 3
			£363 10 4			59 10 9
						£363 10 4

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, with the Books of the Dickens Fellowship, in which is incorporated the Profit made by *The Dickensian* to the 31st December, 1925, as shown by the Audited Account produced to us, and we certify the same to be in accordance therewith.

4B FREDERICK'S PLACE,
OLD JENNY, LONDON, E.C.2., 18th June, 1926.

(Signed) WHINNEY SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants, Hon. Auditors.

was one of the brilliant band of young men that Dickens gathered round him, and who made *Household Words* a success. He became a prolific writer on many subjects, but his devotion to the name and memory of Dickens was a passion that characterised him till advancing years curtailed his activities. To quote Mr. J. W. T. Ley's tribute, "The Dickens Fellowship has never had a truer friend than Percy Fitzgerald—has never numbered among its friends a truer gentleman."

By the passing of John M. Patterson, formerly Judge in Philadelphia, another keen spirit was lost to the Fellowship. He took a great interest in matters Dickensian, and served as an officer of the Philadelphia Branch for 17 years, filling the Presidential Chair of that branch for 11 years. Of him it may be said that he was a humane judge, a great Dickensian, and one who truly loved his fellow men, whose many helpful activities could be traced to the influence of the writings of Dickens.

In the early part of this report reference was made to the change of officers. By the passing of B. W. Matz, the Editorship of *The Dickensian* was rendered vacant, and your Executive Committee had to act immediately in the appointment of a successor. Their choice fell upon Mr. Walter Dexter, the Hon. Treasurer of the Fellowship, and he very readily agreed to accept the position on condition that he was released from the Treasurership which he had held for many years, and Mr. Percy T. Carden was accordingly elected to fill that post. These appointments were subsequently confirmed by the Council at the October meeting, and the Council submits that the resultant work of these gentlemen has more than justified the selections made. In our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Percy T. Carden, we have one who brings a trained mind to bear upon his work, and who watches with almost meticulous care the financial aspects of any proposition affecting our Funds that may be brought up, and it is felt that in his hands the finance of the Fellowship is well safeguarded. In Mr. Walter Dexter we have an Editor steeped in Dickensian lore who spares neither time nor trouble to maintain the best traditions of *The Dickensian* and the high standard set by the late B. W. Matz to make our magazine increasingly an organ of vital importance to the Fellowship as a whole, and an indispensable medium of information to the individual member; and your Council will not rest satisfied until its utility and value in this direction are recognised and taken advantage of by every member of the Fellowship. *The Dickensian* is now in its twenty-second year of publication—a record held by no other magazine exclusively devoted to a novelist. A small committee has been looking into the matter of circulation, and owing to their efforts the magazine has increased its sale during the past year, and it is hoped that the plans they are considering may prove even more effective in this direction.

To attempt in this report a detailed account of the many charitable schemes at work all over the Fellowship is quite impossible. Suffice it to say that this side of our work is well to the fore in practically all our branches. The care of "Tiny Tims" by the establishment of

cots in Hospitals, the giving of teas, treats and entertainments to poor children so dear to the heart of Dickens form the staple activities of our charitable work, and your Council tenders its grateful thanks to all who have in any way assisted to maintain the true spirit of Charity in the name of Dickens and the Fellowship.

The Council desires to express its grateful appreciation of the services of our retiring President, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, during his year of office, and rejoices in his complete restoration to normal health. He has been no mere figure-head, but has taken a very active part by the use of his gifts of speech and pen in promoting the interests of the Fellowship and the Dickens House. With great charm he has upheld the dignity of the Presidency, and has added lustre to the brilliant list of predecessors in that office. His attendance at the principal functions of Headquarters during the year has made for their success, and his attention to the minor duties of the office has been given with much graciousness of spirit.

The Council has much pleasure in announcing that Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., has accepted the invitation to succeed Mr. Pett Ridge, and has no doubt that the Conference will enthusiastically ratify his appointment by unanimous vote.

Though not absolutely germane to this report, we cannot close without a passing reference to "The Dickens House," and it may interest you to know that the books shew that for the twelve months ending 8th June, 1926, 3365 persons paid for admission. To this number must be added the visitors by invitation of the Trustees, *i.e.*, original subscribers to the Dickens House Fund, to each of whom a special invitation was issued. Classes from L.C.C. schools have been admitted free of charge, bringing the total to about 4000 visitors for the year. These have come from all parts of the world, and all have expressed the great pleasure they have had from viewing the collection in the house. Recently the National Dickens Library from the Guildhall was transferred there by the courtesy of the City of London Corporation, and our library now comprises the largest and most unique collection of Dickensiana ever brought together.

The need for an Endowment Fund is still pressing. Various schemes and plans for raising money have been adopted, and it is hoped that every branch of the Fellowship will do its utmost to place this fund on a sound footing. Some £6000 are still required. Rather than issue collecting sheets for this purpose, the preparation of a booklet on the Dickens House has been undertaken, and the hearty co-operation of members of the Fellowship is solicited in its disposal. The booklet contains some unique pictures that cannot be obtained otherwise than by the purchase of expensive volumes—is published at one shilling, and every book sold represents a shilling to the fund. We trust the members will take this matter up enthusiastically—push the sale of the booklet amongst their friends, and see to it that an adequate Endowment Fund is established, banishing all anxiety as to the future.

A. W. EDWARDS, *Hon. Secretary.*

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

CONFERENCE DINNER

THE Dinner in connection with the Conference took place on the evening of Saturday, 26th June, at the Town Hall, St. Albans, when Mr. F. W. Speaight, Vice-President of the Hatfield Branch, occupied the chair, supported by the Mayor of St. Albans, Sir Edgar Wigram, Bart., Members of the Council, and delegates from the various branches.

After the Toast of the King,

Sir EDGAR WIGRAM, Bart., proposed the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," in the course of which he said he did not think any serious challenge could be made to Dickens's claim to become a classic. The hall mark of a classic was that his works should be, by common consent, considered to rank among those particular works which formed a sort of storehouse from which we drew all our types and quotations. The classics gave us an auxiliary language, a language of extra tangibility and feeling. In applying the word "quixotic" to a man or action, he supposed it was quite "on the cards" that anyone in the street might not have the least notion what it meant, but to the initiated—those who had read the great novel—that one word would effect a great deal more than could be conveyed in five minutes' explanation. It was not given to many authors to construct and leave to the world such characters. In addition to Dickens, they had many such characters in the works of Shakespeare and other well-known authors. The only modern author he could think of who occupied a somewhat similar position was the author of "Sherlock Holmes." He did not suppose the meaning conveyed by the words "Sherlock Holmes" would survive any great period, but he believed that, in another twenty-five or fifty years, it would be known what was meant when it was said that a person was a "Micawber" or a "Mantalini." That which gave Dickens's characters their greatest claim to life was, to a great extent, the humour he put into them. He did not think that was at all unnatural. There was humour in almost every character in real life, and the leaving out of that humour *ipso facto* made the character less lifelike. Of course, there were other qualities in his writings. Dickens could be sentimental, and there were times, he was afraid, when Dickens was "sloppily" sentimental. He did not think Dickens was less English for that. We were "sloppily" sentimental in a great many things. While Dickens was in sympathy with that defective side of our natural character, he still penned more thoroughly and truthfully those characters in which he allowed humour to become apparent. Another eminent characteristic of Dickens was his joviality, and he thought the Fellowship had done well in ruling that part of the celebration of Dickens's memory should be a dinner—(laughter). It was part of the celebration which Dickens would have most vehemently approved. He did not think, however, Dickens would have approved of His Majesty allowing those who wished to drink his toast in water.

He thought they would be quite safe to drink the toast now proposed in beer, and safer still in porter—but what Dickens would have wished for most of all was that it should be drunk in punch ! They must not lose sight of the fact that Dickens, in all his novels and works, used his talents as a great social reformer. He used them, perhaps, more strongly than the law of libel would allow to-day. One knew that those abuses which he attacked were very real abuses at the time, and it was by the force of his attack that, in many respects, they were abolished. Even St. Albans, he was afraid, had had its withers rapped. Dickens laid down that, at St. Albans, they were very much addicted to meeting in committees and spending other people's money ! He did not know if the people of St. Albans had grown less addicted to that practice in modern days !—(laughter). He (Sir Edgar) thought, even in those days, St. Albans was ahead of its age, and set the pace which was followed a good deal by the rest of England. The whole of England now delighted to meet in committees and spend other people's money ! All Dickens's characters were alive to the present day, and one often felt that one knew many of them and was sufficiently interested in them to hunt up places where they lived.

Mr. J. K. THOMPSON, the Hon. Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch, in rising to propose the toast of "The Dickens Fellowship," was received with great acclamation. He said he spoke with some hesitancy and fear, remembering the brilliant speeches of eminent Dickensians at past conferences, but having come so many miles to be with those who had so long and valiantly laboured to make the Fellowship the success it is,

I feel it a duty and a privilege to try to express the feelings of appreciation and comradeship held for you by us on the other side of the Atlantic. In union there is strength ; we realise that the strength, and worth, and life of the Dickens Fellowship rest on the fact that we are a union of groups with a common purpose, scattered over a great area of the earth's surface, functioning by the authority and more or less direction of the parent body in London. As single, unattached organisations, each going its own way, each carrying on its procedures independently, there would soon be a condition reached where either entire lack of interest would result, with consequent failure, or such a divergance from the original purposes take place as to make the name Dickens Fellowship inappropriate. Let me illustrate this point. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago there were a number of Browning Societies in America, but they had no directing or co-ordinating head, and the result was they soon drifted away from Browning altogether, and at least one—that in Philadelphia, which at one time had a membership limited to 1500, and in its heyday a waiting list of several hundred—finally dwindled to a membership of less than 200, and disbanded last year. And so of the Emerson Societies, most of which read the Sage of Concord not at all ! The branches of the Dickens Fellowship as merely isolated societies, situated as they are over the English speaking world, would soon lose their solidarity and strength if it were not for the fact that each has its connection with the parent body, and is, therefore,

a part of the great whole. This is the chief source of the movement's success. It is beneficial to the large branch as well as the small, and there need be no fear so long as this loyalty is maintained.

It is true the reins of authority in the hands of Headquarters are held very lightly. Each branch carries on its proceedings much as it pleases, both as to its finance and programmes. And this is as it should be, because it would be impossible to draft rules and regulations fitted to all branches situated as they are in widely separated communities, and under varied social conditions.

The general observance of the birthday, the selection of a given book for consideration during the year, and the acts of charity at Christmas time; these proceedings of a common purpose tend to draw us together and add to our enthusiasm. We cannot estimate the value of these joint efforts by members scattered over the earth, nor can we quite realise the effect of the conferences such as this and that recently held in Boston, where the opportunity is given for members of widely separated branches to become personally acquainted, and exchange their views of means and methods of transacting the affairs of the society.

There are no other organisations just like the Dickens Fellowship. There are Shakespeare Societies and Burns Societies, and others devoted to various authors, but they are conducted on different lines.

Most of the organisations devoted to a particular author have for their sole purpose the study of the works of that author. I take it that our aim is not so much to consider the writings of Dickens—we are all supposed to be familiar with them—as to carry out, and apply to present day problems, the principles he advocated in his books. We do not hold that Dickens was a great prophet or seer, but it is remarkable that a man writing in the age in which he lived should have stressed certain ills and foibles of society and urged for them remedial measures, ills and foibles that are prevalent to-day.

The heart of Dickens went out to the poor and distressed, the forlorn and unfortunate; he believed there was good in the most unpromising specimens of humanity; that under the soiled clothes and rough outside there shows a spark of truth and righteousness that needed only the touch of kindness to restore its brightness; and he made us understand that it was the duty and privilege of the more fortunate to offer the helpful hand to those in need.

And so this Fellowship, organised in his name, has tried to carry on his teachings. We have looked after the unfortunate by providing books for the blind; we have assisted the poor with clothing and pensions; for the suffering, hospital cots have been endowed, and braces supplied for crippled children. Brightness has been added to the lives of little ones at Christmas time with warm clothing and toys and sweets, and more or less successful efforts have been made to remedy some of the social evils that did Dickens live to-day would receive the correcting influence of his virile pen.

Mr. A. W. EDWARDS, Hon. Secretary, responding to the toast, thanked Mr. Thompson for the true spirit of fellowship that characterised his speech. They were delighted to meet in the old city of St. Albans, where they had spent a splendid day, and they hoped

the result of the conference would be the formation of a local branch. Dickens was enshrined in the hearts of the Fellowship, and they intended to keep his memory green.

The toast, "The City of St. Albans," was proposed by Mr. W. C. DAY and responded to by the Mayor, who explained some of the city's historic associations.

The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by Mr. S. J. RUST, who specially mentioned Mrs. Newcomer, representing three of the American Branches.

In replying, Mrs. NEWCOMER said she was voicing the feelings of her compatriots and of those further away—Australia—in saying how delighted they were to be present. When they returned they would do everything they could to continue to spread the true Dickensian spirit.

The toast of "The Chairman" was proposed by Mr. W. B. WARREN, to which Mr. Speaight replied, congratulating Mr. Day on his excellent organisation of the dinner.

During the evening, Professor Walter F. Lanham entertained with clever mimicry of animal "language," and songs were contributed by Mr. J. D. M. Hodge. The evening concluded with a sketch "Mrs. Gamp's Tea Party."

A DICKENS SERMON

By the DEAN OF ST. ALBANS

IN the course of his sermon at the Abbey, on Sunday morning, the Dean of St. Albans (the Very Rev. E. L. Henderson) referred to Dickens, and described him as "one of the greatest of our Christian writers." "No one," he said, "is blind to his faults; his heroines are somewhat trying to the rising generation, his colours are laid on with no niggard hand, and, therefore, there is a tendency to exaggeration, as there is, too, for his pathos to become what 'moderns' would call 'sob-stuff.' But his glory lies, to my mind, in the fact that he believed in man and his real greatness, however poor and unattractive his exterior might be. There are some of your present-day novelists who seem to delight in showing us how evil men really are. 'You think these people,' they seem to say, 'attractive, good, worthy of honour; I'll show you how, in their hearts, they are evil and despicable.' Dickens does exactly the opposite.

"He shows you a real hero in poor little 'Toots' in *Dombey and Son*, and another in the person of a wretched maid-of-all-work, 'The Marchioness'; a saint in a simple old seaman like 'Edward Cuttle.' Dickens was a great man, and, in his eyes, all men were potentially great, and his service to us is to revive our faith in this fundamental truth. And notice where he goes to find those glorious people of his, whose names have become national heritages, part of the English

language and outlook as long as our race lasts. It is in the lanes and crowded slums of cities, among the poor and outcast and down-trodden. It is there he finds and reveals to us the humour, the patience, the kindness and the attractiveness of man—light shining in the darkness, hope springing up where everything is hopeless. The religious message of Charles Dickens is summed up, to my mind, in the words of the text I have chosen: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

That was the reason he flung himself, with all the strength of his passionate nature, against the cruelty and apathy and hardness of the official world of his day that caused the people he loved so much suffering. It was the divine in man he sought to save and set free. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me.' This message is not old-fashioned or out of date. Much as the message of Dickens has accomplished for England, there is much to do still. 'Tiny Tim' still hobbles round on his crutches and has with him a great company of the mentally-deficient and the outraged and the underfed. 'Mr. Plornish' is still out of work and still waits patiently enough with 'Mr. Micawber' for 'something to turn up.' The hovels Dickens's friends lived in have not quite disappeared, and the need for something better is one of our most pressing problems. The good fellowship and the love of home and the splendid sense of humour that preserve the sense of proportion and smooths difficulties away—all these we need as much as ever.

If there is here, this morning, anyone who is pessimistic, I would say to him: Take up again the study of your Gospel, and try once more to see good, afresh, in the face of Jesus Christ, that you may know for yourself the goodness and beauty and power of Him with Whom we live and move and have our being, and take down yet once again from your shelf a volume of Charles Dickens, that you may taste again, to the good of your soul, his splendid optimism that shone out so brightly in days much darker than these. And then gather up your will and set out to do some clear and definite piece of work for God and His people before you die; for that will be one of the ultimate tests of the value of our lives and characters at the end."

THE DICKENS HOUSE

By the EDITOR

AS Hon. Treasurer of the funds of the Dickens House, I have a peculiar pleasure in presenting the first audited accounts of the Trustees. But let no reader pass this balance sheet with just a single glance at the credit balance, saying "That's quite good." A few moments examination will show that the year's expenses for the proper upkeep of the House, after deducting such non-recurring items as Legal Charges, are over two hundred pounds in excess of the revenue derived from the admission fees and the annual subscribers. More

EXPENDITURE.		£ s. d.		INCOME.		£ s. d.	
To General Expenses—				By Donations—			
Printing	...	41	12 8	General	...	387	5 5
Postages and Telephone	...	20	10 8	Branches of Dickens Fellowship	...	231	8 4
Bank Interest and Charges	...	12	3 1	Annual Subscriptions	...	12	12 0
Caretaker, Cleaning, etc.	...	48	16 6	Interest received on \$50 Third Liberty Loan	...	431	5 4
Legal Expenses	...	70	0 0	" Profit on Sales	...	0	6 4
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	...	30	19 7	" Entrance Fees	...	11	2 0
" Water Rates	...	8	5 0	" Rents—	...	160	1 0
" Lighting	...	22	6 1	49 Doughty Street	...	130	0 0
" Heating	...	63	1 8	Dickens Fellowship	...	35	0 0
" Insurances	...	19	0 6	Less Property Tax	...	165	0 0
Less received from Dickens Fellowship	...	112	13 3	Income Tax refunded	...	13	10 0
" Interest on Mortgage	...	73	10 0	...	...	...	10 13 9
" Repairs at No. 48 Doughty Street, and Laying out Garden, etc.	...	97	11 0				
" Salaries	...	156	0 0				
" Additional Costs in connection with Public Appeal	...	47	17 7				
" Depreciation—Furniture and Fittings	...	23	9 6				
" Balance carried to Balance Sheet, being Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	...	247	15 0				
		£967 18 10				£967 18 10	
Dr.				Cr.			
BALANCE SHEET, 30TH APRIL, 1926.							
Loans—				ASSETS.			
On Mortgage of 49 Doughty Street	...	1200	0 0	Freehold Property, as per last Balance Sheet	...	2391	2 4
The Dickens Fellowship	...	250	0 0	No. 48 Doughty Street	...	...	...
		1450 0 0		No. 49 Doughty Street (subject to Mortgage per contra)	...	1962	19 3
Creditors—				Furniture and Fittings	...	234	15 5
Rent paid in advance	...	20	0 0	Less Depreciation	...	23	9 6
Sundry	...	56	4 6	Library and Museum	...	...	...
		76 4 6		Stock of Photos, Post Cards, etc., as certified by Hon. Secretary	...	211	5 11
Income and Expenditure Account				Sundry Debtors for Rent, etc.	...	44	1 11
Balance, 30th April, 1925	...	2454	10 10	Cash—At Bankers	...	8	13 11
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year to 30th April, 1926	...	247	15 0	In Hand	...	4	5 10
		3202 5 10			...	82	16 4
					...	8	16 8
				\$50 Gold Bond 4½% 3rd Liberty Loan, at cost, as per last Account	...	91	13 0
					...	11	8 2
					...	£4728 10 4	

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the Fund and certify it to be in accordance therewith.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.2. 5th August, 1926.

(Signed) WHINNEY, SMITH AND WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A CABMAN'S TRIBUTE

SIR.—I think the following story, told me some twenty years ago by the late Colonel Allan Chaplin, whose wife was the lady mentioned, may interest your readers.

On June 10th, 1870, a young lady took a cab and paid the driver liberally, for she saw that he looked very sad and had a piece of crape tied to his whip. Touching his hat he said, "This is a sad day, miss—a very sad day—Charles Dickens is dead, miss, and he always felt for the poor, and spoke for them. He had a feeling heart, miss."

To what other writer, living or dead, has such a tribute been paid?

Both Colonel Chaplin and his late wife were lovers of Dickens.

Faithfully yours,

K. M. BEGBIE.

A WAGERBUT

SIR.—In reply to "Intrigued," a *wagerbut* is a boat used in connection with rowing for a wager. Hence a lightly-constructed round-bottomed racing boat, usually known among river-folk as a "best" boat.

WILLIAM J. ROFFEY.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

SPECIAL NOTICE TO BRANCH SECRETARIES

Reports for insertion in the December issue must reach The Editor not later than 12th November; such reports must be concise, and written on one side of the paper only.

The Editor will always be pleased to consider photographs of branch officials, events, etc., but these must be forwarded before November 1st to be of use.

LONDON (HEADQUARTERS).—During the months of July and August two rambles were undertaken, the first through the City to Southwark, under the guidance of Mr. Frank S. Johnson, and the second followed the footsteps of *Oliver Twist* from Islington to London Bridge in the care of Mr. W. J. Roffey. A list of the coming season's fixtures will be found on another page. Members of the Headquarters Committee are often called upon to give their services to outside bodies, and it is pleasant to record that on November 18th Mr. Frank S. Johnson will give a recital of *A Christmas Carol* to the Herne Bay Literary Society, and on the 16th of the month following, Mr. W. B. Warren will lecture at the Fulham Public Library on "The Landladies of Dickens." On March 14th next, Mr. W. H. Lowry has arranged to give a lecture on behalf of the Fellowship to the Twickenham Literary Society.

BIRMINGHAM.—The summer picnic was held on Saturday, 17th July, at Lickey Hills. After tea an open-air meeting was arranged, when the President, Mr. Arthur Pixby, addressed the members on the subject of the Conference at St. Albans, at which he was a

delegate. The Hon. Secretary, Miss Bennett, also spoke, appealing to the members to extend their active interests to other branches, and enter into a closer *esprit de corps* in preparation for the Conference which next year was to be held in their city. She expressed the hope that the 1927 Conference would prove a beacon to draw the many lovers of Dickens much nearer to each other, and extended a hearty welcome to all who would come.

EASTBOURNE.—The first of the motor drives of the summer programme took place on Saturday, July 12th, when a party of members went to the "Old Mill Gardens" at Wannock for tea. The annual outing of the Tiny Tim Cripples Guild was held on July 17th, where a programme of games and sports had been arranged. These were followed by tea, and the children were taken home shortly after 5. On the 21st July a party of members visited the birthplace of Dickens, stopping at Chichester on the way to view the Cathedral. At Portsmouth the party was met by representatives of the Portsmouth branch, and after spending some time looking at the interesting contents of the Birthplace Museum, a visit was paid to the dockyards, etc. Two further drives closed the season, one to Litlington on August 14th, and the other to Rye on August 25th.

MANCHESTER.—The Annual Summer Reunion took place under ideal weather conditions on July 3rd, the venue being the old world village of Lymm, Cheshire. All who participated enjoyed the drive thither through the pretty rural scenery with which the county abounds.

LIVERPOOL.—The branch opened a very successful session after the Christmas vacation, with a lantern lecture by Mr. C. H. Green on "The London which Charles Dickens saw and described." The speaker was in his element with such a subject, and was able to keep the audience enthralled by beautiful lantern slides of old St. Paul's, Holborn Viaduct, the Temple and its Inns, and many other well-known parts of London. "Sarah Biffin," and all that was known of that extraordinary lady, who lived, died and was buried in Liverpool, were well recounted by Mr. David Paterson, and later our attention was agreeably diverted by Mr. W. B. Ashley to "The Mind and Art of Lord Tennyson." Among other events were our customary Dickens Birthday Party, a Members' Evening, when *Great Expectations* was thoroughly discussed, and performances by a few members, of the Trial Scene from *Pickwick* for the amusement of five local audiences. During the coming session it is hoped to develop the dramatic work of the branch, Mr. A. J. Dearden having agreed to put his experience at our disposal.

MONTREAL.—Enthusiastic reports of the Inter-Branch Conference, held in Boston on May 17th and 18th, were given by our delegates Mr. J. Bruce Jordan and Mr. Mainer, at a social meeting held at the home of the latter recently, with accounts of visits to historic shrines, and homes of illustrious American authors, also of the great "Boz Dinner." On May 28th the executive and members, to the number of fifty, gave a fine programme and a treat of cake, ice cream, oranges and candy to 150 delighted inmates of the "Old People's Home" at Tongue Point, and with this bit of service to humanity our year's work has ended.

ST. PANCRAS.—On July 10th Mr. Rust conducted a ramble to Chigwell, which was enjoyed by all: the party was served with tea in the "Chester" Room at the Maypole. On 17th July we were entertained by our President, Mrs. Harold Trill, at a garden party at "Avalon" (the Home for Sick Poor Children of St. Pancras). Everyone was pleased to see Mrs. Trill, who, through a long illness, had been unable to attend our meetings and rambles. Alderman Trill (on behalf of the Home's Committee), in thanking us for the gift of the "Tiny Tim Shelter" which the branch had provided, said that a tablet would be placed on the shelter to indicate that the St. Pancras branch was responsible for this addition to the Home.

SOUTHEND.—A highly satisfactory season was disclosed in the yearly report presented to the members at the annual meeting in May. The balance sheet disclosed that the finances were sound, after paying the sum due to the local hospital for the maintenance of the "Tiny Tim" and "Little Nell" cots. Mr. A. Popham, who has retired from the office of President, has been succeeded by Mr. H. E. Sames, long conspicuous in assisting in the welfare of the branch, particularly on the dramatic side. Mr. Frank Russell and Mr. H. E. Mayhew were re-elected as Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer respectively. An important event of the summer was the annual outing on July 24th. The President and party travelled to Chelmsford by motor, and thence to Hoe Mill by barge. The trip on the Rivers Chelmer and Blackwater provided the opportunity of admiring some magnificent scenery. The return journey was made by motor. The coming season promises to be an active one for the dramatic section. In October an adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities* is to be given by a strong cast at the Ambassadors Theatre, Southend. Other productions down for presentation are *A Christmas Carol* and "The Trial Scene" from *Pickwick*.

VANCOUVER.—We commence our sixth season on Wednesday, September 29th, and every alternate Wednesday. We sent a delegate to the Inter-Branch Conference at Boston, also to the Conference at St. Albans, and we look forward to hearing interesting reports. We held our annual picnic in Stanley Park on August 7th. The first wedding between two members of our branch, Miss N. Ashley and Mr. H. Green, took place on June 12th, previous to which a "shower" of presents was given. Mrs. Hugh Wilson, dressed as "Miggs," presented the gifts in a band box, decorated with ivy and geraniums, to the bride elect, who had also taken the part of "Miggs" in the Dickens Players. The branch has lost a valuable member in Mr. Harry Farmer, who has gone to reside in Edmonton, Alberta.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

Some Dickens Women, by Edwin Charles, with a Foreward by G. K. Chesterton. 16s. net. T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.

The Boy through the Ages, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (illustrated). 7s. 6d. net. George G. Harrap and Co.

Motoring in Sussex and Kent, by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell (illustrated). 6s. net. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.

With Charles Dickens in the Borough, by W. Kent. 6d. The Homeland Association, Ltd.

The Dickens House (fully illustrated). 1s. 48 Doughty Street.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Bleak House Revisited," by Gerald Gould. *Saturday Review*, 19th June, 1926.

"Dickens and Rowland Hill," by Arthur Fellows. *Letchworth Citizen*, April 16th and May 28th, 1926.

"Dickens and the Dover Road," by M. T. C. *Birmingham News*, 19th June, 1926.

"Holiday-making with Dickens," by Ernest Rhys. *Radio Times*, 11th June, 1926.

"The Last of the Dickensians," by Alex. T. Philip. *Millgate Monthly*, July, 1926.

"Picking up Pickwicks," by H. V. Morton. *Daily Express*, 14th July, 1926.

"Charles the Greatest," by H. W. Thurlow. *Middlesex County Times*, 24th July.

"Through England's Garden: Mr. Pickwick's Famous Highway." *Tit Bits*, 24th July.

"In Memory of Charles Dickens." *Nursing Mirror*, 17th July.

"Dickens and America." *World Travel*, July—September.

"Dickens's Letters to Mark Lemon." *Times*, 7th August.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM—

Sept. 25—Ramble round Caterham.

Oct. 2—Musical and Dramatic Evening.

„ 8—Lecture on *Pickwick Papers* by Mr. E. B. V. Christian, LL.B.

„ 16—London Shakespeare Ramble.

Nov. 12—Lecture on *A Tale of Two Cities*, by W. J. Fisher.

„ 27—Visit to 48 Doughty Street.

BIRMINGHAM—

Oct. 9—Concert at St. Martin's Mission Rooms, Dean Street, in aid of "Tiny Tim" Cot Fund.

„ 20—Presidential Address, by Mr. Arthur G. Bixby, at the Shakespeare Rooms, Edmund Street.

„ 27—Whist Party (arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Martin), George Street West Schools.

Nov. 17—Papers on *A Tale of Two Cities*. Discussion: Which is the greater hero? Evremonde or Carton?

Dec. 15—Recital, *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. F. W. Ernest Jones.

EASTBOURNE—

Oct. 5—Social Evening.

Nov. 2—Lantern Lecture.

Dec. 7—Dramatic Entertainment, arranged by Miss Mosley.

EDINBURGH—(Meetings at Goad Hall).

Oct. 28—"Charles Dickens: the Writer and the Man," by W. King Gillies, M.A.

Nov. 11—"Hood and Dickens," by Hugh Hannah.

EDINBURGH—*continued*—

Nov. 25—"A Romance and its Message," by William Boyd.

Dec. 9—"G. K. Chesterton," by Rev. A. E. Whitham.

„ 16—Christmas Dinner at Ferguson & Forrester's, Princes Street.

HACKNEY—

Sept. 24—Social Evening at Wesleyan Hall, Downs Road, 8 p.m.

Oct. 11—Debate at St. James's Hall, Powell Road, 8 p.m., "Is Pickwick a Humbug?" Mr. T. W. Hill and Mr. J. H. McNulty, preceded by Dickens Impersonations by Mr. Edwards.

Nov. 5—Lecture at Wesleyan Hall, Downs Road, 8 p.m., "People of Yesterday: the Victorians," by Mr. Carrington.

LEYTON—

Sept. 29—Lecture, by Mr. C. H. Green, "The London Dickens saw and described."

Oct. 27—Members' Evening.

Nov. 24—Recital by Mr. F. S. Johnson, "The Story of Richard Doubledick."

LONDON—See Advertisement pages.

MANCHESTER—

Oct. 1—Reception by the President, Mr. C. M. Farmer and Mrs. Farmer, Presidential Address, music and recitals.

„ 22—Literary Evening, speaker to be announced later.

Nov. 5—"The Actors of Dickens," lecture by Mr. W. F. Nicholson.

„ 19—Annual Dinner at Grosvenor Hotel.

NOTTINGHAM—

Oct. 15—Performance of *Dombey and Son*, at Circus Street Hall, in aid of Boys' Brigade.

„ 19—Reception by the President (Ald. E. Huntsman) at Presbyterian Hall, Belgrave Square.

Nov. —Reading, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

„ 11—Whist Drive and Dance at Claremont Road Schools.

Dec. —Reading.

—Lecture at Nottingham University College.

PHILADELPHIA—(Meetings at Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.)

Oct. 27—Opening Meeting.

Nov. 24—Discussion on *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Dec. 22—Annual Christmas Costume Party.

ST. PANCRAS—

Oct. 18—Annual Meeting (Presidential Address), 7-45.

„ 23—Ramble, Gray's Inn. Meet, Holborn Hall, 2-30.

Nov. 8—Papers on Goldsmith and William Hone, by Mr. F. V. Hallam, 7-45.

„ 20—Ramble, Soho Square. Meet, Y.M.C.A. Corner, Tottenham Court Road, 2-30.

WINNIPEG—

Oct. 14—Reception for Members.

Nov. 11—"Dickens as a Social and Political Reformer"—John W. Dafoe, LL.D., Editor, Manitoba Free Press.

Dec. 9—Canadian Evening—Programme in charge of Prof. A. W. Crawford, M.A., Ph.D., Past-President.

Dec. 16—*A Christmas Carol*—Recital by Mr. Wade.

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